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THE

# METROPOLITAN

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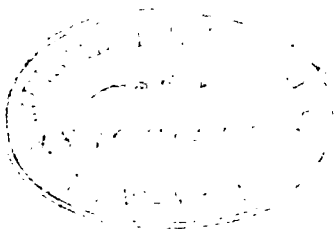

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

## THE "BIT O' WRITIN'."[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

### CHAPTER IV.

A FIGURE suddenly darkened the door-way. It was that of a female, wearing the deep-blue peasant-mantle of the district. She stood still and silent, with her back to the inside of the house, and of course to our friends; and the ample cloak, falling close by her shoulders, and down her sides, in two straight lines, while its gathered hood was drawn over her head, baffled observation as to who or what she was, neighbour or stranger.

"Never a welcome to whoever it is," grumbled Murty.

"Amin, say I, till the writin' is over," echoed Chevaun.

"Ship a-hoy—ii!" hailed the admiral, angrily, through his speaking-trumpet.

The person slowly turned sideways on the spot where she stood, and even in her movement there was sadness. Her left hand and arm now appeared through the folds of her cloak, and a pair of new light blue worsted stockings hung from the latter. She spoke a few words in a low tone, and they fell on the ear like the melancholy though musical trickling of drops of water into a little basin, half covered with sedge, in a lonely place. They were spoken tears.

"I don't think you know who it is that's keepin' the May sun from your dour-stone, Chevaun," she said; and still her face was quite hidden by the cloak-hood which almost closed in front of it.

"Ochown! bud sure I know your own poor voice, now!" cried Chevaun, in great interest, as she endeavoured to push her way to the visiter by the side of the cross-legged table, "Mary, a-lanna! how are you, the mornin'?"

"In good health, I give thanks, Chevaun; an' I'm only cum wid the first o' my knittin' for Murty." She held out the stockings on her arm. The mistress of the house had now gained her side, and greeted her kindly.

"Murther, Mary! an' is id you; an' hur is every inch i you, aothone?" exclaimed Murty, his inhospitable tone also changed for the better, as, in his turn, he seized the visiter's hands, and shook them violently.

"Ship on her beam-ends!" proclaimed the admiral, somewhat re-

[1] Continued from vol. xix. page 385.

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prehensively, as he sprang to set up again the table which in his amiable haste, Murty had overturned.

"Come in, a-cuishla, come in," resumed Chevaun, "sure this is no place for you to be stannin!"

"Yes, roul in the pour bones o' you!" said Murty, throwing an arm round her waist; and Mary passively suffered herself to be led, or rather hurled into the house.

The two women proceeded towards the fire-place; Chevaun sat on the hob, almost facing the door, so that her face remained fully visible; the other on a "boss,"* confronting Mrs. Meehan, the hood of her cloak still unmoved, and her features, as well as her person, still a mystery to the ould admiral. Murty deposited himself on a second boss, on one side of the females, with the air and manner of a person who, without much intrusion, had a right to loiter within ear-shot of whatever they were about to say; and Terence O'Brien remained where he had been, after adjusting the table, his legs apart, his one arm hanging straight by his side, his one fist clenched, and his eyes and whole face angrily—one would think—regarding the group.

"An' the poor ould mother—how is she, *a-lama-ma-chree?*" resumed Chevaun, stooping her head close to that of the person she addressed.

Mary answered in a still lower and more saddened voice than that she had used at the door, accompanying the mournful souhds with a slow, rocking motion of the body; and a conversation went on between her and Chevaun, of which the admiral caught not a sentence, though it might be supposed, from the expression of his visage, as well as from his set attitude, that he listened attentively—which, however, was not the case. Whatever art might or might not have done to make him a gentleman, the ould admiral was one by nature—in the heart—and he would have spurned the idea of turning eve's-dropper upon the confidential discourse of any persons, gentle or simple. But he could not help observing that Mary's auditors seemed deeply affected with what she told them. Indeed, Murty's huge, good blue eyes grew moist as they fixed on her's, and the tears ran outright down his wife's vermillion cheeks; while many a sympathising "och!" and "murther!" with other ejaculations of sorrow and compassion, broke in loud accents from their lips. And so sweetly touching still were the cadences of Mary's plaintive, though unheard words, whatever they imported, that, as a child would do, Terence almost began to follow Chevaun's example on the occasion, "for company;" when one other query, now put by that good woman, so as to be heard by him, gave his feelings a new direction.

"An' poor Terry O'Brien, Mary *a-chorra?*"

"A-hoy! Here!" answered Terence, making a step forward, and again standing stock-still on his extended legs, as if answering to a "musther on deck."

But Chevaun and Murty only motioned to him to be quiet and mute, while their visiter, after a bound on her seat, at the boisterous and sudden interruption he had given, drew her cloak tighter round her head and face, and became, after a long-drawn sigh, quite silent.

* A low, round seat, made solidly with coils of twisted straw.

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All followed her example, and there was a sad pause for some time, which Murty at length broke by softly drawing from Mary's arm the stockings she had already hinted were for his use, and praising them to the skies. Then Chevaun suddenly started up, withdrew into an inner room—if so we may call that portion of the cabin separated from the place where they sat only by a wicker partition, not reaching to the roof, nor even from wall to wall, across the clay-floor—returned with a little basket, containing some unseen articles, which, with many entreaties, she forced Mary to accept. Terence thought he began to surmise the cause of Mary's grief, and formed his resolutions accordingly.

"Well, I must be stirring now," said the object of his interest; and she arose, and, features and person still cloked up from him, was passing to the door after a farewell shake-hands on the part of honest Murty, and a kiss, through tears, on that of his spouse. Terence, with another hail, and another step, gained her side, and dropped something into her basket. Mary, again starting, picked out of it "a raal bullion guinea," instantly deposited the coin on the table, and saying, as if avoidingly, "No, no—not from you—no, no!" walked smartly away from the house.

"But you might, though," bawled Terence after her; "it's a threw yellow-boy, every splice of id—an' honestly got, 'board ould ship—my hulk to ould Davy, but it is! But she von't answer hail; well, well, I see what's in the wind—thinks the ould sayman can't afford it—or else thinks he had it by piracy." Such were Terence's sagacious guesses at Mary's notions, which, however, he was to live to understand a little better. Chevaun and Murty looked expressively at each other.

"Ay, ay," resumed Terence; "but all's one for that; since she will sheer off, up goes the shiner into the ould locker again,' and replaced it in his waistcoat pocket; "an' so, shipmit, the ould hulk to shove off, too, on a new tack, widout any memorandle a-board—ch, shipmit?"

"Och, no, thin, an' blessings on the kind heart in your body!" answered Murty, his mind more full than ever of anxiety to do the admiral a service, notwithstanding the many interruptions his previous efforts had undergone. In fact, his own honest nature was grateful for Terence's proof of sympathy towards poor Mary.

"No, no, don't stir a step, yet, for the life o' you!" seconded Chevaun, in something of the same spirit.

Again she moved, and again the eyes of her husband and Terence followed her. Chevaun made her way to the cupboard, and was about to open it, when she paused, turned towards her friends, and solemnly addressed them.

"I'll tell yez what was a loocky thing, afther all."

Murty anxiously demanded "what?"

"That when the paper tuk fire there was none o' the writin' on id."

"Bee gownies!' an' so it was," cheerfully assented her husband, rejoicing in any set-off against his undeniable ill-luck.

"Ay, ay, right, misthress," also agreed the admiral; "good

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chance iv a sart'nty, that none o' the crew were aboord when ould ship blew up; for up along wid it they'd ha' gone, and not a sowl saved, d'ye see me."

"See that, now," resumed Mrs. Meehan, congratulating herself upon her ingenious remark; "there's nothin' so bad in this world, but it might be worse. An' so, Murty, agra, don't be down-hearted any longer." She laid her hand on that of her husband, and looked commiseratingly into his face; "let by-gones be by-gones; what's past can't be helped if a body war to lay down a life for id."

"Thrue for you, Chevaun; bud will you be able to make out another scrap o' the paper?"

"There's the gorçoons copy-book in the cupboard—can't we just tear a lafe out o' that, Murty, a *cuishla-ma-chree?*"

"Bee gownies, an' so we can! you war always an' ivir a kind sowl, Chevaun," smiled Murty, greatly relieved—"the heavens prosper you."

For, we do not remember exactly how many times everything and and every person were again ready. It may be surmised that, previous to his wife's happy thought of the gorçoon's copy-book, Murty Meehan had, from his repeated failures, become somewhat cooled in his first estimate of his own capability to master the task before him, and, notwithstanding his seeming anxiety to persevere, might perhaps have half wished to elude it—up the chimney, if he could—with the burnt paper. Now, however, Chevaun's presence of mind left him no excuse for drawing back: and either he prepared to renew his efforts in a kind of hopeless determination to do his best, or else the sight of the fresh leaf of paper really renewed his courage, and endowed him with the spirit, and, joined to his experience, with the tact which—we are proud to say it—ensured his ultimate success.

"Yes, plaise the pigs, we'll mind oursef this time, at any rate—and a watchful season is nivir scarce," was the philosophical adage with which he now set down to recommence the "Bit o' Writin'."

"Sink my ould hulk to——" began the admiral.

"Whisht, Terry O'Brien," suddenly interrupted Chevaun, "we'll have none o' the salt-wather cursin', now, if we want to escape more o' the *dhunnus.*"

The admiral fidgeted, but stood convinced, reproved, and silent.

"The date o' the year," said Murty.

"Ay, ay, the date o' the year, first of all, shipmit."

"Aighteen hundhred an' one, then," Murty repeated, slowly muttering; and as in deep thought he strove to call to mind the shapes of the figures which should designate the era, his pen described above the paper two or three cautious flourishes, almost as before.

A figure of 8, lying on its back, thus, ∞, was described. He snatched up the pen, and looked earnestly at the real commencement of his task. All was right. Neither pen, ink, nor paper played him false, "this turn." He moved the sheet from side to side, accompanying it by wagging his head from shoulder to shoulder. He resumed, still repeating, "aighteen hundhred an' one."

Two additional figures were produced, and the embryo document became antedated by about one thousand years. The whole of the gures stood thus, "∝01."

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"There's the date o' the year, plain to be seen, we b'lieve, admiral," he said, glancing at his neighbour with ill-disguised pride.

"I like the cut o' their jibs, well, my hearty; they're o' the right sort iv a sart'inty; ay, ay, able-bodied saymen, every hand o' them."

"Musha, the goodness be praised," said Chevaun, with a happy sigh; "an' see what it is to get the larnin' arly; not brought up to the handlin' the paper like a cow or a horse?"

"An' isn't the day o' the month to be your tack now, jolly boy?"

"That's to be put in, bee all manes, admiral."

There were a few more passing flourishes, then ensued the actual operation. The pen went up and down, heavily grating against the rough paper.

"Yee-ho! yee-ho! ho-yee!" sung Terence O'Brien, keeping time to the pen's movement, and shrill harsh noise; "undher way, at last, my hearty; I like the sound o' your tackle—it's like ould ships in a stiff breeze—yee-ho!"

Murty smiled with the conscious glee of certain success, thus added to by the admiral's approbation, while, at his other side, his wife further encouraged him.

"Didn't I know, Murty, *a-cuishla?* didn't I know the second offer ud thrive? that, an' barrin' the cursin'."

And so, Murty went on producing, by degrees, a full crew of "able-bodied saymen;" not an unapt term, by the way, when applied to his striding, straggling, burly characters.

For two good hours was the amanuensis' hand at work. He would stop in the middle of a word; spell over the letters of it which he had just written; oblige the admiral to repeat it for him; endeavour to ascertain how much of its sound he had succeeded in typifying; get the remainder into his mind in a jumble, and then proceed very ambiguously to express what had been very ambiguously apprehended. His "saymen," therefore, stood quite independent of each other, or, at least, but seldom linked together.

And, while placing a point over an i, Murty would steal down the pen, and not always exactly fix it over the proper character, and then turn it round and round, until the point became swollen to a goodly size; or, in crossing a t, his first essay was very gradually made, and the whole process amusing. He would, as the admiral called it, steer his instrument with his left hand, and then quietly and slowly scrape it across the upright letter. But, indeed, on this one matter, practice gave him courage, as he got on; for, at length, he would make a bold dash with his pen, and deviating from a horizontal course, divide into two parts, not invariably two equal portions, whatever letters happened to come in his way. And pretty nearly thus, till his task was quite completed, did Murty reduce to paper the stentorian dictation of the ould admiral.

But his task was indeed finished. And he slowly arose to dry the paper at the fire; but, in full recollection of a former adventure, as well as in obedience to Terence's naming of—"Fire-ship a-head—a-hoy!" and to Chevaun—"Have a care now, Murty, agra!" he kept it well clear of the turf-blaze.

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Dried the document became without hap or injury. Murty, suspending it by a corner, strode the few strides which he could take on his cabin floor, and slowly held it up to the full view of his admiring spouse, who well understood his glance and smile to mean—

"See, Chevaun, what it is to have a scholard for your husband."

Nor was he slow in apprehending that the answering drawing-up of the muscles about Chevaun's mouth, the poking forward of her head to the invited secretary, and the wide-open expression of her eyes as they afterwards met his, plainly said—

"Yes, Murty, a wondher o' the world you are—an' good rason I have to be proud o' you."

"Here it is, now, for you, admiral," said Murty, then presenting the document to its owner; "an' it's loock we wish you wid it, admiral, avich!" His tones, air, and manner, were graciously patronizing.

## CHAPTER V.

After due reflection and consultation on the matter, Terence O'Brien, or the ould admiral, arrived at several pretty accurate conclusions touching the further disposal and progress of the "memorandle o' sarvice."

He had heard—beyond doubt he was sure—of such a place as the Admiralty office, "in the port of London," and judged that thither he ought to forward it. As a first step towards this, he soon became aware that the document should be "put aboord the post-office," in the neighbouring town, and thence that it was to continue its voyage "aboord the mail-coach." Right well was he aware that he at present lived on an island, separated from another island, in which was the "port o' Lunnon," by a sea. That his "memorandle" was to be received and forwarded, on and from, the coast of that first island, as one of "ould ship's papers," without at the same time shipping the mail-coach, or its other contents, Terence rather suspected, but indeed could be quite certain, of the fact: nor did he find Murty Meehan, who had never yet caught a glimpse of the sea, nor received nor forwarded a letter of any kind, in his life, able to enlighten him on the subject. It might be so, or it might not be so, thus they decided between them; and eventually the admiral, suddenly struck with the conviction that the question, turn out as it might, was no concern of his, made up his mind to leave it undecided. "The Capt'n o' the Post-office," was the man whom it concerned, and not him, Terence O'Brien. Every commander of a vessel knew how everything ought to be done aboard his own ship, from the splicing of a cable to the firing of a broadside; and agreeably to this notion of the post-master's competency in his duties, Terence argued that his paper, once delivered into the hands of that person—just as it had come out of Murty Meehan's hands—by-the-way, unfolded and undirected—ought to arrive safe at the end of its voyage; a mere announcement of its destination being obviously sufficient to enable the captain to supply and superintend all the details of its progress upon the way.

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"What else was the ould loober on that station for?" and so Terence set forward for the post-town nearest to his residence.

The post-master was in the act of delivering the morning letters, and a crowd of people gathered round the window of his office. Had we leisure we might attempt to produce some pathetic and some ludicrous surmises as to the different feelings in which different individuals of the throng stretched forward their hands, and exerted their voices, claiming their expected dispatches: but we must not pause to indulge our speculations, or show our skill, at the expense of the reader's patience. With one person alone, of all present, we dally for a moment.

He stood on the outskirts of the crowd, quietly awaiting his turn to go to the window, saying nothing, pushing or hurrying nobody, and resting both his hands upon his stick. He seemed a very personification of patience and humility. Either he had never, even in youth, possessed any dash in his character, or the pinching poverty now visible in his sharp features, and peculiar attire, had long ago frozen it out of him. His head-gear was very ancient, and yet made the most of; he would seem fully to have studied and approved the celebrated adage, that "the life of an old hat consists in cocking it." His person was draped in a kind of frock-coat of coarse grey kersey, reaching below his knees, so fashioned as to save him from the sarcasm of going too heavily clad in summer, or of having an appearance of almost nakedness in very cold weather: for the garment could not be called an outside coat, at the one season, nor a thin coat, at the other. Originally, his leg had been well shaped; and at such a period of its existence, had first taken possession of that part of the pantaloon which, at present, covered it; but abstemious living, for many years, since then, had shrunk its calf, so that it now allowed its vesture to ruffle in wrinkles to the wind. And it was not difficult to conjecture, from his general appearance, and the hints supplied by his face and deportment, that his blay stockings had been "darned" by his own careful hands; while his shoes were water-proof, in sole, upper, and quarter, because, from year to year, they had been diligently watched; and the moment time made a rent or a crack in them, no matter how small, immediately and intently patched, in the frail place, with a view to prevent each breach from widening.

We have not a great deal to do with this man, so we crave pardon for volunteering a short sketch of him.

"A-hoy, my hearty!" bellowed Terence O'Brien at his ear, in a tone that would have made him start, or at least look offended, had he not long abandoned all hastiness of movement or of feeling; or he might have deemed that, as the term "hearty" could certainly not apply to him, he was not the person addressed. At all events, he only turned, slowly and quietly, his sharp little face to the speaker.

"Post-office thransport a-head—eh, my jolly lad?" still questioned the tar, pointing to the window.

"If it's the post-office you want, yes, there it is; though it's no thransport as I know of, my honest man," answered little Patience.

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"Scuttle my hulk to ould Davy! you don't mane to call it a frigate, do you?"

"You have my lave to call it a man-o'-war, if that same gives you the laste pleasure."

"No—shiver my timbers to splinters if I do! Hah! do you want to come over the ould sayman that way, you loober? I'd spy out a man-o'-war seven leegues to windward, you land-shark."

"Well, well, just as you like."

"Capt'n gives ordhers at the gunnel,—eh?"

"I don't well undherstand your maning."

Muttering something like contempt for the ignorance of all "land-loobers," Terence steered direct for the post-office window.

"Scud, scud—avast, my hearties! I say," he bellowed forth, forcing his way through all opposition; and he presented his unique visage at the open wooden pane through which letters were distributed.

"Ship's paper—ould ship's—will your honour take it aboord?" and he held out his 'memorandle o' sarvice.'"

"What do you want? what do you call this?" questioned the post-master.

"Sink my hulk! what do I call it? why, are your lights out, capt'n, or can't you take an observation?"

The captain peered and peered. He took off his spectacles and wiped them in the ample though rather soiled muslin frill of his shirt. He peered again, and his lips moved, as if in an honest effort to spell his way through the manuscript. He raised up his head and looked attentively from it to the disfigured face of the "sayman:" then to the paper again; and then to that index-visage again.

"What is it at all, man? and what do you wish me to do about it?"

"Why, don't you *see*, it's a memorandle o' sarvice? what else would it be?"

"And pray inform me how am I to dispose of such a dirty piece of nonsense?"

"Avast there, capt'n, you loober! Fair weather between us: 'tis as thrue as the log, every word of id."

Once more the good-natured post-master bent his eyes studiously upon Murty Meehan's penmanship, and began to mutter—"'Terry O—O'Brien,'—I suppose, um—um—'a la burbe,'—um—um—'shot close to his body,'—here, my man," interrupting himself, and handing back the document, as many impatient voices called aloud for their letters—"I can make no hand of your paper or yourself—take it away, and leave the window clear."

"Take it away, capt'n!" echoed poor Terence, rather crest-fallen; "it wasn't to take it away I towed it in here, from Muckalee—you'll just ship it for the Admiralty boord—eh, capt'n?"

"Get away with it—take it out of my hand, I tell you—there—go—get it properly written—stand back—and let sensible people come for their letters."

Beginning to entertain some slight doubt of the clerkship of his Muckalee friend, the ould admiral was obliged to retire with his "me-

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morandle:" not indeed until he had fought hard to have it received "aboord." Having cleared the crowd, he stopt in the middle of the street, to ponder what next was to be done.

The little man he had before accosted, followed him closely, though quietly, at a cat's pace, when she steals step by step within springing distance of a fat mouse. He had overheard the dialogue between Terence and the post-master, and it was not quite thrown away upon him. In his imagination—we use an inapt word—in his sober, unromantic, practical calculations, we should rather say—the document had already set the kettle singing, and the pot boiling for a better breakfast, and a more substantial dinner than he had for some time been intimate with.

When arrived close to Terence, that worthy fragment of a Jack was holding the paper close to his eyes,—and, to help him still more, turned upside down,—endeavouring to discover in what respect it was deficient for a voyage "boord the Post-office thransport."

"Looking as wise as a pig at a sun-dial," commented his future friend to himself; then he continued aloud—

"Honest man, was that wrote vid a spade or a shovel? which o' the two?"

"What jaw, now? what jaw?" demanded Terence, angrily and ominously.

"I say it's either the spade or the shovel wrote that paper."

Terence nearly lost all command of temper at this double slight of his own importance, and of the zealous and hitherto but slightly questioned services of an esteemed neighbour.—"It's a lie, you loober! it's a lie!" he thundered forth, raising the document to slap it across the face of the commentator.

Notwithstanding the incivility of the commencement of their dialogue, these dissimilar men were, however, in a short time better acquainted. However ignorant at first of the right road to an object, self-interest is generally a ready scholar in finding it out.

Very gradually the uselessness of the document became explained to Terence, and was comprehended by him; and the little half-starved man and he eventually struck a bargain on the business, and were seen to walk down the street together.

The admiral was led up a narrow dirty lane, and he and his convoy entered a dilapidated house, over the door of which was a sign-board, announcing it as the abode of

"GARRET BYRNE,
PUBLICK WRITTER."

The personage so described, Garret Byrne, fixed a wicker-backed chair as his desk, sat to it upon a three-legged stool, and, without a tithe of poor Murty Meehan's preparations, with none of his failures or misfortunes, and devoting to his task an incredibly short portion of time in the opinion of Terence O'Brien, produced something like a proper letter to the Admiralty Board. It was even folded, directed, and wafered, and then Garret Byrne asked and received a reward, dishonest in him to propose, and very improvident in his employer to bestow; and finally, Terence saw him "put it aboord" at the post-

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office; after which, the public writer and his dupe adjourned into a dram-shop, to pour down, at the expense of but one of the party, libations to its prosperous voyage.

## CHAPTER VI.

After the sailing of his despatches, the admiral kept a sharp look-out for an answer. But he was not impatient in point of time. He made due allowance for the weather-gage, and reckoning a certain number of knots to an hour, for the out-bound and the in-bound voyage, did not begin to hail "the post-office thransport" again till his nautical experience told him he was warranted in doing so. Nor was Terence much out in his calculations, when a letter, directed to him—absolutely to him—appeared at the post-office in due course.

It did not, however, contain money, nor an order for money; it only called on him to prepare and forward various certificates and affidavits. No matter. The certificates and affidavits were soon ready, under the superintendence of his now established agent, Garret Byrne, and a cheque for a good round sum came at last.

At the bank of the town, being conducted still by Garret Byrne, the ould admiral sunk "all thim bits o' notes to ould Davy," and would accept nothing but gold—"the yallow boys, an' nothing else for him;" and so gold he got. We wish the reader were present on the occasion, to notice the expression of the eyes and even of the pointed nose of the "publick writter," as the guineas jingled on the counter. But it is enough to say that out of them he managed to extract a second enormous fee for his services since the despatch of the first letter. A second jorum of grog, too, was shared between him and the sailor to the heart's content of Terence and to Garret's slight and momentary vivification.

The evening began to fall, and it was time to go homewards. Assisted by his companion, Terence tied up his gold in the useless sleeve of his jacket, using two strings, one below and another above the bulk made by his hoard; he further secured it by crossing the sleeve upon his breast, and stuffing it into his bosom; and then he clutched his cudgel in his left (and only) hand, and scudded homeward, every inch of canvass to the breeze.

"Praise be to the heavens! nivir, since the day I was born, did mysef sit my two eyes on sich a hape o' the goold," said Murty Meehan, as he, Chevaun, and the admiral, contemplated it on their table, where it had been tossed out by its owner among the pile of potatoes served up for their evening supper.

"It's wondherful to look at id," agreed Chevaun.

"Many a rough gale the ould hulk weathered for it, misthriss, an' many and many a broadside went to win it."

"No daubt o' that," continued Murty; "bud, bee gonnies! you can't say but you're well pid for all your throubles an' losses, ould admiral aroon; it isn't the half o' my nose bud the whole o' my nose I'd give for sich a fort'n; ay, even supposin' they stuck a turkey-cock's baik to my face, instid—not to talk of a Frinchman's; ay, or I'd go widout e'er an arum at all, or I'd hop on only one leg into the bargain all the blessed days o' my life, for the honest gainin' o' so much threasure."

"God forgive you, Murty Meehan," said Chevaun; "take care o' what you're sayin'; the heavens forbid you'd be spoiled in sich a manner for the double iv id, over again."

"But what, in the name o' wondher, will you do wid it, at all, admiral?"

"Why, d'ye see me, that's just what I'm a jawin' to myself about, my hearty; but a-hoy, my jolly lad! we'll work it in company—oceans o' grog for say-store, and every sail up while it lasts!—Eh, shipmit?—a cruise together—an ould ship scuddin', no matther what point the wind blows from, eh?"

"Och, no, admiral; that 'ud be a cryin' sin for the both iv us."

"'Twould be murther, intirely," said Chevaun.

"A sin?—avast, there, avast; can't cram that down the wizen iv an ould sayman. No, no; mutinee a-boord is a sin; sleepin', or gettin' dhrunk on watch, is a sin; not stannin' up be your gun, in action, is a sin—an' sich like: the ould jolly boy knows well what they call a sin—ay, as well as e'er a hand a-boord; bud the chaplain himself never said that shippin' grog, on pay-out days, whin you're let to sheer off ashore, is a sin—shiver his hulk! he couldn't say id, the loober!"

"Why, admiral, for the mere matther o' that, I would not pelt a stone at a full bottle myself," resumed Murty; "for I like a dhrop well enough, betimes, maybe; only wid this differ, that I'd give my wote for the *oneen* widout christenin id;* that grog o' yours is a wakely sort o' dhrinkin' to my mind, admiral; bud all I want to say is, that it would be a robbin' shame an' a schandle to waste so mooch money as this on the table upon dhrink iv any kind."

"Then stow it into your own locker for me, my hearty; if it stops 'boord ould ship 'tis gone, iv a sartinty, d'ye see me?" and he pushed the gold towards Murty.

"Och! no, no; that won't do, either, my poor ould admiral."

"Stow it up for yourself then, I say, shipmit; and for the misthriss mate, there, an' for the brig Peggy, out on her cruize o' sarevice, an' for loblolly Paudeen, d'ye see me—one or all—ye may want it, or know what to do wid id, which I don't, d'ye mind me, barrin' I sarve id out for the grog—my hulk to ould Davy, if I do."

"No, no, over agin, admiral; we're as heartily thankful, all as one, as if we made our own iv id; bud no other man's money will ever burthen my conscience; no, or rear up my childher, morebetoken; an' sure, it's for somethin' o' the like reason I have the *weenochs* on the same place wid me, at all at all; for whin a very wise body axed me why I was goin' to be married, an' I only a lump iv a soft boy, at the same time, admiral—a kind o' one o' your loblolly boys, you know, only a taste bigger, an' handier at the spade, maybe—'Why, sir,' says I, 'the reason is this, sir, savin' your presence, sir,' says I, 'I'm able to work a start, sir, an' I don't like to be workin' for any man's childher bud my own, sir,' says I."

"Well, well, that's all as id may be; bud what *am* I to do wid the yellow-boys, if you sing out no to the grog, shipmit?"

"Sure, as I said afore, on the head o' the bit o' writin', that all this

* That is, he would vote for pure whiskey, without watering it.

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goold cum by——" (Terence had been too generous to pain Murty with intelligence of the failure of his document, or of the intervention of Garret Byrne thereupon,) "sure, as I said afore, there's your brother, admiral."

"Avast, avast, man! as *I* tould *you* afore, shiver and scuttle my hulk to ould Davy, if he ever touches a stiver iv id! That same brother is no brother to me, but a d——d land-shark—shuvvin' me out to say agin, when I thought to moor my ould hulk here, in the ould soundins'—'case why? he said I couldn't work ship wid him—the greedy unnathral loober! ay, ay, adhrift he turned me, main-mast, riggin' an' rhudder gone, an' not a day's provision aboord! So, jaw no more about him, d'ye see me."

"'Twas bad usage enough; we won't gainsay you, my poor ould admiral; bud his poor slob iv a boy, the son—*he* done nothin' to you."

"Done nothin' to me! isn't he one of the crew? sailin' undher his father's colours an' ordhers?—his father commandher?—an' wouldn't he do by me whatever he's commanded to do, bee coorse, or else go to the yard-arum?—what else could he do?"

"Well, admiral agra, I'll tell you what kind iv a thought comes to me, then."

"Out wid it, my hearty."

"You're reasonable ould—we can't gainsay that either, you know."

"Ay, ay, shipmit; an ould sheer hulk *on* the wather, goin' to pieces every say, but Irish—I mane English, heart iv oak, every plank o' me, howsomever."

"All bud what you call the *uddher*, admiral; an' a quare name it is to give a nose."

Murty unconsciously slipt an *r*, at the beginning of the word, which he meant as an imitation of Terence's word *ruddher*, or rudder; and, indeed, was thinking of, as he intimated, a strange enough object from which to draw, even with full poetical license, an image of any human nose—namely, the udder of a cow. But, among his own familiar mental stock of illustration, it was nearest in sound to the word used by his neighbour.

"Ay, ay, sink an' d—— id! I forgot that, shipmit; but let it go to ould Davy, an' say your say out."

"Well, aroon; what I'm thinkin' iv is soon said. I'm thinkin', now, that vid the help of all this goold, an' since you're goin' to pieces, as you say yoursef, it wouldn't be a bad notion if you had one to look afther you, an' keep you together."

"Hollo! where are you bound for now, my jolly lad?"

"Faix, an' all I mane is, supposin' you was to take on wid a wife, admiral?"

"A wife!" shouted Terence O'Brien, in utter amazement; "a wife alongside? No, no, shipmit; no one will never see me join company with that kind o' craft; no, no; grapple to the locker is the word aboord with all sich—grapple to the locker; an' when no more say-store is left, then shove off, d'ye see me? No; never a painted schooner of 'em shall take the ould hulk in tow."

Terence was calling to mind some kind of Wapping adventure.

"An' sorry ve'd be, ould admiral, to see the best among them use her

toe to you, or her five fingers either. But little's the danger o' that here, in Muckalee. Them sort you spake iv lives by the say-shore; but our honest counthry girrels isn't given to any sich kind o' doins."

"Avast, lad, avast; all she-pirates and sharks, one wid another. When first I steered home here to Muckalee, 'case I didn't carry bags o' goold for ballast, didn't your whole squadron of that craft cock up their noses at me, as your land-saying goes?"

"Bud, sure, you ped 'em back in their own coin, an' widout any throuble," smiled Murty, again venturing the sore allusion.

"Ay, ay; bud sink that, I say. Didn't one of 'em call me as ugly an ould fish as ever swum? and another say I was a *farh breoghoch*,* an' ax me to let her stick me in her father's whate-field? An' that young fire-ship, Nance Dulhanty, didn't she—the craft wid the red lanthron at her poop, I mane—didn't she set my pig-tail a-blaze, at her ould granny's table? An' Kitty Doyle! I was a cruizin' on the top o' the hill, d'ye see me, an' she an' a fleet o' doxies wid her, at the bottom; an' she hails me to join company, an' I tacks to bear down on 'em; an' she an' they ties the long land-grass right across the channel, an' I strikes on id, and comes on my bame-inds—ay, over an' over, till the ould hulk righted again—an' the whole crew o' them singing an' pipin' out to me, all the time, in make-game, like? Avast, I tell you, shipmit, they're all the same, by say-shore, or by land-shore—all the same."

"Why, thin, we're much behoulded to your good word, misther admiral," remarked Mrs. Meehan.

"Didn't mane you, jolly misthress; didn't nivir mane you; you're not one of the sort; I mane the young, light-deckers as skuds on every tack, in all weathers, sthramers flyin' in every breeze."

"Sure, then, we'll get one for you as ould as the hills, if you like," said Murty.

"An' that won't go down, neither, my hearty; luff, luff; two sheer hulks, bobbin' shivered planks together, every swell—never do; singin' out, too, 'avast, avast,' in every cap full o' wind—ay, or if there was ever gun left aboord, exchanging shots, I warrant you."

"Faith, an' you're a'most in the right, now, we b'lieve, though you did live so long on the wather, admiral," grinned Murty.

"Musha, an' I'm afeard he is, Lord purtect us," added Mrs. Meehan, more seriously.

"But," resumed her honest man, "sure you don't see mooch o' the bobbin' or vastin', or toein' or scuddin', or singin', or shootin', betwixt Chevaun, here, an' my own sef, admiral?"

"No, no, all fair sailin', in company, there, an' breeze right ahead."

"Well, an' wouldn't you like Chevaun's likes for a voyage, as you call id?"

"Hallo, shipmit! goin' to change tack? only say the word, an' I'm for the cruize, in your stead, d'ye see me—ay, vid all my heart an' lights, my hearty!" and Terence spoke—we stake our veracious character on the fact—in perfect, simple seriousness.

* Scarecrow.

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"Ho, ho, ho, we couldn't manage that matther so asily—none iv us, admiral."

"What jaw, then—what jaw?"

"Why, God forgive you, man, sure isn't poor Chevaun an' mysef to be in company, as yoursef has id, till death does us part?"

"Foundher to ould Davy, then, an' lave the misthress-mate an' I say-room."

"We don't want to have a call to that fellow, I tould you afore, admiral."

"Go aloft, then, you loober."

"An' I can't pleasure you that way, neither—at laste till we have the little peraties out o' the ground, asthore."

"Well—an' what port are you steerin' for, then?"

"No port at all; I'll stay in the port where I am; an' Chevaun an' I will be pleasant company wid one another, these hundhred years to come, plaise God. Bud, admiral; there's one little Mary Moore, an' she's the born sisther o' Chevaun—nearer to her she couldn't be; an' she's very like Chevaun, only a younger girril; an' she's amost as purty as Chevaun—and she's amost as good as Chevaun—an' that's a great word."

"Ay, ay—I spoke wid Mary Moore, shipmit, the night o' my cruize to Nance Dulhanty's granny's wake—an' 'twas she put out the fire, 'boord ould hulk, when Nance set the rishlight to my pig-tail—ay, spoke wid her, then, an' often afore an' since; ay, ay; an' now that I call to mind, that little craft, Mary, is the only one o' your jade-squadron that never says nothin' to gibe the ould seyman,—never does, an' never did; ay, ay."

"She'd make a nate, an' a clane, an' a laucky* wife, for the ould admiral," observed her prudent sister: "yes, an' you spoke to her later than you think, admiral; she was here the day o' the writin'."

"Whin you gave me sich a hail by my name, misthress, an' she an' you a-joinin' together? an' I never knew her, from the new cut of her canvass. But why wou'dn't she share a little say-store wid me? why sheer off in a rumpus, at only the sight o' the monies?"

"Shy she was, may be, admiral, to take any help from a body that wou'dn't be a blood relation to her; don't blame the poor crature for that."

"Help! disthress aboord, then, though no signal hoisted? But why did you sing out, 'the Terry O'Brien a-hoy!' misthress, if I was to bear no hand, d'ye see me?"

Chevaun and her husband interchanged a look similar to that which had passed between them upon the very occasion alluded to. Evidently they thought Terence in some misconception.

"Never mind about the hoy, admiral, for the prasent; bud, yes, asthore,—disthress, sure enough, is come on poor Mary; the ould mother has a nice bit o' land, to be sure, only there's an ould arrear over id, ever since her husband died; an' she an' Mary will be turned out on the world-wide, this May, barrin' somethin' takes it off for 'em."

* Tidy and gracious.

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"Sent adhrift? sink my hulk, but they sha'n't, though! Show me the loober that daare think of id, an' if I don't blow him clean off the wather, at the first broadside, scuttle me for ould Davy."

"That wou'dn't be the way, admiral," said Murty; "the thing to be done is, to blow the arrears off o' the land. And now listen well to me; your honest goold could do that, if you an' Mary Moore was once man an' wife; ay, an' more than that; stock the farum, too, afther clearin' id, an' then all would go well to the world's ind."

"Ay, ay; but this little galley, the Mary—would she be puttin' the ould hulk undher any new ordhers, short allowance o' grog, or sich like—d'ye see me, eh, shipmit?"

"Niver fear that, admiral; she wouldn't say one conthrary word to you, from year's end to year's end, an' I know her well."

"No squalls, at a hand's-turn, to get ould ship on her bame's inds?"

"The dickens a squall she'd give, the creature! barrin' you gave her rason, admiral," asserted Murty; "an' you're not the man to do sich a dirty turn;—no, Mary is as quite as the lamb—no; bud she'd mind for you, an' she'd make for you—an' she'd sing a purty little song for you at her wheel—an' you'd have a house o' your own, admiral—an' no one to cross or conthrary you—an' the stock an' the crops ud be thrivin' on the land—an', in a rasonable time, there 'ud be little weeny admirals runnin' about your legs—an' they'd be tumblin' over head an' heels, on the flure, to divart you; an' you'd be a 'sponsible man."

"Hurrah!" cheered Terence, as the picture glowed before his ardent imagination.

"An' thin let me see the one that 'ud call you an ugly old fish, or tumble you down the hill, or put the fire to your pig's-tail, or as much as snap an eye at you, my poor old admiral."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" again shouted the admiral, three times, distinctly, as we have noted it down,—now taking off his hat, and waving it round his head, while the deafening pitch of his voice startled the echoes in the little glen outside the house.

It was finally settled that Terence should indeed go a-wooing—by proxy, however, in the first instance. He was loth to venture, as he intimated, out of "say-room," such as he was used to, into a strange unknown harbour, without taking soundings; for there might be rocks, or sands, or breakers, a-head, enough to make the best ship afloat go to pieces, and to baffle the steering skill of the ablest hand that ever grappled a helm or boxed a compass. In fact, Murty Meehan was deputed, and gladly accepted the commission, to break the business to Mary and her mother, while Terence O'Brien should await his return in the next public-house, administering to the thirsty wants of some of his neighbours, in return only for their decent attention to his stories of wondrous adventure on the ocean, containing many charms for them, doubtless, though deficient in that of novelty.

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## THE RAINBOW OF LIFE.

BY WASHINGTON BROWNE.

Hope, through youth's sweet April tears,
Has the wondrous power to throw
O'er the fields of future years,
Her many-coloured bow.

Only in the dewy time
Of our being's morning march,
May we build with joy sublime,
Life's triumphal arch.

One by one the colours show
In the landscape warm and wet,
'Till complete the glory glow
On the clouds' far-travelling jet.

River, rock, and tower, and plain,
See! the gorgeous bow embrace,
Glorious pageant! look again,
All is empty space.

The poet's eye delights
Some inward vision fair,
The pen he seizes and he writes,
Then looks—it is not there.

The heavenly bow his fancy made,
Has left no trace behind;
Gone are the chords whereon was played
That music of the mind.

The painter in some happy hour,
Sees in the earth and sky,
Glimpses of glory and of power,
And holds them in his eye.

But when to give them lasting life,
He toils from day to day,
He finds from that laborious strife,
The glory pass away.

The graces of the morning hour
Fade into common light:
The sunset, with its gorgeous power,
Dies down into the night.

Alas! all beauty that has birth,
All splendour that is given,
To cheer, to glorify the earth,
Is but a gleam from heaven.

*New York, March 22.*

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## A TALE OF THE BURMESE WAR.

In the spring of the year the body of the Indian army at Sarrawa received orders to cross the Erawadi, and to march down to the assistance of the column besieging Donabew, on the right bank of the river. We were occupied five days in crossing, being obliged to make rafts before a single man could be taken over. The small corps under my command was the last that crossed, and as it was very late before we reached the shore, it was thought proper to rest that night, and follow the main body the next day. The rains had ceased for above three months, but in the course of the night a storm, such as usually ushers in the south-west monsoon, accompanied by a tremendous shower, made the ground in our neighbourhood impassable, and we were forced to take to the high land at some distance from the river. We were thus separated from the main body, who had been able to advance rapidly on the low and clear rice grounds, while the whole day was passed by us in cutting through a pathless jungle of the rankest vegetation, consisting chiefly of grass and reeds from ten to fifteen feet in height, where our utmost activity could barely enable us to get on ten miles. Indeed, we could not possibly have effected so much without the assistance of the Karians, the wretched inhabitants of these wilds, who, oppressed on all occasions by the cruelty and rapacity of the Burmese government, did not feel themselves forbidden by any motive of patriotism to help us by every means in their power. These poor people were easily induced to show us the parts where a passage could be most easily effected; and we were indebted to their kindness for a supply of food which we could not have procured from our own resources. They also abandoned their huts to our use for the succeeding night; and though mere wooden boxes, mounted into the air on bamboo poles, and accessible only by a notched stick in lieu of stairs, we passed a more comfortable night in them than could have been expected; and many of us probably owed the preservation of our lives to our being thus elevated above the soaked earth and thick wet grass which must otherwise have been our bed.

The next day we arrived early on the bank of a river running into the Erawadi, along which we made our way over rice grounds, free from trees, but flooded in great part. After a miserable march, knee deep in water, we were relieved by the sight of our enemy, closely entrenched in a stockade. It appeared that the body in advance of us, having made their march nearer the great river, had missed seeing this fortification. The enclosure was of considerable size, extending from the river all across the rice grounds to the thick teak forest on the left. We were very few, and our enemy was numerous; they were armed and under cover, and we were exposed, with guns wet and almost useless; but I think there was not a man with us who did not feel relieved by the prospect of change, and confident of success. We were evidently not expected, by the bustle which our appearance

caused among them; but they seemed determined on resistance, and with loud shouts and cries of *laee, laee,* (come, come,) invited us to the attack. We were soon on the spot: a half-finished ditch in front offered no resistance, and a palisading, driven diagonally for greater strength, was soon passed. The stockade, not more than nine feet high, was surmounted in a very few moments, the enemy driven from the ramparts, and flying across the plains behind, whence they plunged into the deepest recesses of the jungle. We only lost three or four men, but I was much afflicted to find they had carried off a prisoner with them. This was an officer in rank below me, to whom I was united in the closest intimacy. I had been with him four years in the same regiment, and although he had risen from the ranks, his education was that of a gentleman. His story was not uncommon. He was the only son of a gentleman of good family, but reduced circumstances, who had left the world to hide his poverty in a remote village. There Williams conceived an attachment to a young woman of inferior connexions and character, and who, he himself has told me in his rational moments, although beautiful, was not by any means formed to attach him, had not their altered fortune thrown him into a situation that left him almost without choice, and his Maria without a rival. This connexion much affected his father, a kind though a very proud man, and who was already brought to the utmost despondency by the reduction of his means, which had been produced chiefly by his own improvidence. The consciousness that he was himself the remote cause of his son's unworthy attachment prevented any reproaches that, under other circumstances, William might have received; but the struggle between pride and affection was too much for his weakened frame, and the too visible effects of his son's imprudence completed his dissolution. Williams, who inherited all his father's feelings, could not resolve to marry the woman he had dishonoured. He has confessed to me that had he been in a place where they were unknown, he would not have hesitated, and that he even offered her his hand, if she would retire with him to some distant spot; but with a pride equal to his own, she refused it unless tendered openly, and insisted that he should make reparation by marriage in the place which had witnessed her disgrace. This he could not agree to, and after a few months she was delivered of a dead child, which she soon followed to the grave. My poor friend was now miserable: he looked on himself as a murderer, and many days was in a state bordering on madness. During this time his poor broken-hearted mother did all in her power to console him, but without success. His overwrought feelings at length grew less acutely sensitive, and he became apparently calm. The necessity of doing something for the maintenance of his mother roused him. After some useless endeavours he enlisted in a regiment bound for India, sent his mother the bounty-money he received, and sailed for Calcutta, where his good conduct soon obtained him promotion.

When I first saw him he was dejected to the lowest degree, and though always ready to oblige, and most attentive to his duties, relapsing continually into a state of despondency. Having little taste myself for the noisy pleasures of my comrades, I courted his friend-

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ship, and we grew attached to each other. He confided to me his little history, and was evidently relieved by the communication, and by my attempts to console him. Everything that the most rigid economy could spare he sent to his mother, to whom he wrote very regularly. He rarely mentioned his mistress's name, and then it was in the manner of a visionary; he spoke of her with a superstitious feeling, and though he sometimes smiled at his fancies, he always returned to the same strain. He said he often saw her in his dreams; he had had several conversations with her on their past conduct, and she had quite forgotten his refusal to marry her; that she would see him once more before his death, when she would give him a sign that he should follow her in a few hours. He had long and anxiously expected the fatal sign, but it had not been given. That morning he told me he should not be long in existence. He had not received the fatal summons, but his Maria had told him they should soon meet. I could not help connecting this with the fate we feared he had undergone. The Burmese had hardly got rid of their horrible propensity to slaughter their prisoners, and many severe lessons were given them before they learned to act like civilised men. His body was not found in the stockade; he was therefore carried to the jungle, and the horror felt at his too probable fate was only equalled by the pain which the utter impracticability of any means of saving him produced in us. Indeed the difficulty we had experienced of forcing our way through the tough elephant grass, nearly twenty feet in height, and the dreadful maladies occasioned by being deluged by the water with which it was loaded, prevented the boldest of us from a voluntary attempt at entering the forest; and the provoking activity displayed by the natives, and almost instinctive knowledge they had of those parts where alone a passage could be forced, combined to render the tracking them impossible. We resolved, in consequence, to pass the night within the stockade, and resume our march the next morning; satisfied at having found so desirable a resting-place, as the heavy rain which set in with the night, and continued for seven hours without intermission, would have made fearful havoc with our small party. We set out before sunrise, and had some difficulty in crossing the river, which was now swollen; we then directed our course in a line nearly parallel with the Erawadi, but approaching it as much as the nature of the jungle admitted. This was much less dense than the one we had traversed the day before, and had we not been dreadfully annoyed with the water falling on us from the loaded grass, shaken by our endeavours to get through it, we might have got forward comfortably. In about an hour we arrived at another stockade, which had been visited by our advanced body; they had left fearful marks of their passage; and although there were a few persons in motion about it, it was abandoned instantly on our approach. None were left behind but the dead, or those who were soon to be so. The groans of those wretches whose remaining strength was barely enough to enable them to keep off the dogs and birds that were prowling around them, the stench of the corpses, and the sight of some unfortunate wretches crucified by their cruel chiefs, and fixed on the stakes which formed the stockade, whose only crime

most probably was a too close imitation of the cowardice of their lords, excited our horror and disgust, though used to shocking scenes in this barbarous country. The very dogs were tearing each other for their dreadful prey, or rolling glutted on the sand. One faithful creature I saw, keeping guard over the dead body of his master, savagely repel the attacks of his fellows; but this was the only instance.

The Burmese, barbarous as they were, had not neglected the last duties to their companions. The new-made graves gave evidence that they had removed many of their companions from our sight, and had they not been interrupted by us, all the dead would without doubt have been interred. Food and water were placed by those who had any remaining life, but no other means of assistance appeared to be afforded them, and indeed they were all beyond the succour of art. We hurried from the dreadful spot, glad to escape even to the wilderness, and within another mile we reached an opening in the jungle on our left, through which the broad and rapid Erawadi appeared, swollen with the rain of the preceding night. It was still rising, for although the storm had ceased, and the sun was shining bright and beautiful over our heads, the lands in the upper country were still sending down their tribute. It might have been deemed a sea, for to our eyes it was boundless; the low land of the opposite bank was beneath the horizon, but the rapid downward current, bearing trees, wrecks of boats, portions of bamboo huts, and the rude furniture used by the natives, gave ample testimony of a river in flood, and it might be truly said of it what the poet more fancifully conceived of his native Po,

"Pare che guerra porti al mare."

Whilst all were contemplating the scene with various feelings, and in mine I confess the comfort of having an open path before us absorbed most other considerations, something was indistinctly seen in the midst of the current, fixed, though all around was in motion. On application to my pocket telescope, it showed me it was a man. The seeming impossibility that a human being could swim in such a place, immediately gave rise to the suspicion that the body had been exposed there by the Burmans, who are known sometimes to fasten great criminals to some stake or island when the water is low, and the returning tide slowly overwhelms them. On this occasion it appeared they had fixed the object of our attention to a bank in the middle, considerably above the usual height of the river, in order to protract the sufferings of their victim; but the heavy rain had so raised the water, as to render it probable that their cruelty would be disappointed by the speedy death of the poor wretch, who was now almost covered. The climate and exposure having had its usual effect upon my eyes, I handed the telescope to my attendant, who almost instantly exclaimed that it was an European, and in a few moments after, to my horror, that it was Williams. By this time curiosity had drawn a number of our party near us, and as soon as the name of Williams was pronounced, an Indian of slender, but muscular figure, stripping off his coat and shoes, threw himself into the fierce stream, and divided the waves with wonderful strength and

rapidity. We all looked on with silence and intense interest. He proceeded in a straight line, as though drawn by a tightened cord, and while all around him was whirled down the stream, he alone, as by magic, kept an even course, with the current driving against him, as against a rock fixed in the bed of the river, and rising in angry foam against the obstacle. Once he disappeared, apparently overwhelmed by a mass of wood that came rolling upon him; we were breathless and silent; but he had only dived to avoid the shock, and again he rose, keeping on the same unvaried line. I now asked the name of this bold swimmer, and a dozen voices replied, "Hurry Doss, the best swimmer on the Burampooter; if man can save Williams, he can." Now he was near him, and every voice was hushed; it seemed as if a breath would have hurled him beyond the point he aimed at, which even his almost supernatural human power could not have regained. A minute more and he was on the spot. We all breathed again, and now listened attentively to my servant, who held the telescope. "There he is," said he, "safe enough, but I'm afraid it's all over with poor Mr. Williams; the water is up to his mouth, and the native can't undo the rope. Now he's drawn his great knife, and is trying to cut it. It's too late, the water is over his head—no, he is loose, there they go together."

The struggle had been visible to every one, and they were now seen rolling on, sometimes confounded with the foam on the river, and then made visible above everything by the struggles of Hurry Doss. Our fears now changed their object; it appeared impossible that they could reach the shore, and their liberation from the island, to which all our hopes had been directed now seemed to have ensured their destruction. The movements of the powerful swimmers were no longer visible, and the rapid current whirled them from our eyes. We lamented them as lost, when a Burmese gilded war-boat was seen to shoot across the stream, only visible to us from the reflection of the sun from its gaudy ornaments, as the distance would else have been too great to admit of our seeing it. By the help of my glass, the two bodies were ascertained to be taken on board without resistance, and the boat, though conducted by men whose lives are passed in rapid rivers, and who will guide a boat safely where European rowers would be helpless, was hurled down the stream, and with much difficulty reached a projecting point of the bank, when she grounded high a-shore. We had almost rejoiced at the appearance of the war-boat, but reflection soon induced us to wish rather that our friends had fallen a prey to the waves than to their perfidious enemies. The point was defended by a stockade and trench. We rushed forward without much order to attack it, until stopped by trunks of trees, felled, and sharpened, and placed in the most prominent situations. The time passed in getting over these obstacles allowing us to reflect: we re-formed our little troop, and advanced with regularity, though not much less impetuously than before. We soon reached their entrenchments, under the annoying fire of their zingals, which we had scarcely time to return before we found ourselves on the ramparts. We saw the enemy escaping as fast as possible by the narrow egress in the rear, but not quick enough to avoid the shot which poured on

them from our guns. We were soon in full possession, and found as usual, only the dead and dying. Among the former was the unfortunate Hurry Doss, pierced with a dozen spears by his savage captures. But Williams was not found. Knowing him to be in their power, we resolved on immediate pursuit, and soon overtook the party to whom he had been consigned, and whom he had retarded in their flight. He was dropped on the ground, and the party escaped into the jungle. Williams was brought back more dead than alive. He had received no new outrage, for our enemies had been taught by severe retaliation to attempt no barbarities on their European prisoners too openly, and their treatment of him before had been perpetrated in the idea that it would remain undiscovered by us. But the exposure to the night air and rain had brought on the fever of the country, and he was evidently past recovery. We did all in our power to relieve him, and our troop being much fatigued, we determined to rest them. He was placed on a couch in my tent, and took some food, after which he seemed wonderfully recovered, and talked a good deal. He said that, after he had been hurried off, a consultation was held, of which he knew only the result. He was taken soon after sunset to an island in the Erawadi, covered with stunted trees. To one trunk, taller than the rest, denuded of leaves and branches, he was firmly bound, to remain, as he supposed, until starvation should give his body to the vultures. During the night it rained heavily, but he had been almost insensible the whole time. At sunrise the water reached his feet, and he felt sensation returning. "I felt," he said, "in a sort of delirium: I fancied myself at home, as I had been in happier days; but I still saw the real objects around me, though somewhat confusedly. Then my eyes grew dim and my hearing painfully acute. Each drop of rain was startling to my ear, though the continued rush of the water, which had been before so loud, seemed scarcely audible. When I saw no more the surrounding objects, the inward vision grew more distinct. I saw Maria plainly, and my mother walking with her. She said that she was come to perform her promise, that she would now take me with her, and we should be no more divided. I was not in a dream, for I heard the dashing rain, and began to feel the water rising at my feet. Then the sun shone out and the rain ceased; my head was hot, and but for the cooling water of the river I must have died under the heat. I think I became delirious. I was walking or rather flying over immeasurable plains, with Maria still by my side; then rushing with the same rapidity through long avenues of trees, and feeling the fanning of the branches over my head. Then we seemed to rise into the cloudless sky, leaving the earth, which appeared like a ball beneath our feet, more and more brilliant as we receded, until it shone like the sun, and I could look on it no more. In this sort of delirium I remained until roused by the shouts of my friends, and the name of Hurry Doss, which I distinctly heard. This man I had often noticed; he was a man of low caste, rather overbearing in manner, and quite opposite in everything to other Hindoos. I had twice or thrice interfered to save him from the hostility of his fellows, whom he had offended by his disregard of their prejudices, and sometimes from the ill-usage of the English, who are ready enough to catch all the preju-

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dices of the natives against each other. But he never showed any attachment—he was a solitary being. He would have been a hero, but the laws of his caste forbad his being anything among men, and he determined to be great amongst the objects of nature. He would dash into the sea in its rage, and return unhurt; when the surf frightened the boldest seaman, and even the flexible native rafts were dashed in pieces, he was like a bubble on the stream. The tiger feared him, and the serpent coiled playfully about him. His name struck me, and I soon heard the dash of his arm on the waves. He soon reached me, and after a desperate struggle loosened the cords by which I was bound, we drifted away together, and I scarcely remember anything further."

Here Williams stopped, and though he afterwards spoke again, nothing connected could be obtained from him. After some time he slept profoundly, and did not awake until long after midnight. I was by his side, having risen early to take measures for our morning's march. On his awaking he spoke inarticulately for some time without observing me. At last, when he saw me, he raised himself with some effort, and spoke as distinctly as he had done when he was in good health. He desired me to write down on a leaf of my pocket-book that he left all his property and arrears of pay to his mother. I did so, and showed it to him. He took the pen, signed his name to it in a bold hand, and said, "I confide in you for the performance." It was his last effort; he laid down the pen, fell back, and spoke no more. His grave is on the shore of the great river, marked by no stone, but remembered by all his comrades, who wept over it. Early on the following day we joined our victorious army at Donabew.

E.

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## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The mystic science is not mine
  That Eastern records teach,
I cannot to each bud assign
  A sentiment and speech;
Yet, when in yonder blossomed dell
  I pass my lonely hours,
Methinks my heart interprets well
  The eloquence of flowers.

Of life's first thoughtless years they tell,
  When half my joy and grief
Dwelt in a lily's opening bell,
  A rosebud's drooping leaf—
I watched for them the sun's bright rays,
  And feared the driving showers,
Types of my girlhood's radiant days
  Were ye, sweet transient flowers.

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And sadder scenes ye bring to mind,
The moments ye renew
When first the woodbine's wreaths I twined,
A loved one's grave to strew;
On the cold turf I weeping spread
My offering from the bowers,
Ye seemed meet tribute to the dead,
Pale, perishable flowers.

Yet speak ye not alone, fair band,
Of changefulness and gloom,
Ye tell me of God's gracious hand,
That clothes you thus in bloom,
And sends to soften and to calm
A sinful world like ours,
Gifts of such purity and balm
As ye, fresh dewy flowers.

And while your smiling ranks I view,
In vivid colours drest,
My heart, with faith confirmed and true,
Learns on the Lord to rest;
If He the lilies of the field
With lavish glory dowers,
Will he not greater bounties yield
To me, than to the flowers?

Still, still they speak—around my track,
Some faded blossoms lie,
Another spring shall bring them back,
Yet bring them, but to die:
But we forsake this world of strife,
To rise to nobler powers,
And share those gifts of endless life,
Withheld from earth's frail flowers.

O may I bear your lessons hence,
Fair children of the sod,
Yours is the calm mute eloquence,
That leads the thoughts to God:
And oft amid the great and wise,
My heart shall seek these bowers,
And turn from man's proud colloquies,
To commune with the flowers.

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MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION NEW YORK

# NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.[1]

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

## LANDING OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN EGYPT.

On the 8th of March 1801, at nine in the morning, all the boats of the British fleet under Vice-Admiral Lord Keith were assembled in a triple line, extending about a mile and a half, at a league distance from their intended place of debarkation, being that part of the sandy shore of Africa called Egypt, and in the Bay of Aboukier, or shoals near to the place celebrated for giving birth to Cleopatra. The centre line, composed of flats and launches, were crowded to excess with the flower of the British army: these were towed by barges and pinnaces, while a line of jolly-boats and cutters moved in the rear, to assist the disabled. They were drawn up with beautiful precision, the captains of divisions in front, while the Honourable A. Cochrane, who commanded, was considerably in advance, with St. George's flag displayed: his barge led the whole of the triple lines. Opposite, and immediately in front, lay the French army, on sand hills, whose ridges were strongly fortified with heavy pieces of ordnance, while here and there, between the hills, peeped out the flying artillery, and the cavalry showed in numbers between the masses of infantry, that looked sufficiently numerous to devour our small but heroic band. On their left lay Aboukier (now Nelson's) Island, strongly fortified with mortars. The scene was beautiful and imposing, the line-of-battle ships lay in the distant perspective, with the bombs, sloops, and troop-ships on shore: the sun shone with great splendour, and its fierce rays shot down on our troops with intense heat. The light breeze that gently rippled the placid waters, was just sufficient to gaily waft the various flags and colours that decorated and distinguished our different divisions, while the heavy crescent of the Turks lay dormant to its staff.

The signal is thrown out to advance leisurely, but to keep strictly in line till under fire, and then use every exertion to land the troops. Fountain of mercy and love! that this splendid and bright scene of nature's sublimity should be marred and totally defaced by man! What answer shall be given to the question of the Eternal, "Man, why sheddest thou thy brother's blood?" Alas, alas! the wholesale slaughter of that day! all that military skill could effect in making the intended place of our debarkation invulnerable, had been done by the French governor of Alexandria; and for eight days had we, by our presence in this bay, given him due notice of our intention. To his commander-in-chief, General Menou, he wrote, "that nothing with life could be thrown on his shores but a cat;" in fact, he had rendered the beach impregnable; and so it was to all but the steady valour of British bands. Imagine, fair reader! (if any of the

[1] Continued from vol. xix. page 366.

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loveliest part of God's creation honour me so far,) imagine ten thousand of England's hardy sons, full of life and vigour, rushing into an unequal contest that, in the space of one hour, would decimate them. Hark! the first shell from Nelson's Island; the roar, the whistle, and explosion among the boats, answered by the heart-stirring cheers of the British lines. The heavy artillery from the ridge of sand hills in front open their iron throats on the devoted boats. "Give way fore and aft," is the respondent cry to the shrieks of the wounded, the heavy groans of the dying, and the gurgling sounds of the drowning. Gaps are seen in our line, and the brave soldier struggling in the water, encumbered by his accoutrements; his ammunition, his three days provision and water, give him no chance of floating till the light boats can grasp him. Now their flying artillery, with their long train of horses, gallop to the beach, and open their brazen mouths on our still advancing boats. That venerable and veteran son of war, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, commander-in-chief, in the Kent's barge, moving in the rear, now desired the lieutenant of the boat to pass through the gaps in our line, and place him in front of the fire. "I command you, sir," said the veteran; "my personal safety is nothing compared with the disgrace of the boats turning back. Example is needful in this tremendous fire, which exceeds all I ever saw. Oh, God! they waver—onward, brave Britons! onward!" This apparent wavering was occasioned by a shell sinking a flat boat with sixty soldiers in her, and by the rush of smaller ones to pick up the sinking soldiery. The lieutenant in command of the barge respectfully said, he had the orders of Sir Richard Bickerton, not to expose the general-in-chief unnecessarily to fire, or land him till the second division were on shore. The British lines closing, to cover their heavy losses, rapidly approached the landing-place. The French infantry in heavy masses now lined the beach, and the roar of musketry was incessant and tremendous; Sir Ralph, in great agitation, again ordered the officer to put his boat in front of the triple line, and was met by that officer respectfully declaring that "he would obey the orders of his admiral alone." The old general made an abortive attempt to jump overboard, saying, "Without some striking example, human nature could not face such a fire;" and indeed the sea was ploughed and strongly agitated by the innumerable balls that splashed among the boats, sometimes hiding them altogether by the spray they created. This was a most painful scene even for a spectator: our friends mowed down like corn before the reaper. But now a change comes over it. A heart-stirring cheer is given on the prows touching the beach: the soldiers, heartily tired of being shot at like rooks, spring from the boats with great alacrity; that effective instrument, the bayonet, is actively at work on both sides. Our brave soldiers in landing, jumped on the French muskets, for the beach was firmly disputed, but the home thrusts of the nervous British arm, and their dauntless hearts, drove back the Frenchman, who, in regaining their first position, opened for their cavalry to charge our line, then formed, and for the first time that day loaded their muskets. It was an anxious moment for us, who were spectators, to see the fleet Arabian horses moving in a whirlwind of sand, upon our half-

formed regiments. Onward they came, like the lightning's flash. "Sare," said Lord Keith, (in his own broad Scottish accent,) to the artillery officer of the bomb-ship he was in, lying as close in shore as the shoal water would permit, "geeve those incarnate deevils ane o' your largest shells." The explosion, in sweeping the French commanding-officer and numerous others to their great account, caused a halt and partial confusion amongst them. The cool and determined front presented by the Forty-second, might, in some measure, have created delay in their furious charge. The majority drew up, and the well-directed volley of the second and third ranks of our line over the front one, kneeling to receive the horses of the enemy on their bayonets, made them wheel about and retrograde in quick time, while about sixty furiously and rashly rode in on our troops. Man and horse disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and the whole line heard the cheering orders, "Charge bayonets: advance in double quick time!"

These were received with the truly British shout that no nation can equal, the determined valour it expresses carrying dismay to the opposing force. I saw the British commanding officer in front, waving his men onward with his hat—up the sandy hills they rushed, looking to me like a heavy wave, rolling up a sandy beach. The French forces appeared astounded, dismayed, and disheartened; and their want of that steady, persevering, and indomitable spirit, that nerves the brave man to encounter misfortune to the last, was now observable in their retreat. They left some of their field-pieces in our hands, which proved most valuable, as they served to freshen up and accelerate the speed of their rear-guard. Our forces took possession of their first line of defence, and bivouacked on it for the night. In no event, during this eventful war of a quarter of a century, did the fine quality of our soldiers and sailors display themselves in brighter colours than during the landing in Egypt on the 8th of March, 1801.

### ALARM OF FIRE.

"What are the drums beating to quarters for?" called the reefers, as they hastily ascended the cockpit-ladder of the Foudroyant.

"Have you not heard," said a wag, the wit of the lower regions, "that Menou is swimming off, at the head of his army, to take our flag-ship by escalade?"

"But what has he done with Sir Ralph and his army?"

"Eat them for breakfast, before starting."

But this badinage was wofully changed when the loblolly boy, looking like Shakspeare's starved apothecary, whispered in solemn tones, "The ship is on fire in the gunner's store-room." And as the said store-room was not very remote from the grand magazine, the information created anything but pleasurable feelings. As each fell into the station assigned to him in battle, a feverish state of nervous twitchings might be discerned by the curious observer. My place on the poop in the signal department fully displayed before me the conduct of my superiors, commonly called by reefers the "big-wigs." Sir Philip Beaver, commanding the ship, was cool, collected, and active. "Let the boarders assist the firemen in handing the water below," called he, through his trumpet; "and every other man and

officer remain at his quarters on pain of death. Officers of the guard, post detachments of marines on the quarter-deck forecastle and poop, load their muskets with ball, and fire on any person, whatever his rank may be, who endeavours to quit the ship without orders."

This, said in a stern commanding tone, withdrew the wandering glances I, with many others, cast at the placid waters around us; for the idea of standing over gunpowder enough to blow twenty such ships into myriads of atoms, was far from agreeable. Lord Keith looked pale, and stood without his hat; his feelings, from the recent loss of the Queen Charlotte, must have been acute. I saw the smoke rising from the fore-hatchway, and every now and then, from the strength of the imagination *alone*, thought I felt the ship lifting under me. "We will have the signal ready of distress, and also for all the boats in the fleet to assemble round the flag-ship, Thompson," said I, addressing my brother signal-midshipman."

"Right, my boy; and we will take our stand here, where we can easily jump overboard, if we find the grand magazine sending us star-gazing—were you ever half-drowned?"

"A little experience that way," said I.

"Now listen to my short yarn, while you keep a sharp eye on the fore-hatchway. Just previous to leaving school, I went to bathe with a favourite schoolfellow, in a pit whose bottom was composed of white sand, and about twelve or thirteen feet deep. Jacques was the first undressed, and sprang a good distance into the pit: all at once I heard his agonised cry of distress; and, with my lower garments on, rushed to his assistance. He seemed to me cramped, and unable to struggle—his head and one hand alone above the water—that hand extended towards me, and his eyes, with the imploring look of despair, bent upon me. At once it rushed across my mind—may God forgive my cowardice and selfishness—that his clutch would drag me down with him. I hesitated, halted, and kept out of reach, while the poor youth was gradually sinking; but when the water reached his mouth, the impeded respiration forced the blood upwards and crimsoned his pale forehead; his orbs of sight, that seemed starting from strangulation, assumed a reproachful look of intense agony;—the waters closed over his innocent head, while I, who could have saved him, looked on paralysed—no other hand was near but mine, and that was nerveless. O, God! my feelings of horror, fear, and shame, you may imagine, but I cannot depict them. I called with all my power for help—alas! none came—I swam into the circle caused by his sinking—I looked down, for the white sand gave a clearness to the waters, and, O merciful God! I saw his right hand extend itself to reach my feet, his head thrown back, and the same despairing reproachful look that will ever remain fixed in my heart and mind while memory retains her seat. I was mad with terror, and remained spell-bound to the spot where the unfortunate Jacques lay beneath me, his right hand still extended, with the fingers clutched on its palm: he moved one of his legs, with a convulsive motion, and half raised his body to a sitting posture. It was the last expiring effort of nature—he fell on his back, and remained motionless. I see by your averted looks that you hate me, but your hate cannot exceed my own; I have only to plead my youth

and a constitutional timidity, owing, I think, to excessive foresight or anticipation. You perceive my nerves are as firmly strung at this moment of peril as your own, and I am confident I can meet danger and death with unshrinking fortitude; but I have a hesitation of incurring that peril; and, as my father truly observed, on the melancholy death of my friend Jacques, I am one more inclined to act with prudence than rash courage, which, in a sarcastic way, he denominated the better half of valour."

At this moment one of the junior officers came hastily up the quarter-deck ladder, calling to Captain Beaver not to be frightened, as the fire was got under.

"Pray, sir," said our gallant chief, "what sort of a sensation is fear? I know it not, but I see how it looks. Beat the retreat, and pipe to dinner."

### THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE.

On the 20th of March a Bedouin Arab sought Sir Sidney Smith in the British camp, established before Alexandria. These Arabs (who are the robbers of the Desert) came into the camp every morning thousands strong, forming a daily market of mutton, fowl, buffalo beef, and vegetables, which, under excellent regulations, were sold at a very reasonable rate. Their appearance was wild and interesting, and the son frequently led the ass that conveyed his blind father, numbers having lost their sight from the "ophthalmia," that dreadful scourge of the Egyptian shore. The Arab's information was important; he was sent by his chief to say, that a large reinforcement of Frenchmen, with the commander-in-chief, Menou, had been tracked and harassed by his band from Grand Cairo to Alexandria, into which place they had thrown themselves last night. On this important information the order of the day commanded the assembling of the troops two hours before the usual time, (which had hitherto been daylight.)

On the following morning the men were mustering in the trenches and batteries, when the videttes rode in at a furious rate, their horses covered with foam. Their information convinced us of the discernment of Sir Sidney Smith in anticipating their measures. A numerous French army were advancing rapidly against us, stealing upon us in the darkness of the night. In came our advanced posts, who had been ordered to retire on the main body, if overpowered. This was now the case, and they stated the advancing enemy to be in great force, and in a most excited state, from the quantity of brandy that must have been administered to them before they left Alexandria. Now the heavy and measured tread of the masses of infantry broke on the silence of the stilly night, while the neighing and prancing of the war horse gave intimation of the cavalry being in great force on each flank of the advancing army. The stillness of death prevailed in our camp, save and except the dashing of the aides-de-camp in front of the line as they flew with the orders of the general-in-chief to the different batteries not to throw away their fire, but reserve the grape and canister till the enemy touched the muzzles of the guns. As our troops closed their files with bayonets glittering, which might

be distinguished by the watch-fires, that threw a lurid glare over our well-formed line, showing the firm determination of the troops by their compressed lips and the nervous grasp by which they held their muskets, their long and hard drawn breath, the left foot slightly advanced, and the whole carriage betokening a firm determination to do or die, convinced the observing that their nerves were well braced to the coming deadly encounter. "Silence and steady, men," were the words of command heard along the line. Their trumpet sounded a charge, and everything was in wild commotion.

The British cheer rung high above the sharp volleys of musketry, the batteries threw in their death-dealing round, but the French army advanced in rapid style, overthrowing all before them, till the British bayonet transfixed their front rank; even that did not force them back. The survivors rush on, and when day broke, never were hostile armies more intermingled; here a Frenchman and there an Englishman. Now came the deadly strife of man to man; and the brave veteran who commanded in chief (he was upwards of seventy!) was engaged hand to hand with a young French dragoon, and would have fallen under the weight of his sabre cuts, had not a friendly bayonet lifted the man out of his saddle, leaving his sword entangled in Sir Ralph's clothes. The gallant veteran seized the sword, and shortly afterwards was shot close up to the hip joint, by a musket ball lodging in the bone. The anguish must have been acute; but no symptoms, not even a groan, made known that he was suffering; when obliged to acknowledge himself wounded, he called it slight, and refused to retire to the rear.

Captain Lord Proby, now addressing the commander-in-chief, to whom he was aide-de-camp, reported the enemy to be retreating, covered by their cavalry; "but good God, general, you are seriously wounded, your saddle is saturated with blood; let me support you to the rear, and for all our sakes let the surgeons examine you."

"My lord, I thank you," said the veteran, with a faint voice; "but in these stirring times the general should be the last person to think of self. My lord, order a forward movement, and hang fiercely on the retiring foe. Desire Hompesh's dragoons to cut through their rear-guard, and follow them closely to the walls of Alexandria." Seeing hesitation and great concern in the ingenuous, youthful countenance of Lord Proby, Sir Ralph added with sternness, "See my orders instantly obeyed, my lord."

And the aide-de-camp, dashing his spurs into the flank of the swift Arabian, flew along the line, vociferating the orders of—"Forward! forward!" at the same time despatching the first dragoon he met with to Colonel Abercrombie, stating his opinion that his father was bleeding to death on the field with a gun-shot wound. Sir Ralph, seeing Sir Sidney Smith's horse shot under him, now desired his orderly servant to remount him; while Sir Sidney (who was wounded) was thanking the general, Colonel Abercrombie galloped up, "Dear father, has your wound been examined?"

Sir Ralph, who was sinking fast from loss of blood, now turned affectionately to the manly form of his son, who stood at his side in

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a visible agony of suspense, muttered the words, "A flesh wound—a mere scratch," and fell fainting into his arms.

He was quickly borne by orderly sergeants to the rear, where the wound was pronounced of a dangerous nature. Fortunately the Foudroyant's launch had just reached the beach with boats of the fleet to convey the wounded off to the shipping; and the hero of seventy-five, in an insensible state, was consigned to the tender care of his son, exposed to the fierce sun, whose rays shot down hot enough to melt him. Colonel Abercrombie held one of his hands, while tender commiseration clouded his manly brow. I saw this gallant and good old warrior extended on a grating, coming alongside the flag-ship, his silvery hair streaming in the breeze that gently rippled the placid waters—his venerable features convulsed with agony, while the sun darted fiercely on him its intense rays, combining with his wound to occasion the perspiration to pour down his forehead like heavy drops of rain; yet he commanded not only his groans, but even his sighs, lest they should add to the evident anguish depicted in Colonel Abercrombie's countenance, as he wiped the perspiration from his father's face.

"We are near the Foudroyant, my dear sir; swallow a little of the contents of my canteen, it will enable you better to bear the motion of being hoisted in."

"Send the quarter-masters above to sling the general," said Lord Keith, "and select careful hands to the whip;" and his lordship's countenance expressed the deepest commiseration. "Now, sares, whip handsomely; bear off the side, gentlemen; for God's sake do not let the grating come in contact with anything. High enough—lower handsomely—see that the bearers are equally tall. Now rest the grating gently on their shoulders;" and his lordship gazed on the suffering countenance of the ancient soldier.

"I am putting you to great inconvenience," said Sir Ralph; and added, in faltering accents, "I am afraid I shall occasion you much more trouble."

"The greatest trouble, general," and Lord Keith took hold of one of the wounded man's hands, "is to see you in this pitiable situation."

Lord Keith pressed, relinquished the hand, and burst into tears; nor was there a dry eye that witnessed the sufferings of this venerated and venerable warrior. He lingered in acute pain three days, and his body was sent down to Malta. He was father to the present learned Speaker of the House of Commons, and as a man or a soldier was never excelled. Peace to his manes!

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## LOVE AND PASSION.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Young Love was sick, and like to die;
Poor Hymen, in despair,
With changing cheek and dewy eye,
Asked who should be his heir?

"My bow and arrows I bequeath
To Passion," Cupid said;
"To Friendship, every blooming wreath,
That whilom decked my head."

Love died; and Friendship kissed the flowers,
And placed them on her brow;
And bright in earth's secluded bowers,
You'll find them blooming now.

But Passion, when poor Love was dead,
With bow and arrow dight,
To courts and city lightly sped,
Like gay and gallant knight.

As beautiful as Love he seemed,—
His kindling eye the same;
But in his selfish heart he dreamed
What Love had blushed to name.

In blighted fame and blighted hearts
The arch deceiver joyed;
At beauty aimed his poisoned darts,
And what he loved, destroyed.

Yet when he swept his golden lyre,
And sung, as Love had sung,
Hope flutter'd o'er the tuneful wire,
And on his accents hung.

But Hymen wept; for well he knew
How Passion ruled below,
His purple torch would burn for few,
Nor burn with steady glow.

For Love's pure flame, like holy fire
By vestal virgins fed,
Burns on unwasted and entire,
O'er heart and spirit spread:

But Passion (like the wand'ring light,
Betraying as it flies)
Leaves to a darker, deeper night,
The heart, that trusting, dies.

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# PROSE SKETCHES.

BY A POET.

SAILING up the Seine, I gave way, like the Roman of old,* to my reflections. Behind me lay Havre instead of Ægina, and before me Honfleur instead of Megara; on my right was Tankerville for the Piræus, and on my left the stiff and formal Meillerie did duty for Corinth; and my reflections were as inferior in tenderness and sublimity to the philosopher as were the localities themselves to those of old. I was thinking, then, that Fame seems almost as capricious in the favours she bestows on great rivers as on great men. The Danube and the Rhine have had their thousand bards, and the latter has recently been again immortalised by a great writer; the Rhone, too, has become a familiar and household word, but not so the more reserved and delicate Seine. Travellers may have raved about her retiring beauties in prose; but only one poet, I think, (an exquisite one,†) has mentioned her "clad in watchet weeds." Like many other noble streams, she wants the records of guilt to immortalise her; they are, in fact, the only sort of immortality which man can bestow; Nature's more quiet gifts of fertility, of beauty, and of grandeur, with the blessing of good attached to them, being overlooked. They do not interest the restless curiosity of the passer by; a river which marks a battle-field is a far more interesting object than one which supplies good salmon.

Why is it ever thus, that the storms and the invasions of man, or of nature, which alike carried devastation in their course, are carefully recorded? nay, there is a sort of self-complacency in magnifying evils which have been, and may be again, avoided—while those whose gifts were blessings, are forgotten; their benefits are enjoyed, the givers unthought of, and unthanked. It is, I think, because fear is a more powerful cause of remembrance than gratitude. When man suffers, and may again suffer, he remembers the cause—mere selfishness makes him do so; but he enjoys the good presented, without troubling himself to inquire the cause—it is there, and that is sufficient. Gratitude is the sweetest, and, therefore, the briefest of all earthly sensations, and may be easily made oppressive; how the mind revolts when reminded of past benefits, and feels it a reproach—how easily, then, in a more general sense, may its very existence be unknown!

The Seine, on its first opening, certainly possesses rather a Circean character, for a startling sensation is felt by "the inquisitive traveller," on beholding the numerous mast-heads of small vessels, rising up with a wild and forlorn look above the waters; the nameless tombstones and monuments of those who, caught in the treacherous quick-

* The famous letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cæsar on the death of his daughter.
† Collins.

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sands, slept there for ever. The steam-voyager involuntarily gives a glance at the tightness of his own boat, exults in the strength of her paddles, and—passes on.

And then open, one after the other, all the hidden and softer beauties which the Seine reveals, as one traces along her serpentine form. The pale grey rocks towering upwards from grassy slopes of the most rich and velvet green; and, at times, the hollow dells intervening, where the very air seems concentrated in coolness, and where the eye—for the eye has, too, its fatigues—delightedly reposes from the sunny water; and there rise up the tall and slenderest poplars in rows, or in detached groups, like young creatures of beauty standing out lightly and gracefully for the dance, relieved from the dense crowd behind them. As the stream narrows, the headlands become bolder, and appear, shutting out each turning, in every fantastic form; now in pyramidical shapes, and now in the very undulations which the waves of the deluge might have left them when rolling back to their seas. At times, deep chasms and caves yawn open among the thunder-splitten crags, suggesting mysterious impressions of a Power exerted, and of an age of revolutions passed by. And then, *could* I forget those little tiny creeks and nooks which expand themselves beneath, sheltered from all harm by the rocks imminent above them, their little plats of turf so rich, so mossy, and so grassy! just wide enough for fairies to hold their moonlight revels on, while the most tiny poplars, shooting up there so slim, and so delicately formed, seemed planted by their hands; their faint rustlings, as the breeze died away among them, and the crisping water rippling against their mossy embankments, the only sounds heard among these sweetest of sylvan solitudes.

No—to the Rhine and the Danube be assigned the sublimer beauties; but for delicacy of proportion, and for harmonies of a softer, and a more drawing attraction, be the palm accorded to this cabinet-picture of nature.

Nor does it want its many legends; many of which have, I doubt not, been retailed. But there is one, a record of truth, attached to the ruined towers of Chateau Tankerville, which I *know*, from a peculiar circumstance, has not been told by any tourist or annualist whatsoever. It is of a striking character, and would form perhaps a more powerful subject for the poet than even "The Prisoner of Chillon."

During those middle ages, when might was right, and when gold and the falsest vision of honour were the only idols worshipped, the name of Hugh de Tankerville ranked high among the chivalry of his day. That he was powerful and wealthy, the extent of his ruined castle well testifies; and that man was more savage then than now in his more polished state, and that woman leaned then, as now, to the weaker side of the heart, this record affords a terrible example.

Perhaps the name of Clotilde must have been a theme for beauty, even in those days when personal attraction was frequently the sole cause which laid so many lances in rest; certain it is that her exceeding beauty won the heart, or flattered the pride, of this powerful chieftain, who succeeded in obtaining her from her guardians or pa-

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rents, (her consent, it would seem by the sequel, being the last thing considered,) and in carrying her down from the gay world to the savage solitudes of Tankerville.

If, as doubtless she was, of a gay temperament, the change must have been trying: the clang of the sea-fowl for the touch of the harp, and the dull monotonous sound of the waters, for the applauses of shouting multitudes. But this life could not have lasted very long. Unfortunately for her, her first lover, to whom, it would seem, she had plighted herself, of course secretly, found out her abode, and, disguised as a minstrel, not only obtained entrance into Tankerville, but completely succeeded in lulling every suspicion of the watchful baron. The dames of that age had perhaps more virtue, but less circumspection, than at present, for opportunity was rarely given as a temptation; shut up in strong fortalices during the better half of their lives, they were untried—here was almost a solitary exception; she forgot the insuperable bar which had risen between them, and dared to love again.

The tale was hinted to the baron: his fury may be imagined but not described. It would seem that the fact surpassed his belief—that his own eyes must be witness of the infidelity of the one, and the madness of the other. He feigned, therefore, a journey; and so entirely deceived his frail but lovely lady, that she fancied herself never more secure from intrusion than in those moments when the very suppressed breathing of the listening avenger might have been heard in the room—when the very manner and moment of their dreadful deaths was settled.

His eyes could not deceive him; that his vengeance was premeditated is evident by the refinement of thought which it must have required—otherwise, nature and choking passion must have sacrificed them on the spot.

They were instantly seized and bound in his presence; the despair of the one, and the execrations of the other, being unheard by him whose word was law, whose will only was his god; and they were dragged down to the lowest dungeon of the castle, himself following them. There they beheld two iron stakes driven into the earth, a chain, half way down, being attached to each of them. The erring lover was bound to the one, his speechless and unfortunate victim to the other, the chain, by a refinement of cruelty, being made of that exact length, that they could approach close to each other, but without touching.

The savage tyrant then bid them note, that the small arched door opening on the back, (and through which they had so often passed to their rendezvous,) was recently walled up, so that their cries would be unheard—that their punishment was, to be fixed there until starved to death—food being displayed just *without* their reach! and that their bones should lie where they then stood, and be for ever unburied.

Who can imagine their war of feelings within and without, as when, being stunned with this dreadful sentence, which cut off all hope, they were restored to their hearing by the retreating footsteps, and the harsh locks and bolts drawing for ever upon them!

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Centuries on centuries rolled away: and the baron's line, and his castle, following the irrevocable laws of change and time, sank into ruins. Our late era even approached, in which an English traveller, straying on that unfrequented beach, observed, while wandering among the vaults of the chateau, a small door walled up, but the stones uncemented, and scarcely supporting each other. The traveller's curiosity prevailed: he forced his way through the half mantling brushwood, and overthrowing the stones, he entered into a small dungeon-vault. From the ground, in the centre, rose two iron stakes, each placed opposite the other, with fragments of chains hanging from them, half eaten by rust, and at the foot of each stake was gathered a small portion of white dust, and intermingled with them, pieces which were discovered to be parts of a skull;—and these were once animated—and formed two erring human beings! Even so does the tale of murder come to light when the very names of the perpetrators are forgotten; so does the earth reveal the deeds of the secret man of blood.

The legend was indeed preserved: but it was this traveller who illustrated its truth; *now*, it may be known to every villager of Tankerville: the guilt of the unfortunate pair is revived again, which else had been buried and forgotten with the million of similar cases; but here, their punishment has cancelled it on earth as in heaven.

When I heard this tale, and from a high authority, I could not help throwing myself into the far-off moment of their existence. I drew before me the agonizing changes of their last hours. I pictured to myself the first fond bursts of regret, and of passionate tenderness—the afterwards slowly commencing languor from the exhaustion of body and of mind—and then, as the still clinging hope utterly failed them, the wild remorse—ending in the execrations perhaps of the one, and in the unanswering despair of the other—until the struggles of both became feeble, and, at length—silent: the little span of existence given them for good or for evil, past for ever!

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If you wish to concentrate at a glance, all that is grand and great in the outlines of a gothic cathedral, and all that is harmonious also in its minutest detail; if you love to feel those impressions, pensive yet not melancholy, which their solemnly rising fronts, like venerable prophets, convey; their yawning windows, where the very light is only admitted to *tone* with its character; their walls wrought into the tracery of an ancient mossy forest (which gave their idea) with all its innumerable twining leaves, its hollow arches, and its dim lanes or aisles, which time has hued with autumnal tints of the mellowest softness, a network of light and shade, but all harmonising and blending into each other—and all this, embodied, and rising before you as silently as an exhalation from the earth, and yet the monument of ages;—and if records add an interest—if the tide of English warlike peers that once thronged through that door to see their own king crowned also king of France—and if the bravest of the brave who laid their bones there, in expectation of the last trump to wake them, confident that their sons would be able to keep what their own good swords had won;

if these can inspire, then is the cathedral of Rouen, to an Englishman, one of the most interesting and awakening sights in the world.

Impressed with such sentiments, I found myself standing, and with no irreverent feeling, above the graves of such men as Robert, Duke of Normandy, and the stone beneath which was deposited the lion heart of Richard; the effigy of the king being destroyed by the fanatics of the revolution. Who, indeed, could look without an intense feeling of interest on the spot beneath which was laid the heart of the most redoubted warrior that ever laid lance in rest?—of the man who rode singly along the lines of 300,000 Saracens, nor could find one who would answer to his single challenge for combat—so affirms his cotemporary historian, De Joinville, whom Gibbon follows, asking, "Am I writing romance or history?" I thought of the rough faces which must have thronged round, and have looked down into the vault on that day; the soldiers' pride mixed with their regret. Here also I saw another unique and impressive monument erected by the famous Diana of Poictiers, to the memory of her husband, Louis de Brasiere, and probably designed by her. He is represented in three different stages of his life; a child in his mother's arms—a warrior on his war-horse—and a corpse in his shroud! The groups were, no doubt, designed to impress on the beholder the briefness and the vanity of life; they must have told on all who have beheld the monument; the marble is as expressively wrought as the moral.

While I was *feeling* the solemn silence that settled along the cloistered aisles, and all the religion of the place, making me walk as softly as if the dead really *could* be awakened, an effect occurred which alone could add an additional interest. The sun was setting, and its last rays fell full on the great oriel window, filled up with saints drawn to the size and the truth of life. How solemn and almost glorious was their appearance, as the last red light shone behind them, throwing out, and revivifying all their freshest colours!—they seemed arrayed in glory, and rising to a beatified existence. I turned, and looked far —far down the long arched aisles steeped in a mellowing gloom, and I immediately felt how those gorgeous lines of Milton were realised. I saw indeed

> "The high embowèd roof
> With antique pillars, massive proof:
> And storied windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light!"

I did not even wish for the organ, for, though grand and overpowering, as perhaps it might have been, at that moment, the feeling I had of the solemn and of the beautiful could not have been enlarged, it would only have been broken in on; for I felt as if I were looking on some holy vision, and as if I saw the old patriarchs walking visibly, as they once did, in their spiritual light around them; and when, at length, that earthlier light faded away, I felt as if I were left alone in the church, so vivid was the creation of my imagination.

I turned back, to linger a few minutes before the fine altar-place, and to call the past before me. I pictured Henry V., crowned here, the king of France, as of England, looking confident in himself, and

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in all his peers thronging around him, not robed in state, but clad in the dinted armour which they had worn at Agincourt. The coronation of Henry VI. too soon followed, that noble tree being cut down in its strength. I drew the half timid and anxious features of the almost infant, whispered to and encouraged by the archbishops behind him; the thoughtful and careful face of the Duke of Bedford on the one hand, and the war-worn features of redoubted Salisbury on the other, with the look of half-pride and half-defiance which he might throw round the aisles and galleries of the cathedral, filled with doubtful friends and scarcely-concealed enemies, his men-at-arms in the body of the church. The scene shifted: and I saw the enthusiastic Joan of Arc borne along the tides of the multitude, and devoting herself before that same altar to her country. Her prayers were not heard; the time was not arrived; there might have been a weakness in her private life, but surely the woman was forgotten in the camp and in the field! Thwarted, repulsed, and driven out of Rouen, one can imagine the fury of the soldiery when, in a sally, she was taken; one can imagine also, the immense moral influence her presence had on the French army, but nothing can wash out the stain of her cruel death. If the regent could not have prevented, he should, at least, have protested against the deed: perhaps he did, for where was there a more wise or conscientious leader? but who shall narrate the truth? —all is past—a long, half-forgotten dream!

Certain it is, from that day, the English cause declined; a slow malady carried off the regent, and another succeeded to his place wholly inefficient. The Earl of Salisbury was killed by an accident; and when he whose very name was a terror to the French soldiery of that day, the Earl of Talbot, was slain, the contest might be said to be ended. Let me pause a moment on the last action of that redoubted soldier. Ill supplied, and unreinforced, in despite of urgent messengers, by the narrow jealousy of the new regent, he was compelled to make good his retreat to Rouen, from (if I remember rightly) the little town of Crotoy; when in the midst of his march, he found himself suddenly surrounded with the whole French army of twenty-three thousand men. His little band of veterans, recently joined by a few recruits, and by many stray knights, who sought his standard from the renown which his deeds had acquired, scarcely amounted to three thousand men. He had scarce time to drive a few stakes in the ground to shelter his archers from the rush of the horse, before the French army were upon them, headed by Charles and the Duke of Burgundy. Animated by the presence, and each man, as it were, under the eye of his renowned leader, the English rushed on to the charge, shouting the well-known war-cry of "The Talbot!"—and so irresistible was their first shock, and so desperate the energy of their despair, that the French, unsupported by such stimulants, wavered, and were broken, and the arrows falling as thick and as fast as hail, drove back the horse reeling among them. At that instant, Talbot motioned for Sir John Fastolffe to charge in with his line of reserve to scatter the already flying enemy; when he, suddenly seized with a dastardly panic, and not having struck one stroke, fled with his immediate followers. The veterans in front, seeing themselves deserted by

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their own countrymen, and, as they thought treacherously, wavered; the French instantly rallied, pursued, in their turn, those flying, and surrounding the little band of Talbot, rode in, or cut them down in their places, exhausted as they were with the fight of three hours. The only man of note who escaped was Sir Thomas Lucy, proclaiming to the regent that the last sight he saw was Talbot speared through the back by a man-at-arms, falling on a heap of the enemy which he had slain.

The outward appearance of this noble specimen of chivalry is represented as not flattering: short and thick-set, with great breadth of shoulders, and a figure slightly deformed, as our third King Richard. He was the idol of the English men-at-arms of that day, and his truly military character may be best inferred by the boisterous motto which Froissart assures us was carved on the blade of his huge two-handed sword—

"Pro vincere inimicos meos!"

I think I remember once seeing his monument in the garden of a private house at Caen. But when the days of chivalry are remembered, and when knights, real and imaginary, are brought forward, and invested with every attribute to win on the imagination of the reader, what apology is necessary for raking up from the dust of time and oblivion the undoubted deeds of a champion who was once the pride of England and the terror of her enemies? Were I a romance-writer, which I am not, and never shall be, there is no time I would rather choose to illustrate than under Henry the Fifth and Sixth, the brief but glorious reign of the English in France—what a splendid stage—what a host of characters!

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## AN ANACREONTIC.

BY R. S. FISHER, ESQ.

"στέφος πλέκων ποθ' εὑρόν," &c.

Weaving once a wreath, I found,
Among the roses, Love,
Him by the wings I instant bound,
And in a bumper hove:
I took the cup with joy elate,
And drank him in my wine—
Ah! now his wings aye titillate
This throbbing heart of mine!

*Julian*, ex Anthol. lib. vii. fol. 484.

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# PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

## CHAPTER IV.—Conservative Members.*—Concluded.

MR. SCARLETT—MR. ARTHUR TREVOR—MR. HUGHES HUGHES—MR. GALLY KNIGHT—MR. PLUMPTRE—SIR THOMAS FREMANTLE—SIR GEORGE CLERK—SIR JOHN ELLEY—LORD ASHLEY.

Mr Scarlett, member for Norwich, almost always sits near to Mr. Richards, the member for Knaresborough. Indeed they are often to be seen in earnest conversation together, sometimes interchanging their opinions "on the present state of the politics of Europe," and on other occasions discussing the probabilities of the return of the Tories to power. Mr. Scarlett is son of Lord Abinger, and inherits the present, not the former, political principles of his father. He is, in other words, a thorough-going Conservative. He does not often treat the House to specimens of his eloquence. In this, to use a homely but very expressive phrase, he serves it right. Hon. members have no claims on his oratory; for when he does address them he is almost invariably received in a manner the very opposite of encouraging. The moment he assumes a perpendicular position, he is assailed by a volley of groans, growls, and other sounds, which I know not how to characterise in what is called parliamentary language. I shall say of them—on the principle of least said soonest mended—I shall say of them that they are of a most unmusical character. They are so to the ears of strangers: need I add, they must be doubly so to the ears of Mr. Scarlett himself. He manages, however, in the majority of cases, to preserve his temper. As to getting into a regular downright passion, that is a thing of which Mr. Scarlett, so far as my observation extends, has never been guilty. Judging from his appearance, I should say that, though not so cheerful nor possessing so laughing a countenance as his father, he is, like him, full of good-nature. He seems to be an easy-minded gentleman, always on good terms with himself and with everybody else. I do not recollect ever having heard an ill-natured observation escape him, though I have often seen him receive such provocation as would have irritated the minds of most other men. His countenance has something of a heavy appearance; whatever intelligence is in it, he owes to a couple of good eyes. His head is large; but I fear, as they say in Scotland, there is little in it. Certainly, as yet, he has given no display of anything like superior intellectual acquirements. However, as he is not an old man, being only

* While these sketches are passing through the press some of the hon. gentlemen noticed have lost their seats. As, however, all of them expect to be again returned to Parliament, I have not thought it necessary to alter the tense, and speak of them as *late* members.

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in about his fortieth year, there is no saying what he may yet do. Many a great genius, whose name was previously unknown, has burst on the world all at once after having attained a much greater age. His person is muscular, and he has all the appearances of excellent health about him. His stoutness verges on corpulence. He is a handsome man. There is a ruddiness in his complexion of which I am convinced no other member of the six hundred and fifty-seven can boast. His hair is something between a dark and a brown, and his whiskers are tolerably large, without deserving the application of Dominie Sampson's favourite adjective of "prodigious!"

As a speaker, Mr. Scarlett possesses no reputation. He usually addresses the House in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible: very often he is wholly so. He gets on, however, with passable ease and fluency. His language is not fine: it is very plain: sometimes it is not more correct than it should be. He never speaks long at a time. It is quite an era in his existence to be on his legs ten consecutive minutes, even including the period which usually elapses before he is allowed to speak. And this circumstance of not, to use parliamentary phraseology, trespassing long on the attention of the House, constitutes the crowning aggravation of the conduct of those hon. gentlemen on the opposite side, who always endeavour to put him down. Sometimes I have seen Mr. Scarlett, on such occasions, resume his seat, without having uttered a word; but then it has often been a question with me whether he has not, in some such cases, stood up without intending to speak, in order that he might give his tormentors an opportunity of making themselves ridiculous.

Mr. Scarlett is a member of the English bar, and practises at the Old Bailey. He is not encumbered with professional business; but I am disposed to think that this is in a great measure his own fault. My impression is, that he is constitutionally indolent—a disposition which a moderate family independency enables him to indulge.

In the same part of the House as that patronised by Mr. Richards and Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Arthur Trevor, member for Durham, will always be found when in attendance on his parliamentary duties. Mr. Trevor is also a decided Tory; and he is, if possible, still more unpopular among his brother legislators than either of the two gentlemen just named. What scenes of uproar and confusion have I not witnessed on his tall thin person appearing perpendicularly when some other member has resumed his seat! I could have wished, on such occasions, that there had been written above the door outside, "No admission for strangers." One minute in the House during such scenes would do more to lower its dignity in the estimation of the stranger than all that has ever been written against it. Then would be the time to make up one's mind as to the propriety of the members being called the "first assembly of gentlemen in Europe." Lord Brougham said, in the session of 1835, that he had been in the habit of addressing a mob for the last four years. There was no mistaking the allusion. What would his lordship say, in some of his hot and hasty moments, of the House of Commons, were he still a member there, and were to meet with the same interruptions as he often does in the House to which he now belongs. As I have mentioned in my "Random Recollections

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of the House of Commons," Lord Brougham, then Mr. Brougham, called it a menagerie in its unreformed state; now it is ten times worse than ever it was in the days of Tory domination. The scenes which are often exhibited in it when Mr. Arthur Trevor and some other unpopular members rise to speak, are such as would make any promiscuous assemblage of mechanics in a pot-house quite ashamed of themselves were they to be the performers in them.*

Mr. Trevor is evidently a man of good temper; otherwise he would resent in warmer terms than he does the disrespectful manner in which he is usually received. On several occasions, it is true, I have seen him appeal for protection to the Chair; but that has always been when the House has exhibited the appearance of a perfect bear-garden. He deserves great praise for his courage: I have never known him, in a single instance, put down by the clamour of the Liberals. Rather than give them so much of their own way as to resume his seat, I have seen him persevere in addressing the House for several minutes without one syllable he uttered being heard even by the hon. members sitting next to him, and when in more distant parts of the House, his voice was so completely drowned that you could only infer that he was speaking at all from the motion of his lips.

Mr. Trevor is well acquainted with the subject of political economy, and possesses a respectable amount of information on most questions which come before the House. As a speaker, he has no chance of ever ranking high. His voice is weak, and his manner has too much of languor about it, ever to be popular. He is monotonous, both in his elocution and his gesticulation. Indeed, he can hardly be said to have any of the latter; for, with the exception of a gentle movement of his right hand, and a slight occasional turn of his face from one part of the ministerial benches to another, he stands as steady, to use Colonel Sibthorpe's expression, as a rock. His face, like his figure, is thin. His features have something of a pensive expression. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of a darkish hue. He does not look so old as he is. Though about his forty-second year, one would take him to be at least six or seven years younger.

Mr. Hughes Hughes, the member for Oxford, also sits in the same locality as the two hon. gentlemen of whom I have been speaking. And that, I may mention, is the reason why I have taken the trio in the order in which I have done. That locality, it may be right to state, is on the left hand of the Speaker, and immediately behind the seats occupied by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham. Had I carried my original purpose of devoting a separate chapter to the "Unpopular Members," the name of Mr. Hughes Hughes would not have been omitted in the list of contents. He is nearly as unpopular in the House as the other two hon. gentlemen of whom I have given sketches. Possibly it may be because of a sympathy with each other on account of finding themselves brothers in the same species of adversity, that they are severally attracted to

* Here let me observe, in the spirit of impartiality, that the scenes in question are invariably got up by some of the Liberal members. I do not remember a single instance of a Reform member being assailed, on his rising to speak, with hisses, groans, or hootings, of any kind, from the Tory side of the House.

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the same topographical department of the House. This, however, is only an hypothesis of my own. The reader is of course at liberty to reject it if he do not deem it a sound one. The fact, at all events, is as I have stated. His rising to address the House is usually the signal for an uproar. The approved means of endeavouring to put down an unpopular speaker—the means, namely, of hisses, yells, and all sorts of zoological sounds—are immediately resorted to. He generally, however, stands the fire exceedingly well. He seldom gives way to clamour when he does rise; but the unfavourable reception he has been in the habit of meeting with for the last two or three years has had the effect of preventing his addressing the House with the same frequency as before.

Mr. Hughes Hughes is in pretty much the same predicament as to his past and present politics as Mr. Richards. He *was* a Reformer: at any rate he professed and acted on Liberal principles for some time after the passing of the Reform Bill. I have no theory to advance as to the causes which have led him to enrol himself among the Tories. The date of his political transformation was a short time before the meeting of the Parliament of 1835. He wrote a letter to a Tory morning paper, in which he threatened his opposition to the Liberal party, and indicated a disposition to support the Peel administration. Before that time he had a respectable status in the House; since then he has had none whatever.

He is not an orator. His manner is heavy and monotonous. The tones of his voice and the action with which he tries to give effect to his speech, are destitute of variety. His articulation is distinct, and his utterance is timed with some judgment to the ear; but their effect is marred by the sameness of his voice and gesticulation, to which I have just referred. His action is not only always the same, but it is tame in no ordinary degree. It consists simply of a little motion of his arms and a slight movement of his head.

Neither does the matter of Mr. Hughes Hughes redeem his manner. It is always dull: you might as soon look for the lily of the valley amidst the everlasting snows of the cloud-capt summit of Mont Blanc, as you might look for a brilliant idea or an eloquent passage in the speeches of the hon. member for Oxford. His style is feeble and unpolished; and is consequently in keeping with his sentiments. He manages, however, to get through his speeches, which have always the merit of being brief, with tolerable ease. Sometimes, indeed, you would be inclined to call him a fluent speaker; though, if you bestow a single thought on his ideas and diction, you must at once see that his addresses are "poor indeed."

He is apparently about his fortieth year. His personal appearance, like his speeches, is heavy. He is about the middle height, and rather fully made. His features are large: his eyes are particularly so. His face inclines to rotundity. His complexion is sallow, and he generally rejoices in an ample crop of dark brown hair.

Mr. GALLY KNIGHT, member for Nottinghamshire, is a gentleman with whom I shall make short work. He graces the Conservative benches; but were I to call him a Conservative, I know he would not relish the designation. I shall therefore leave my readers to call him

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what they please; only it is right, in order that they may have some data on which to ground their opinion as to the section of politicians among whom he ought to be classed, that I should mention two or three very plain matters of fact. Well, then, Mr. Gally Knight, for many years, professed himself to be a Reformer; he did more—he voted and acted with the Reformers. A few years since, however, he took it into his head to abandon his seat on the Reform side of the House, if not his reform opinions. Since then he has not only gone over to the Tory side of the House, but he has, with one or two unimportant exceptions, proved himself a thick-and-thin supporter of Tory principles. To be sure, he calls himself an independent man. So, I have always observed, does every one who has apostatised from his former opinions. The very moment the change is openly avowed, they set up for independent men. Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir George Sinclair, and others of lesser calibre, such as Mr. John Richards, and Mr. Emerson Tennent, all claim to be independent men. Question their independence, and that moment they will fly into a passion, just as if you had offered them a personal insult. And why should not Mr. Gally Knight, as well as his betters, arrogate to himself the virtue of independence? And to do him justice, he has given better proof of independence than either of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned; for, to mention only one instance, he did actually vote against the Tories, and with ministers, on the 12th of June last, on the motion of Lord John Russell for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the administration of the revenues derived from bishops' lands.

But to drop the subject of Mr. Gally Knight's independence, and to come to a word or two touching his pretensions as a speaker. These are humble enough, without a doubt. He has got a tolerable voice, but the evil of it is, he has got no ideas in the expression of which to employ it. He speaks seldom: in that he is wise. When he does speak, he is generally very brief: very wise again. He attempts none of the loftier flights of oratory: a most commendable resolution; for he was never destined to soar. He contents himself with giving utterance two or three times a session, to thirty or forty sentences, not sentiments. And this done, he resumes his seat, with a look of infinite self-complacency, just as if he had thereby relieved his conscience of a burden which was pressing on it. His orations, like the king's speeches at the opening of parliament, are for the most part only remarkable for their absence of anything and everything but words. He cannot be charged with making much fuss about his speeches, not, at least, in so far as gesticulation is concerned. He usually puts his hands to his back, where he joins them, and standing as steadily as if he were transfixed to the spot, talks away very good-naturedly for four or five minutes. He seldom attacks those who differ from him; he hardly ever quarrels with what others mean to do; it is enough for him that he tells the House what he means to do himself. That seems to him a very important piece of information, and once given, he sits down contented.

Mr. Gally Knight is one of the most unpoetical men in appearance I have ever seen, and yet he is the author of a small volume of mis-

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cellaneous poetical pieces, which possesses considerable merit and has been very favourably received.

I have hardly made such short work with Mr. Gally Knight as I premised in the outset I would do. A word or two more will certainly suffice. If there be truth in the system of Lavater, he is full of good-nature. He has a remarkably cheerful countenance. I cannot answer for it at those times when he may be sitting hearing others; but this I will say, that I never yet saw him rise to speak, without at the same time having the satisfaction of looking on a countenance lighted up with a very interesting smile. He is of the middle height, and rather stoutly made. His head is large, and his face of the oval form. His complexion is clear and healthy for a man who is considerably on the wrong side of fifty. He is very bald-headed: the little hair that still remains is of a darkish colour.

Mr. Plumptre, member for East Kent, is a decided Tory; but his religious principles prevent his taking an active part in mere political questions. He hardly ever speaks except when the question before the House has a manifest bearing on the great interests of religion. When such questions are before the House, he seldom omits to speak. He is a man of great private worth; one who really does embody, in all the relations of life, the religious principles by which he professes to be guided in his conduct. He is a man of decided piety, without anything that approaches in the remotest degree to fanaticism. He has for years past actively co-operated with those hon. members who have been assiduously labouring for some legislative enactment which should ensure a better observance of the Sabbath. He does not, however, unless my memory misleads me, go the full length of Sir Andrew Agnew's notions on the subject. Some of Sir Andrew's views he deems impracticable. He does not often quote scripture in the House; but when addressing public meetings held for religious purposes, he quotes as largely from the inspired records as any clergyman on the platform. He is a decided churchman, but not bigotedly so. He concedes the possession of both piety and learning to the Dissenters; and does not admire an able evangelical work the less because it emanates from the pen of an author whose conscientious scruples have induced him to secede from the church. He is well acquainted with the beautiful hymns of Dr. Watts. At a large public meeting of churchmen, assembled in February last in the Freemason's Tavern, to petition parliament against the abolition of church rates, he concluded a very excellent speech, with the following quotation from Watts:—

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign;
> Infinite day excludes the night,
> And pleasures banish pain."

I give his quotation for the purpose of observing, that as it was the fashion at this meeting to heap all manner of abuse on the Dissenters, there were, perhaps, few there who would have the generosity of mind to acknowledge their acquaintance with, and virtually their

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admiration of the works of a body, whom most of the other speakers seemed to make it the chief object of their speeches to vilify.

Mr. Plumptre has a fine mellifluous voice. Were the intonations of which it is evidently susceptible managed with skill, and had Mr. Plumptre the requisite animation of manner, he would be an exceedingly interesting speaker. His utterance, however, is so slow, and his manner so tame, that nothing but the manifest sincerity of his opinions, and the excellence of his character, would secure for him an ordinary share of attention. He scarcely ever smiles. In the House I do not recollect having seen him smile at all, though he doubtless has done so amid the convulsions of laughter into which Mr. Kearsley and some other hon. members, as elsewhere described, occasionally throw the House. I recollect seeing him take a hearty laugh at some humorous remarks made by the Rev. Mr. Cumming,* at the meeting in the Freemason's Tavern just referred to. But his usual appearance is that of great seriousness without anything cynical or austere. He is a fine looking man. His features are regular, and the general expression of his countenance is pleasing. His complexion is somewhat dark, and his hair black. He is seemingly about forty-five.

Sir Thomas Freemantle, member for Buckingham, is one of the most strenuous supporters of Tory principles on the opposition side of the House. He is, however, too much a man of sense, and has too much of the gentleman in him, to allow himself to be betrayed into those paroxysms of passion which so often characterise the oratorical exhibitions of ultras of both parties. He is a very respectable speaker. He is always clear in his matter. His style is simple and unaffected. It has nothing of that meretricious ornament without which some hon. members, who fancy themselves modern Demosthenes, would think their style was no style at all. He speaks with considerable ease and fluency: he is seldom at a loss for a word, and when he does hesitate for a moment, he almost invariably chooses the right one. His utterance is rapid, but his distinctness renders it

* Mr. Cumming is minister of the Scotch Church, Crown Court, Little Russell Street, Covent Garden. His speech on this occasion almost electrified his large and intelligent audience. It certainly was one of the most effective I have heard delivered from a public platform for some time; but I should have listened to it with much greater pleasure, had I not heard him, on the previous Sabbath, express his conviction from his own pulpit, that nothing was so unbecoming in a minister of the gospel, and that nothing could be more calculated to impair his usefulness, than to mix himself up with the politics of the day. Fully concurring in this sentiment, I heard it with the greatest delight. Need I say, then, that it marred the pleasure with which I should otherwise have heard Mr. Cumming's able and eloquent speech, when I saw him so soon acting in opposition to his own avowed convictions. His speech was throughout of a political complexion. He praised the leading Tory journals by name in terms of warm eulogy, and sneered at those of a Liberal character. He was also witty at the expense of the "hungry London University," as he called it, and heaped indiscriminate and unmeasured obloquy on Dissenters. How different his speech in these respects from that of Mr. Plumptre, the gentleman who preceded him! I am willing, however, to believe that Mr. Cumming was carried away by the excitement of the moment, and that there were some things of a political character in his speech, which, on mature reflection, he would not justify; for he is not only a gentleman of great talent both on the platform and in the pulpit, but of decided piety and of amiable manners.

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easy to follow him. His voice is not strong, but it is sufficiently so to make him audible in all parts of the House—that is to say, when tolerable order prevails. His matter is generally good; sometimes he displays considerable acuteness; but there is never anything profound or original in what he says. Perhaps as correct an idea may be conveyed of his mental calibre, when I say that he is above mediocrity, as by any other expression I could employ. He is a man of excellent business habits. He held a subordinate situation in the short-lived administration of Sir Robert Peel. He filled the office with much credit to himself. It is chiefly on matters of a business character that he speaks, when he does address the House. He does not speak often; nor does he ever speak long at a time. A favourite subject with him is the miscellaneous estimates. He is expert at figures; and seems to have a partiality for them.

In person he is under the usual height, but well made. He is of a dark complexion, which appears much darker from the circumstance of his immense whiskers casting a shade over his face. They are not only the largest which are owned by any hon. member in the House, but I have seldom or ever seen them equalled out of doors. They are of a dark colour, and are in excellent keeping with his ample crop of black hair. His features are large, but their general expression is pleasant. He is in the prime of life, being in about his forty-fifth year.

Sir George Clerk, member for the county of Edinburgh, chiefly confines his speeches to questions immediately affecting Scotland. On these he scarcely ever lets slip an opportunity of addressing the House. On all Scotch matters, indeed, he may be said to be the leader of the Tory benches. He is a good-looking man for one who has reached his fiftieth year. He has a fresh complexion, and has all the appearance of good health. His figure is above the usual height, and is rather stout. His hair is of a dark grey colour; but bald to a considerable extent. In addressing the House he stutters a good deal: not, however, in that unpleasant way in which many hon. members do. His voice is clear, and his articulation distinct. He speaks with some rapidity, but there is no variety either in the tones of his voice or in his gesture. He is a quiet speaker; his manner would not lead any one to infer that he was anxious to be considered an orator. His action, if so it must be called, almost exclusively consists in an alternate gentle waving of his right hand, and in seizing one of the buttons of his waistcoat. He is a man of fair talent. His speeches always contain good sense, but never anything brilliant. His style is plain, but correct. He is a man of a sound judgment rather than of a masculine mind. He is incapable of grappling with first principles. It is on matters of small interest that he appears to most advantage. He is most at home when discussing the details of a measure. He is much respected by all parties; and is always listened to with attention. In return for what other members call "the indulgence of the House," thus extended to him, he makes short speeches. Nothing but a question of what he conceives paramount importance, will induce the right hon. baronet to speak longer than ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Five minutes often suffice for his purpose. He is a decided Tory in his politics, but is

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amiable and gentlemanly in his manners. He has long had a seat in the House, and may consider his tenure of the county of Edinburgh secure for many years to come. The excellence of his private character contributes to swell the list of his supporters.

Sir JOHN ELLEY, the member for Windsor, does not often trouble either himself or the House with his speeches; but whenever he does "drop a word or two," to use one of his own expressions, he is always listened to with attention. There is something, indeed, so indicative of good-nature in his appearance, that no other feeling than one of kindliness could be shown towards him by the House. Both his matter and manner are always humorous. His speeches have always the merit of originality. He never attempts argument; nor does he try his hand at declamation. The utmost extent of his ambition, as a parliamentary orator, seems to be to excite a laugh in his audience. In this he is always successful. His observations have generally something humorous in them; the effect of which is greatly heightened by his odd manner of delivering them. He speaks in a slow, cautious manner, and in a curious lisping tone of voice, caused in a great measure by the loss of some of his teeth. There is a perpetual smile on his countenance when on his legs; and whenever he comes to the end of any sentence which he deems adapted to produce a laugh, he dives down with his head in his breast, and waits patiently in that position until the features of hon. members have resumed their wonted gravity. There is something unspeakably odd in the way in which Sir John manages his neck and head when addressing the House. His shirt collar is always so high as to press against his ears, consequently very little of his neck is seen in ordinary circumstances. The moment, however, he rises to speak, he stretches his neck to such an extent, that one cannot help inferring it possesses something of the elastic properties of India-rubber. The sudden transition from this crane-like appearance of Sir John's neck to the insertion of his head in his breast, as if he had no neck at all, has, as I have just said, a very ludicrous effect; and this oddness of manner, coupled with the humorous character of his matter, invariably affords amusement to the House; which seems to be, in Sir John's estimation, the great business of a legislator.

He is a most exemplary Tory, in so far as his votes are concerned; but he shows no traces of party virulence in his speeches. They are full of good-nature: he makes no personal allusions to any one. He seems to be on good terms with everybody, and everybody in return seems to feel kindly towards him.

Sir John Elley is a man considerably advanced in years. He is upwards of sixty. The active military service he has performed in the Peninsula, and various other parts of the world, has contributed to make him look older than he really is. He has somewhat of an infirm appearance. He is tall, and, if anything, slenderly made. His face inclines to the angular form. His nose is sharp, and of large proportions. His complexion is sallow, and his hair of an iron-grey colour. He has a couple of moderately-sized whiskers, and large eyelashes.

Sir John is manifestly uncomfortable in the House. It was a mistake in his destiny to send him there. He usually leans on his staff

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with both hands. At times he is to be seen leaning the back of his head against the wall; for he almost invariably sits on the backmost bench. In such cases he usually takes a nap to himself, especially if the proceedings, which is no uncommon thing, have a soporific tendency. I was amused one evening in February last, to see the sudden start which Sir John gave on the utterance of a "tremendous cheer" with which one portion of the speech of the Irish Attorney-General was greeted. Possibly he may, at the time, have been in that half-waking, half-sleeping state, during which one's imagination is so active, and he may have fancied the loud shout of applause which broke on his ear from the ministerial benches, was the cannon's roar of the enemy. There is another hon. gentleman, whose name I have never been able to learn, who, when the House is full, sits within arm's length of Sir John. They are in the habit of exchanging pinches of snuff together; but I have never observed them enter into conversation with each other.

Sir John is quite a lost man in the House. While seeing him sitting on the back bench by himself, he has often reminded me of certain personages in Milton's "Paradise Lost," who far "apart sat on a hill retired." There is, however, this difference between Milton's personages and Sir John, that while they were lost in "reasonings high" about certain metaphysical points in polemical theology, Sir John throws metaphysics, as Macbeth advises his doctor to do his physic, "to the dogs;" and either loses himself in sleep, or in his musings touching the Junior United Service Club.

The only time he ever seems to enjoy himself, is when military matters are under discussion. He is in the third heaven when Mr. Maclean, or Lord Mahon, or anybody else, brings the affairs of Spain before the House. At other times he is so much out of his element, that he appears as dull as if he were, like some Alexander Selkirk, the sole inhabitant of some desert isle. Legislation has no pleasures for him; and he proves this by the frequency of his absence from the House. His great source of enjoyment is in talking over the adventures of his military career in the Junior United Service Club. But for that club, life would have but little attractions to Sir John. It is an institution near and dear to his heart. He talks about it wherever he chances to be: he thinks about it, and longs to be in it when performing his parliamentary duties; and it is the subject of his frequent visions by night. He is excellent company there: his society is much courted by the members, as indeed it could not, from the blandness of his manner, fail to be.

Sir John, though not in the habit of attacking others, is fond of being attacked himself. His anxiety in this respect has often reminded me of the Irish at Donnybrook Fair. Many go there for the purpose of getting a broken head. If they come away without being soundly thrashed, they are quite disappointed: you can see, from their very countenances, that they have suffered a negative calamity of no ordinary magnitude. You sometimes hear them accosting any athletic countryman they meet, with, "Will you *bate* me?" I myself have repeatedly heard Irishmen in London expressing a wish that some one would have "a purty fight" with them. It is the same, on some

occasions, with Sir John Elley in the House of Commons. You cannot do him a greater favour than to attack him in good set terms. I have actually seen him literally implore hon. members to attack him. One day in the beginning of March last, Mr. Hume, in bringing the subject of the late brevet before the House, made an attack on various officers in the army. Sir John listened with most exemplary attention to every word the member for Middlesex said, and when the latter sat down, there was an evident expression of disappointment impressed on his countenance. I was quite at a loss to account for this, as almost every one else seemed quite delighted to see Mr. Hume resume his seat. But the secret was soon out. Sir John rose, and after saying that the hon. member had attacked several other officers, he said in most emphatic terms, "Why did not the hon. member attack me?" However, he soon got, or rather took, an opportunity of revenging himself on Mr. Hume for the neglect of the latter. Sir John had been eulogising some friend of his as a most loyal subject, when the following smart affair took place:—

Mr. Hume.—Who is not a loyal subject?

Sir John Elley.—Joseph Hume is not. [Loud laughter, and cries of "order, order!"]

Mr. Hume.—I tell the gallant gentleman that he has given utterance to an untruth. There is not a more loyal subject than I am in the empire. [Hear, hear! and cries of "order!"]

Sir John Elley.—I beg to refer to the hon. gentleman's conduct in the Canadian affair.

Mr. Hume again rose, amidst great uproar, when the Speaker called on Sir John to withdraw his charge of disloyalty against the hon. member for Middlesex, which having been done, order was restored in the House.

I have no notion that Sir John will again solicit the suffrages of the electors of Windsor, or of any other constituency. If he do, it must only be from the conviction that every Tory ought, while he has life, to oppose to the utmost of his power the progress of the "revolutionary mania." All his private predilections would lead him to divide the remainder of his days between his own house and the Junior United Service Club.

Lord Ashley, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the member for Dorsetshire, is a nobleman whom every person of humane principles must hold in veneration. His unwearied and zealous exertions on behalf of the factory children in 1833 and 1834, will prove a more lasting monument to his fame, than any tablet of marble or brass could possibly do. Those exertions had not their origin in that anxiety for distinction which is the most powerful inducement to the public actions of so many of our legislators: they arose from a deep-seated feeling of commiseration for the poor young creatures themselves. They arose from a high and holy humanity, and were sustained by the same hallowed feeling, amidst the lukewarmness of some, the cold half-suppressed sneers of others, and the open ridicule of the flinty-hearted political economists.

Lord Ashley is a young nobleman of great promise. He is only about his thirty-fifth year. His self-diffidence has hitherto prevented

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him from taking that active part in public life which his principles, his talents, and his station in society, would equally justify him in taking. If I am not mistaken, however, the noble Lord will, ere long, come before his country and the world with a far greater prominency than he has yet done.

His personal appearance is much in his favour. His figure is tall and handsome. He has a fine, open, and intellectual countenance. His features are marked. His face is rather thin: his complexion is something between a dark and pale, and his hair, which is usually long, is of a beautiful black. His dark eye is quick, and of an intelligent expression. He has a well-formed, ample forehead. His whole appearance is prepossessing, and the feeling which it at first sight creates in his favour, is increased by his manner when addressing the House. His gesture is animated but graceful: it is the gesture of a man who is sincere in the opinions he expresses, and who is deeply anxious for their practical adoption by others. There is nothing clap-trap or theatrical about him. No man could evince more modesty in his manner, unless, indeed, that modesty were to degenerate into absolute weakness or inaction. His lordship has not that morbid modesty, if not something worse, which would lead him to compromise first principles. His voice is soft, clear, and flexible. He is generally audible, but seldom speaks in loud tones: it is only when he warms with his subject, that he does raise his voice to a high pitch. He never, however, does raise it so high as to be unpleasant. In some of the more animated parts of his addresses, I have seen the noble Lord exhibit proofs of effective oratory. I have known him give utterance to highly eloquent passages, and to deliver those passages with an effect that would do credit to some of our most popular speakers. I am sure I shall be borne out in this remark by all who heard the noble Lord speak at a meeting held in February last, at the Freemason's Tavern, to resist the efforts the Dissenters were then making for the abolition of church-rates. He times his utterance with judgment: he neither speaks too slowly nor with too much rapidity. He speaks with ease and fluency. He seldom hesitates, or seems at a loss for words. His style is accurate and polished, but has no appearances of elaboration. His matter is always good: his ideas cannot be said to be either profound or original; but they never fall below mediocrity. There is always strong good sense in what he says. He is not a wordy speaker: his speeches are full of ideas, though, as I have just said, there is nothing very brilliant in them. He is a religious man; and one, I believe, who acts up, in all the public and private relations of life, to the principles he professes. He is evidently well versed in Scripture. I heard him quote passage after passage—passages, too, not often quoted—at the meeting already referred to at the Freemason's Tavern, with an ease and readiness which no clergyman could have surpassed. He is also well acquainted with theology, as exhibited in the works of divines of various denominations. Dr. Jabez Bunting, the venerable representative of modern Wesleyan methodism, was one of those who attended the meeting in question; and he must have been greatly surprised and gratified at the way in which Lord Ashley, on that

occasion, spoke of the great good which had been achieved by John Wesley, in "awakening a sleeping church," and of the happy results which had, in different parts of England, attended the exertions of the Wesleyan Methodists of the present day.

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## NATIONAL SONNETS.

### ENGLAND.

England! my native land, O loved the most!
Not for thy wealth, that could not make thee great;
Nor power, though now a thousand years elate,
Walled round by love with valour's peerless host;
But that thou art of every land the boast
For glorious charters of an ancient date,
Through which from time to time regenerate,
Thou shed'st new light on every distant coast.
Whence had America the soul she prizes,
But from thine institutions framed of old?
And if in her more bright our phœnix rises,
If from her ore more pure flows freedom's gold,
We hail the light that cheers and that surprises,
England, thy first-born, beautiful and bold!

### LIBERTY.

Amongst the highest mountains did I meet
A lovely creature in her native home,
Fairer than sunset in the ocean-foam,
Yet whose white robes flowed blood-stained to her feet,
Whilst shone her eyes with love benignly sweet:
One seemed she framed not land and sea to roam,
Her robes the tempests, and the heavens her dome,—
A constant star, no meteor wildly fleet.
"Whence is this blood," I cried, "O being fair?"
"They that adore me shed it for my sake:"
Sadly she spake, and sighed, "Nor is it rare.
Yet love and truth alone my temple make;
These are the pillars that no storm can shake
Of Liberty, that loves the mountains bare."

Richard Howitt.

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# THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.[1]

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

We had now reached one of the old Irish settlements, situated on the tributary waters of the Alleghany river. Although we had frequently halted at the houses of settlers upon lands belonging to my friend, and who were indebted to him for the whole, or a large portion of what they possessed, yet I observed they always were ready to receive the full value for everything we or our horses might have had. These were *Yankee* settlers; that is, natives of the eastern states—for no Americans are properly called Yankees, except the people of the six eastern states. As I had the money-matters to manage, my companion thought it necessary to inform me, that when we sojourned in the Irish settlements I must be sure to keep my purse in my pocket, and not hurt the good people's feelings by proposing to pay them, as I had been accustomed to do the Yankees. The lands on which those Irish settlements have been formed, did not belong to my friend, but he was the agent employed to sell them for the owners. The settlers therefore knew none of the parties concerned but himself, and they had every reason to feel satisfied with the manner in which he conducted the business; and were therefore anxious to treat their "landlord,"—as they called him—with all possible kindness. It was some hours after dark when we reached the abode of one of those warm-hearted families, where my friend had been in the habit of staying when business brought him into these parts. We were accordingly kindly received, and entertained with the best their limited resources afforded; and I found that we could not please them better than to eat and drink and to make ourselves at home as much as possible. I soon discovered that we should be better off for *board* than for *lodging*; for on my expressing a wish to have our baggage placed in our sleeping apartments, our kind hostess took a light and assisted me with it to a small room adjoining, in which there was very little space besides what was occupied by two beds. At a seasonable hour we intimated that we would retire for the night; and were informed by our kind landlady that we might occupy *one* of the beds in the small room, and that she and her husband would occupy the other. This was, as the Yankees say, "a curious piece of information," and I certainly was not prepared to expect the pleasure of so much society during the night. But what could be done? My friend and myself had on two or three occasions been obliged to occupy the same bed, but then we had not had the benefit of such near neighbours. To have remonstrated would only have had the effect of wounding the kind people's feelings, without in any way altering the situation of affairs; for although there is no doubt but they would have given up their bed to one of us if we had wished it, and remained without a bed themselves, yet I would rather myself have suffered

[1] Continued from vol. xix. p. 408.

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any inconvenience than have treated them so cruelly. My friend and myself stowed ourselves away in the best way we could—be quite out of humour with his humble friends for the moiety of a bed which they had allotted him—and not quite in charity with me because I did not grumble at the condition I found myself in. We had scarcely got our heads placed upon our pillows, when our host and hostess took possession of their quarters, and the good woman wishing to act the agreeable, kept her tongue going at a most tremendous rate. Her discourse was chiefly addressed to me, for my friend was in no humour to answer her inquiries, or to listen to her (to him) uninteresting tales. At last I, too, became somewhat weary—and her husband, possessing more consideration than herself, remarked to her that she had better permit me to go to sleep. Whether she always obeyed and yielded implicitly to her husband's remarks—or whether she found herself getting a little weary—or whether I did not continue the conversation any longer, as I had previously done, I will not take upon me to say; but owing to some cause or other, shortly after her husband had addressed her, her tongue slackened, and then finally ceased. In the morning, however, she was awake betimes—but fearing a renewal of her loquaciousness I feigned being sound asleep. The following night, however, I was again exposed to the same punishment; but as that was the last we expected to lodge with this honest and kind-hearted family, I permitted her to continue the conversation for a couple of hours at least after we were all in bed. In these settlements, which are almost exclusively peopled by persons of Irish descent, everything is as purely Irish as if it was a part and parcel of the "Green Island" itself. The people speak the same language, with the precise brogue which their fathers or grandfathers brought with them from Ireland sixty or seventy years ago. In illustration of this, our host was relating to me a circumstance that had occurred to himself a few weeks before. Happening to be in a tavern in Pittsburg, a person in the same room came up to him, and holding out his hand to him, expressed himself delighted to see him. He civilly informed the stranger that he must be labouring under some mistake, as he did not recollect ever to have seen him. "And sure if you have not," replied the other, "are we not brothers—are we not from the same sweet country? Come, come, now," continued he, "and sure you are not going to be about denying your own dear country, although, like myself, you have somehow or other been induced to leave it." When the voluble Irishman was silent for a moment, our acquaintance of the backwoods assured him that he had never been in Ireland; when the recently imported Emerald islander thus continued. "Now don't be trying to deçave me—and why for are ye ashamed of your country? Do I not know you to be a countryman of my own? to be sure I do; and I will lay you a pound or five that I can tell you what county—and which parish o' the county—ye are from, if ye care about making a bet of it." Our acquaintance again assured him that he was born about sixty miles from the place they were in—and that his father, also, had been born in that country. But he remembered having heard his father say that *his* father's family had emigrated

from the very part of the country his new acquaintance mentioned. This proves how purely *Irish* the settlements must have been, in order to retain the precise brogue that the first settlers had brought with them from Ireland, during a period of seventy or eighty years.

On the day of our departure from the kind Irishman's, a number of the neighbouring settlers had called upon my friend respecting matters of business connected with their lands. Amongst them was a brother to our host, to whom I had been formally introduced, and who appeared "mighty glad to see a friend of his landlord's,"—meaning my companion, who had sold him his farm in his capacity of agent. But the fact was, I had introductions to them all, which seemed quite a matter of course. When my friend's business was over, and we had taken leave of our host and hostess, and their whole family of sons and daughters, we set out for the next settlement, which might be distant some twelve or fifteen miles. When we had proceeded about a stone's throw, we were overtaken by our host, who came in great haste to inform me, that I had left the house without shaking hands with his brother; who, he assured me, felt very much hurt at the circumstance, and that he should himself feel very much obliged by my returning and doing so. As I felt quite averse to wound the feelings of any of those I had been introduced to, and particularly so as regarded so near a connexion of our late entertainer, I immediately returned to the house to perform what I had omitted; and for fear of our again being pursued, I took especial care to shake heartily the hand of every individual about the establishment. This was truly Irish! I have travelled some thousands of miles among *American* settlers, but I was never pursued a considerable distance for the only ostensible purpose of shaking me by the hand—and yet the Yankees are notorious for common-place hand-shaking.

Although this kind and hospitable treatment, practised by those descendants of the "Green Island," is certainly more agreeable to the feelings of strangers; yet upon examining the principle upon which it is commonly founded, nothing very extraordinary can be said in support of it. For although it has the semblance of being quite gratuitous, yet it is in fact only a matter of reciprocity between the parties. They treat and behave towards you exactly in the way they would expect you to treat and behave towards themselves, should circumstances place it in your power to do so. It therefore becomes in most cases nothing more than a *custom*; and which, like many other customs of long-standing, has connected itself so intimately with moral feeling, that to infringe it would be to break the great social command "to do as we would be done by." Now the Yankees have discarded as much as possible everything that seems incompatible with their professed independence of principle. They therefore will invite you to partake of their fare or their accommodations, but expect if you do so you will pay what would be right and reasonable for your being so accommodated. Supposing you are able to pay for what you may choose to have, they also very reasonably conclude that you are too independent in moral feeling to go away without paying, and thereby incur an obligation which you may, or may not, have an opportunity of cancelling. Many Europeans com-

plain of this practice amongst the Americans, calling it by every epithet that can be applied to whatever is selfish or sordid in human nature. For my own part, I will insist upon the correctness of the principle under which we find it existing, because they take it for granted that you are fully aware that should you eat, or drink, or lodge in their houses, (which they expect you will not do but to suit your own convenience,) that you are expected to pay the value, but no more; and then the obligation is at an end. I recollect the circumstance of an American travelling through the province of Upper Canada, in order to get subscribers to a new work which he was about to publish. I happened to be in the country at the time, staying at the house of a friend where this person called to solicit subscribers to his book. My friend, after looking over the prospectus, agreed to have his name put down for one copy of the work; and dinner happening to be brought in just at the moment, he politely invited the "bookman" to sit down and partake with us. He did so without hesitation, and before he left the house, which was immediately after dinner, he offered to pay my friend the sum commonly paid for that meal in that part of North America. My friend politely declined receiving anything, informing his neighbour of "The States," that whenever he invited a person to partake of the refreshments his table afforded, it was not with the view of being paid for his provisions—adding, at the same time, that his guest was heartily welcome to what he had taken. His neighbour, however, was determined to lie under no obligation to him of the Province; so taking out of his pocket with perfect coolness his book containing the names of subscribers, he took his pen and made the necessary entry of having received one shilling. Then addressing the other, he observed, that as he had refused receiving payment now for his accommodation, he had given him credit for it; so that when he was called upon for his subscription, he would find that the proper deduction had been made. I once remember bidding a servant-maid give a poor fellow who called at my house on some business or other, the remains of our family dinner, which I afterwards understood he had greedily devoured; but on going away had desired her to inform me, that he had nothing with him at present to leave me in return for what he had had—except his pocket knife, which he could not very well spare; but the next time he came that way he would not forget to call and settle with me. And so he did. In a few weeks afterwards the man called, and left with the servant about a couple of pounds of maple sugar, and desired her to inform me that the sugar was *the pay* for his dinner on a former occasion. I will yet give another example of this feeling of independence, which also occurred at my house. Two men, residing at the distance of a few miles, but who occasionally took jobs of farm work of me, called one day to have the work which they had lately been doing settled for. As they had done their work faithfully, I desired the maid servant to go down into the cellar and bring them a jug of cider, which she did accordingly. After they had finished the jug of cider, one of them pulled out of his pocket as much copper coin as he conceived the worth of a jug of cider, and handing it to the servant, along with the jug, desired her

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to go and replenish it. She came to me in an adjoining apartment to acquaint me with their request, when I desired her to go and fill them another pitcher, but to have nothing to do with their money. After they were gone it appeared that they had been bent upon balancing the obligation; for although the servant had positively refused to receive their proffered money, they had deposited it upon the table in spite of her remonstrances, and sallied forth in the true spirit of independence.

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As usual, we were now again benighted; and not until losing our way two or three times among the dim forest paths did we reach old Tommy M'Knib's, with whom we intended to stay for the night. Tommy's was neither *Tavern* nor *house of entertainment;* but he was the oldest settler in the district where he resided, and was the person with whom my companion had lodged, on his former visits to those settlements. His house, as we approached it, had no prepossessing appearance; for, in fact, it was of the very meanest grade of dwellings in the backwoods, being built of the rudest logs, with a cobbled up stone and clay chimney stuck *outside* of one end of it. It was nearly square—sixteen or eighteen feet each way, and but one story high. Gazing upon it in the clear star-light, as we drove up to the rude rail fence in front of it, I could not but feel surprised at my friend for having selected this miserable-looking place as our head-quarters. Having announced our arrival, we were heartily welcomed into old Tommy's mansion by himself, a couple of young men, his sons, and his daughter Peggy; for Tommy's was another Irish settlement. There was an immense fire of logs, extending nearly across one end of the building, and now that we had arrived, fresh fuel was added to the burning mass. Peggy, without delay, set about preparing supper for us; but how she managed to brave the tremendous heat, to which her cooking exposed her, I cannot at all imagine. We had, as usual, that eternal dish, in those back settlements in winter, fried venison steaks, a mess of boiled potatoes, and buck-wheat cakes; and tea or coffee, just one remove from pure water. Opposite to the enormous fire, in the back part of the room, stood three beds, all in the true American style—uncurtained. Soon after we had finished our supper, to escape being literally roasted alive, for I had retreated from the fire as far as the tier of beds permitted, I signified my wish to go to bed; for it would have been ludicrous to have spoken of *retiring*, when I knew the room to be filled with people. Old Tommy took upon him the office of chambermaid, by pointing out to me which of the berths he wished me and my friend to occupy, which, fortunately, was one of the corner ones. I afterwards found, for I could not sleep, that he and one of his sons occupied the middle one, while Peggy had that in the other corner—all to herself. The other son betook himself to a neighbour's house, as we no doubt were in possession of the place he commonly occupied. Although we had more neighbours than on the former occasion I have mentioned, yet I was not compelled, as I had then been, to hold a long parley at the expense of being kept awake. I do not remember, at this moment, how we all managed to

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dress and undress; but this I do remember, that the whole business *was* conducted without infringing, in the slightest degree, upon the common rules of decorum.

My friend having completed his business by the following afternoon, we bade adieu to our kind entertainers and their humble mansion; but now that we were leaving the Irish settlements behind us, we did not know exactly where we should find a lodging for the night, although my companion calculated that we should probably reach the ferry-house on Clarion river. I therefore put our ponies to the top of their speed, and just as it was getting dusk we arrived on the river's bank; but the ferry-house was a short distance on the other side. I therefore drove across the river, following a track in the snow that led diagonally down the stream. But when we had landed on the opposite bank, no signs of a habitation appeared. My friend, however, trying to recal the geography of the place to his memory, began to think that the ferry-house must be in the woods nearly opposite the place where we had first struck the bank of the river; and hinted that he could hold the horses' reins if I would take the trouble to explore the woods a little higher up the stream. I set out, and had proceeded but a short distance, when I discovered the ferry-house; but as no footstep broke the untrodden snow which surrounded it, I began to apprehend that its inmates were fled. However, I went on; and on reaching the building I perceived that it was in a state of utter desolation and decay. The windows were gone, the door stood wide open; and if it were occasionally inhabited, the wild animals of the wilderness were its only tenants. Having returned with this piece of information to my companion, we held a hasty consultation what we should do, whether to recross the river and return to the last house we had passed, or to continue our journey and get a night's lodging wherever we could. We accordingly adopted the latter plan; but as my companion had never been through the part of country we had now reached, he had no knowledge whatever of the state of settlement going on there, nor of the direction of the course we ought to travel. We had not proceeded far, when the glimmering of a distant light was seen through the forest. But it had by this time become quite dark, so that we could find no track through the woods by which to approach it with our sleigh and horses. I therefore once more set out on an exploring expedition, with the dim light a-head as my sole guide. After scrambling over fallen trees, and through almost impervious underwood and briers, I at length reached a common zigzag rail fence, over which I got into a piece of open ground in front of a rather long, but low, log dwelling. I could now distinguish the sound of music within this humble mansion, and on looking through the window I perceived at least thirty young people engaged in dancing. I waited till there was a pause in the music, when I knocked at the door, and on its being opened, stated our forlorn condition; but hinted, at the same time, that we most probably could not be "accommodated for the night," judging from appearances. The person I had been addressing was a young woman, who said if I would wait a moment she would speak to

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her father, who was in the adjoining room, and the old man presently came forward to the place where I stood. He immediately informed me that they could not accommodate us with a bed, but they had barn-room for our horses; and if my companion and I chose to join the bridal party—(for one of his daughters had been married that evening)—we were welcome to do so; "for," said he, "I expect they will keep it up till morning." I thanked him for his offer; but on inquiring found that there was a house about five miles distant, where we should be able to stay for the night, and therefore declined partaking in the gay scene that I had witnessed.

I had been longer absent when I returned than my friend had calculated upon; and when he found that we must travel five miles before we should find a stopping place, he was not at all in an amiable humour. "'Squire Scott's" was the place of our destination; and although I had learned that the road was not very direct, yet I had been so careful to get the old settler to explain to me all the "forkings" of the road, that I felt quite competent to steer us to the desired haven. In due time we emerged from the wilderness, and a quarter of a mile then brought us in front of the "'Squire's" cabin. I again set off to examine how matters were likely to turn out for us at "'Squire Scott's." I knocked at the door, when it was opened by a stout, rough-looking damsel, who informed me that the 'squire was from home, but that I might step in and consult her mother on the subject. The mother and another stout daughter were sitting spinning in opposite corners of the room, to whom I addressed myself, insinuating that we had been directed thither, and that I trusted she would find it convenient to permit us to remain for the night. She consented to do so, with the intimation that we should have to take care of our horses ourselves; but as this was nothing new to me, I did not make any scruple to accept of her conditions. But a difficulty soon occurred; the barn, where the horses were to be put, was at a distance, and I did not know the way to it. The old woman first commanded one of her big daughters to accompany me with a lantern, and then the other, but they both hesitated, and at last refused; and the only safe plan for the two dear innocents was the one they finally adopted, that both of them should go with me. I had no idea that I had so very formidable an appearance; for I had seen Yankee girls that had not expressed any alarm at being alone with a stranger. However, there is no accounting for these things; for while some persons dare not stay in the same room with a domestic cat, others are not afraid of entering the den of a lion. After having attended to our ponies, the two damsels and I returned to the house, all quite safe; and the old mother gave them a good rating because one of them had not remained with her to assist in preparing our repast. We had scarcely finished supper when the door opened, and in strode an ill-looking fellow, who appeared quite at home. I supposed at first that it might be a son and brother of the family; for he very unceremoniously got a pipe, which he filled and lighted, and commenced puffing away at no common rate; but he had scarcely got his pipe well lighted, when one of the huge lasses walked across to the corner where he sat, seated herself upon the young man's knee, took the

pipe from his mouth, and commenced puffing away herself. "And so," thought I, "this is one of the timid, bashful creatures, that an hour or two ago was so dreadfully alarmed at the idea of taking a light to the barn in order to show me where to put my horses. Her rude familiarity with this man of her choice was to me quite disgusting; and even her lover himself seemed as if he would have been quite as well pleased with less solid tokens of her affection. At daybreak in the morning we set forward on our journey; and although I have often fared worse as respects "bed and board," yet I scarcely remember to have been less pleased with the manners and customs of the people, than I was with the family of "'Squire Scott."

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One exceedingly cold morning we left the village of Franklin, on Alleghany river, and after a drive of twelve miles over bad roads, reached a lone and desolate log-house, where we had been informed we might be accommodated with breakfast. On reaching this house I was so forcibly struck with its general appearance of discomfort, that had I not been aware that our stopping there was a matter of absolute necessity, (there being no other house for many miles,) I should certainly have driven on. However, we alighted, and having made the usual inquiry, "can we be accommodated?" were replied to in the usual manner, with an "I guess you can." As it happened, we found the backwoods' man at home; and being myself exceedingly benumbed with the cold, I left him to take care of the horses, and repaired to the fire to warm myself. After I had informed the woman of the house that we should breakfast with her, she asked me whether we would wish to have tea or coffee. It was quite a matter of indifference I knew with my companion, as well as with myself; but I told her we would take tea. After some considerable bustling about, and having searched through the sundry contents of a wooden chest, she came up to me and told me, with two or three sighs, and twice the number of groans, that she "guessed the *tea* must be all out." I told her to make herself quite easy on that score, for my friend and I would be just as well suited with coffee. I thought this piece of intelligence did not seem to give her the pleasure or satisfaction it was intended to convey; however, she again commenced rummaging in the old chest, sighing and groaning at a greater rate than before; until, at last, she gave up the search in despair, and coming forward, she informed us in no mild or measured terms, that "she verily believed the tarnation rats had run off with her coffee!" To make the poor woman feel as little as possible this misfortune, I told her that if she could give us a little milk to breakfast, it would do equally well. Milk she had none, she declared; but if we had no objection to *sweetwood* tea, she could make us some of that. We allowed her to do so; but when it was produced I found it not at all to my taste, and there being neither milk nor sugar to improve it, I found myself under the necessity of declining a second cup. As usual, we had fried venison; but her rye cakes, baked for the occasion in the frying-pan, were of a very inferior quality, so that, the whole business taken into consideration, we had but seldom fared worse. Our poor horses, too, were treated but

indifferently; for on my going to look after them, I found them standing on the sheltered side of the house, where they had been fed with a few ears of Indian corn: for hay and oats there were none. The man, by way of apology, informed me that he had only come there and built his house the year before; but if he was not disappointed, he expected to put up a shed for horses during next summer. These were but poor accommodations for us; but they were the best that part of the country then afforded, and there was nothing to be got by grumbling.

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During the day we had no great improvement; but a little past noon we were so fortunate as to procure a little hay for our half-starved ponies. At every solitary house we came to I made inquiry regarding the country a-head of us, and where we should be likely to find a resting-place for the night. For a long time I could learn nothing with regard to the route we had to travel, except that the country was very little settled, and that there were no taverns. We therefore wended our weary way in perfect uncertainty, until nearly nightfal; when, on calling at a cabin in the woods, the inmates informed us that if we could reach Judge B——d's, the judge, they *guessed*, would accommodate us; the distance they calculated at about thirteen miles. We had already travelled over forty miles of very poor road that day; and to reach the judge's seemed almost beyond the strength of our ponies. But as there appeared no choice in the matter, we set out without further delay. As night came on, the cold, which had been severe all day, increased to a degree I have scarcely ever experienced; so that my hands were almost entirely benumbed. The road, too, was very intricate, narrow, and full of stumps of trees; so that it required more than ordinary care to pilot our vehicle safely among them. We had been getting along in this way as well as we were able for an hour or two, when we came to where the road divided into two, one branch inclining to the right hand and the other towards the left. We had endeavoured to provide against this "forking" of the road, by inquiring very particularly, as we came along, of every person we saw, whether or not there were any "forks" in the way leading towards Judge B——d's; but the general direction was, "to keep right a-head." In the present case, however, right a-head was impossible; so it became a matter of chance whether we should go right or wrong. My friend, who had travelled through that section of country some years before, set about examining the situation of the stars, as they sparkled and glittered in the dark-blue firmament; and then gave it as his opinion that our destination lay to the left. As for myself, I could give no opinion, never having been in that part of the country; so without much loss of time we set off to the left. For some time we went on, as we considered, very favourably; but by-and-bye our course became changed by the road having a continual inclination towards the left; so much so, indeed, that the heavenly bodies that were directly over-head a short time before were now on our right. By this time we felt convinced that we had taken the wrong road; but it was so steep and narrow we had no resource but to jog on. After descending an exceedingly long

hill, we discovered a light at a cottage, which stood in an opening at the bottom of the valley. Giving the reins to my companion, I repaired to the place from whence the light proceeded, and learned from its inmates that we must retrace our way back to where we had left the other "fork," which, if we pursued it for five or six miles, would lead us to the Judge's.—"But are there any more '*forks?*'" inquired I; for now I began to experience the disagreeableness of coming to these "forks," where all seem alike, particularly when the ground is covered deep in snow. But I was told we had nothing to do but keep "right a-head," and we could not miss reaching the judge's. When the snow is deeply tracked, (which was the case then,) it is exceedingly difficult to turn your sleigh and horses; for the runners of the sleigh bury themselves deeply, if the snow is not very hard frozen. I, therefore, in attempting to turn, upset the sleigh, and out rolled my friend, like the half-burnt end of some huge pine log. He received no injury, (few people do from a roll in the snow from a sleigh,) but he lost one of his large sheep-skin mocassins (made with the wool inside,) and one of his large Yankee mittens, and otherwise was covered with the cold frozen snow, and rendered as miserable and cross as possible. After some little search his glove and mocassin were found, the sleigh was soon put to rights, my friend again stuck bolt upright in his accustomed corner, and we retraced our steps up to the long and toilsome ascent. We had but proceeded a short way along the "fork" that we ought to have pursued, and were endeavouring to forget the misfortune of having gone wrong, when, to our amazement, we came to a new "fork," and we were as completely puzzled as before. We had gone wrong before by keeping to the *left*, so now we agreed to keep to the *right;* but before we had proceeded a mile we observed that the path we were in kept inclining so much to the right that we were going almost directly back again. We therefore agreed to retrace our path, and pursue the other "fork," which must undoubtedly be the right one; and by doing so, we arrived at a small but rather comfortable-looking dwelling, which we presumed was Judge B——d's, and accordingly halted opposite to the door. I roused my companion, who was to make certain inquiries regarding our staying for the night; and being myself almost frozen, I desired him to return as soon as possible with the result of his negotiation. There I remained, long after my whole stock of patience had been expended, awaiting his return. At length he came slowly towards me, with a very long face, saying, that he did not think we could remain there for the night, "For I learn," said he, "that the judge is unwell, and his old woman is laid up with a broken leg. But," continued he, "you had better go in, and try what influence you may have upon the parties."

I was glad enough to leave the sleigh, for I was determined to warm myself at all events, though I should keep him in the cold as long as he had (unnecessarily, I thought,) kept me. On entering the family apartment I found a most lovely-looking creature, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, repairing the fire, and on my inquiring for the judge, she told me that her father was in the adjoining room, and would be with me almost immediately. He shortly, therefore, made his appearance, and apo-

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logised for having kept us waiting so long; but having been a little unwell in the afternoon, he had retired to bed much earlier than usual. When I made known to him the distance we had travelled, and how we had been told that he would probably allow us to remain for the night, he begged to assure me that whatever his humble means afforded was heartily at our command. He then insisted upon our remaining by the fire while he unharnessed our horses and administered to their necessities; and most assuredly the poor animals stood in much need of food and rest. During the time the judge had been in the stable, his charming daughter had been busily engaged in preparing supper for us; and a more excellent supper I had not met with during our long journey. The judge informed us that he was an Irishman by birth, his father having emigrated to America when he was a boy. He said he had married some five-and-twenty years ago, at which period he had been induced to settle where we now found him, but the country then was all a wilderness. He had two sons and one daughter. The sons had both married very young, and were now settled at a short distance from him. When he first settled in the woods, he said that his whole amount of property was about two hundred dollars, (under fifty pounds,) and that for many years they had shared the privations and hardships common to new settlements. That, blest with robust health, and assisted by his two boys as they grew up, he had been able to clear off a considerable part of the forest, and by the time they married and left him, his farm yielded more than sufficient to supply the few wants of the family. Two or three years ago the governor of the state had seen fit to raise him to the rank of associate-judge of the district in which he resided, for which he received one hundred dollars per annum. The year previous to our visiting him he had been in his native country for a couple of months, to receive a legacy of about two thousand pounds, which had been left him by an old uncle who had died possessed of considerable wealth. This, said he, was quite unexpected, and indeed I might say quite unnecessary, now that they have no wants but what their farm will supply. "But," said he, looking affectionately at his daughter, "there is one—our only daughter, Janette, on whose future welfare I have often thought with all the anxiety of an almost idolatrous parent. She is, though it be her father who says it, deserving of all that I may be able to do for her. However, my intention is to send her for two or more years to the best seminary we can find in all the cities, for she possesses a mind and a soul that it would be worse than barbarous to bury in the woods. And although the separation for a time may be painful to us all, yet, if it but secure to her ultimate happiness, her parents will rest satisfied."

We left the kind judge and his daughter the following morning, and never, from that day, have I been able to learn anything of him or his beautiful Janette. Although the judge appeared a rational and sensible man, I have often thought of, and doubted the wisdom of, his plan, in trying to make a fine lady of his lovely Janette.

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Being possessed of a light Dearburn waggon, and a pair of ponies

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to run in it; and having myself little business on hand to engage me, I was induced to make an offer (to accommodate a friend) to convey an elderly lady from the backwoods to within a day's journey of her native city. The fact is, city-bred ladies have nothing to do in the backwoods, or rather they have no business to go there; for if they allow themselves to be transported thither in some capricious moment of love or madness, I can (speaking from experience) assure them, that they will find plenty to do. The lady in question had been on a visit to a married daughter, who, in spite of many sage lessons of advice, married the man that her heart approved, and "buried herself in the woods." Parental obduracy, however, soon gave way, and Mrs. H——, at the expense of much bodily fatigue and discomfort, made occasional visits to her far-distant daughter. It was on one of these occasions that I volunteered to see her safe on the other side of the Blue Mountain, where we should intersect a line of stage coaches which would convey her to her native city.

On the second day of our journey we set out from the farm-house, where we had met with but indifferent accommodations for the night, and having made sundry calculations *when* and *where* we were to halt that day, and fixed upon our quarters for that night, we set out at a pretty early hour. I had omitted to mention that I had offered to give a seat in my vehicle to a gentleman with whom both my lady passenger and myself were partially acquainted, so that while I, as charioteer, occupied the front seat, my two passengers were deposited behind me. We had proceeded but a short distance, and were descending a smooth but steep hill, when off flew one of our hind wheels into the adjoining woods, and down dropped the end of the axle-tree upon the road; but forward went my ponies to nearly the bottom of the hill before I was able to stop them. We had no upset—no such thing; the wheels being low, and the springs of the true backwoods' fashion, we escaped with Mrs. H—— having suffered a moderate degree of alarm. Of course we all alighted; and having desired my fellow-traveller to remain by the horses, back I went in search of my absent wheel. Having fallen in with it, I trundled it to where its companions were awaiting it; but we found that we should require a lynch-pin, or in all probability our truant wheel would again part company. Although it requires but a small piece of timber to make a wooden lynch-pin, (and an iron one at present was out of the question,) we found that we should hardly be able to manufacture one with our whole stock of edge-tools, which consisted of three small and slender pen-knives. What was to be done? After a short consultation my friend agreed to return, as fast as his short legs could carry him, to the dwelling we had last passed, which distance might be something more than half a mile, and to borrow an axe, and, if it were convenient, a Yankee man along with it. He succeeded in finding both; but as brother Jonathan does things coolly, they returned at a regular snail's pace. The man, however, did not lack forethought, (few Yankees do!) and he came provided with a small piece of well-seasoned hickory-wood, of which, with many intervals for splitting, and scrutinising his performance, he managed to make a very respectable lynch-pin. Having handed our mechanic a ten-cent piece, and

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having resumed our different berths, we again set forward, intending to seek refreshment for ourselves and horses at a place some dozen miles a-head. But we had scarcely proceeded the half of that distance when we observed that one of the ponies was minus a shoe. This seemed a worse business than the other; for who ever heard of a wooden shoe for a horse? I now drove with extreme caution to the nearest dwelling, where I inquired where we should be likely to find a blacksmith; and was informed some three miles further on. We were therefore compelled to go forward at the risk of crippling the shoeless pony, until we reached the place of promised aid. Vulcan, however, was not in his smithy; being but seldom called upon *professionally*, he was more of a hunter and chopper than a blacksmith. We learned from his wife that he was chopping in a distant part of the woods, where I might find him, if I chose to go, the distance being only a mile. Having had the proper direction through the woods pointed out, I set off in search of the chopper-blacksmith; and although I considered it more likely that I should lose *myself* than find *him*, I was determined to make the experiment; and after a long scramble over fallen trees, and through bush and briers, my ears were delighted with the sound of his distant axe, and I presently arrived at the place where he was at work. After a little persuasion he agreed to return with me, and *if* he had as much coal as would make a fire, he guessed he should be able to "fix the business." He *did* light his fire, and after being detained for nearly a couple of hours, during which time, however, we had some bread and milk, which we were pleased to call breakfast, we again pursued our journey. After this we made as much haste as was prudent, in order to reach the place we wished to remain at for the night, for there being but one house in a distance of upwards of twenty miles, a choice of places was out of the question. But with all our anxieties combined, and a due quantum of *feeling* admonition bestowed upon my ponies, the sun went down behind the dark western wilderness, while we were distant several long miles from Captain Howe's new tavern. Mrs. H. had too much good sense to be unnecessarily alarmed at being benighted in the wilderness, or to be quarrelling with untoward circumstances that could not be avoided; so without any grumbling or fretting, we jogged on in the best way we could, and at last a dim light glimmered through the trees in the distance, which assured us that we were approaching the "New Tavern." New, in truth, it turned out to be, for it was yet but a mere shell, with not a single finished apartment in it, and with but one that was at all habitable. On our arrival, the captain and one of his boys made their appearance: this, thought I, augurs well, and we were then conducted by our host into the only habitable room in the house. In length it might be nearly thirty feet, and in breadth about sixteen. The door was at one corner, and midway along that side was the fire-place, which at present was empty; but opposite to it was a large, ugly, and rusty stove, heated to a very uncomfortable and unnecessary degree; around which were twelve or fifteen ruffianly-looking fellows, smoking and drinking corn whiskey. Beyond them, on the same side, were two beds, almost touching each other. On the opposite side of the room were three beds, one in each


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corner, and the third somewhere between the other two. The one immediately opposite the door was occupied by a female whom I soon discovered to be our landlady. On opposite sides of the stove were two common, dirty, deal-board tables, and some half-dozen untenanted wooden chairs were scattered about. The walls (if the sides of such wooden buildings may properly be so called,) were neither plastered nor wainscotted, having nothing but the outward rough boards nailed to the studs and braces. I never shall forget the look of mingled horror and disgust that took possession of Mrs. H——, as she followed the captain to the threshold of this place of sundry abominations. I therefore instantly interfered—called the landlord out of the room, and informed him that "the lady" could not possibly be stowed amongst such an assemblage as occupied the place at present. He declared that there was no other room but the one we had seen; that his wife was sick in bed, but that if the lady would stay a little in the shed outside, he would clear the room of the rougher part of the company, by giving them as much whiskey as they wished, and sending them to the hay-shed where they were to sleep. The only two of the party who would be permitted to lodge there, were Major B—— and Judge W——, who, of course, said the captain, "are both respectable gentlemen; and so nearly drunk at present, that they will not long be able to sit on their chairs, when, as a matter of course, I shall have them removed to their bed." This piece of, what he conceived to be, highly satisfactory information, did not quite restore to perfect comfort the feelings of my gentle, but sensitive, lady passenger. "But am I, after all, to sleep in that room?" inquired she. "How is it possible that I could occupy one of those uncurtained beds, surrounded by all sorts of persons and nuisances?" This speech gave great offence to the landlord; who, however, went on to explain how it was to be managed; for, in fact, I had myself previously instructed him on this point, finding that we had no remedy. "I will tell you, madam," said he, "how we calculate to manage. These raftsmen you saw will all go to the hay-shed, and you shall then be accommodated with supper; and by the time you have finished your meal, the major and the judge will be taken to their bed, as helpless as two babies. Then these gentlemen and I can step out into the road while my girls fix some sheets around that there bed in the corner, which you can occupy, and then your friends can return and take possession of that adjoining one, so that you will be quite snug and safe. The rest of the beds will be occupied by the family. Mrs. Howe and I slept there," said he, pointing to the corner, "and the two big girls sleep in the next one—the boys and the younger children will bundle together in that other one—if there be room—but if not, one or two of them may creep in beside the two gentlemen that will have gone to bed royal." My lady-friend had not been used to accommodations like the present; for on her few visits to the backwoods she had travelled by another—but more circuitous route, where the places of stopping were not quite so destitute of comfort and convenience. She therefore was not immediately reconciled to the plan proposed by the captain; which plan, in his opinion, was giving himself and family a deal of unnecessary trouble. But as there could be no other means adopted—at least none likely to be more

comfortable—or rather, less uncomfortable, I signified to the landlord that we would partake of whatever the place afforded, and carry the remainder of the plan into execution. Whether "the lady" was satisfied or not, the bold captain hinted he did not much care—for his accommodations he considered were "as good as the country afforded." Long before day I heard madam dressing behind her temporary screen; so giving my companion a hint, we resumed those portions of our habiliments we had laid aside for a few hours. On our way into a purer atmosphere we were hailed by the landlord, to whom we made known our intention of pursuing our journey as soon as our "waggon" could be got ready. Mrs. H. presently joined us in the cool delightful fresh morning air; and a few minutes more found us pursuing our journey through the forest, between dark walls of immense pine trees, which closed us in on either side.

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## STANZAS ON HEARING BROADHURST SING JOHN ANDERSON.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

BROADHURST! I ken thy modesty would spare
This votive tribute to thy powers of song;
And thou hast had of praise too large a share,
To heed the meanest of the minstrel throng:
Yet must I tell, though but to tuneful winds,
The magic sweetness of that silver tone,
That with harmonious clue the labyrinth finds
Of human feeling. Yes, to thee alone
The soul does homage. I have heard the song
Of our first Phœbus* in the battle strain,
'Till glory fired the roused enchanted throng,
And every pulse beat freedom: and again
Heard him like eastern nightingale among
Its own bright roses, sing of love's sweet pain,
Till tears upon the cheek of beauty hung,
And lofty science stooped his starry brow,
To lips that seemed immortal as they sung.
Yet purer, holier are the thoughts that thou
Awaken'st with thy voice. It seems to me
As if some spirit of the blest were come,
From the bright fields of far eternity,
To call my prisoned soul back to her home.
I well remember when I heard thee first,
Gay was the festival, and genius woke
The harp of Coila, magical as erst,
When Scotia's heaven-taught minstrel silence broke:
As from thy lips the sweet home-hallowed strain
(Dear to the soul where pure affection clings,)
Came stealing on, my heart could not refrain
From the full gushing of its hidden springs.
Oh! it were sweet, around the bed of death,
To hear that voice of hope and pardon sing;
And upward borne with that melodious breath,
The parting soul essay her new-found wing:
For some such breathings from the lost and blest,
Would give sweet passport to the land of rest.

* Braham.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

*Road from Rome to Naples.*—April 17.—Start after breakfast, but must scribble a note or two before. Hard for journals to keep pace with events of journey, never ending, still beginning. Half one's thoughts ooze away unchronicled. I like this preliminary reconnoitering of Rome, this cursory skimming, abating, as it does, the first fierce thirst of curiosity; and being thus rid, as I shall be, of an unquiet feeling, shall contemplate in tranquillity, the resuming the labour hereafter on passage home.

Familiarity with Rome certainly draws back that mystic veil on whose sanctity so much of reverence for mundane things, and supermundane too, depends. The Romans themselves too well exemplify this; for as the most terrible Turks are said to be found at Mecca, and the least moral Jews at Jerusalem, so from my own observation I should assert that the Catholic the least imbued with the humane spirit of his creed, is the inhabitant of this Most Christian Metropolis.

Acquaintance, however, with the secrets of the prison-house do not affect all alike; widely different deductions are made from the same facts, and familiarity does not involve always contempt for contemptible things. To evidence this, take the following. A Jew, urged by a proselytizing friend, went once upon a time to Rome to see Heaven's vicar, and all that, and to judge for himself of Catholic doings, determining, if he were satisfied, boldly to apostatise, and to put on the faith of Christ for that of Moses. Returned, he recounted to his listening abettor all he had seen, and dwelt much on the prelates' dissolute lives—this was many years since of course—the cardinals' concubines, and all the scandal and corruption of the Papal court. His friend was in despair: he inferred, naturally, the desired conversion to be hopeless. "When, therefore," continued Mordecai, "I see all that should uphold the church in league against it, even to destroy it—when, notwithstanding all this, I see it grow and strengthen, it seems to me that Heaven only can sustain it, and that the faith must be true. My resolution is therefore fixed. Let them baptize me quickly, and say no more about it."

Huge row at the Sistine chapel yesterday, I hear. Lord P———, or some of his company, having struck the Swiss guards. They look like merry-andrews, with their slashed doublets, these fellows; "motley's their only garb;" and *that*, or their rudeness, gets the clowns a cuff or two generally, they tell me, on these occasions. It is very indecent, nevertheless. And if Englishmen cannot respect the pontiff's servants, they might respect themselves. All locked up in St. Angelo, I hear. Wish them joy. And as some very wise scruple prevents our accrediting a Minister to the Papal court, why those who get in durance by fighting, may fight their way out as they can.

Progress from city by Porta San Giovanni, dreary and desolate. Aqueducts most conspicuous objects in this quarter of the Cam-

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pagna. One more lofty than the others, the Claudian, I think, which was fed from fountains on the Subiaco road. Aqueducts, spanning the waste, most picturesque of ruins! yet no merit either of barbarian, ghostly or gothic, who made them so. There were as many as twenty of these immense works in Rome. The water was not all for drinking, of course, but for naumachiæ, and baths, and fountains, and cloacæ, et cetera. The unseemly smearing of the body over with cold spring water was too barbarous for barbarians; and priests to this day, I should think, only use it in baptizing. We see in this at least one motive the less for keeping the conduits in order.

Ruins in all stages of consumption on this Via Appia, as you advance along the sad Campagna. Where palace was and temple, making earth, and heaven too, more glorious, the wild grass grows and perishes, the thistle staggers in the weltering wind, and meagre sheep are browsing. Here Decay stands in weeds and darkness, while it beckons Rome. "Look down upon me," thus speaks he, "thou dome that proudly soarest, the red plague wraps thee round and round, and through all thy fame and sanctity shall search thee! come away!"

The most thickly populous of Rome's extra-muros was here around. The melancholy column's broken base, the crumbling wall, the formless mound, these we find too at intervals. Many, however, are remains of tombs. The laws of the twelve tables, which forbad sepulture within the walls, turned the great highways into burial-grounds, making this Via Appia one long Westminster Abbey. "Siste Viator!" still pleads from yon epitaphs. Poor suppliants! life is too importunate, vain as it is, to let the living yield them to thy plea. On they pass, and stop not; and yet how many, denying the request, have made it? So many monuments arrest you between Rome and Albano, that whoso would identify from among them the doubtful resting-place of Horatia, has great choice of hillocks for his liking.

*Roman States.*—Those who deem ecclesiastic maxims good to rule realms withal, had better come here and see the experiment where priests are pastors and masters both, all pure and patriarchal—where the Temple of Themis still hears the laws of Leviticus—at least one may infer as much.

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The initiation is perfect, at all events: but for the purity, angelical or evangelical, we must wait, I take it, the more especially as in the Roman flock the unsaintly murrain of ferocity is stronger than in any of the neighbouring folds. And though few would not think the fiery passions more hopeful than that deadly apathy, that worst of bad signs, that palsies the rest of Italy, the Sacred College are forbidden to agree with them.

There is another political nostrum, too, the goodness of which may be exemplified here—Fear, which some think so efficacious in state affairs. When the devil set about to devise the very worst government on earth, he wisely gave his Sovereign Pontiff the double power of punishment in this world, and d———n in the next. The vice engendered by present misery may earn the posthumous doom at least in the court of clerical justice; but we will hope, at all events, that in this felling men to the earth, and then beating them for the

mire they contract, these good men have exceeded their commission; and that if the brazen bull of torture must be filled, the inventor will be the victim.

It is the last drop in Rome's bitter cup that she should bend her once proud neck to the servile yoke she does.* That she does so may, perhaps, be explained on the natural notion that as her elders—who ought to be her betters too—may be supposed to know at least some part of their double craft, and that as they clearly know nothing whatever of the unworthy world they live in, they must at least know all about the other. We can only, therefore, pray for poor men who are such double dupes as to take ignorance of the present, as a voucher for the knowledge of the future, marvelling the while at human credulity.

Creeping up the hill of Albano, you see, on looking back, Rome with its modern domes and towers rising out of the wide plain you have traversed, desolate Soracte towering beyond. Rome pontifical is seen well from Albano, pagan Rome from the hill beyond Baccano. I know which I prefer. How strange it is to say of yonder arena that but for our memory of what it has been, it were one of the most drear regions in all that Europe of which it was once the eye! Yet it *is* unparagoned on earth for the great emotions it excites, in measure as it has been of influence the most stupendous on the fortunes of the human race. Such space fills to man the attributes of man's mind in the material world; and when the Greek made Memory the mother of the Muses, he might without hyperbole have extended her maternity much wider—to all perhaps that lifts man from the unreasoning brute that grazes by his side.

And this hill we ascend, then, is the old Alba—Alba Longa, the ancient of days, of whom were born the great cities of the plain, the cities of Latium. Hail to thee, hoar matron, and thrice hail thou noble root from whence those immortal colonies sprang as branches. Touching the soil as each sprang forth, they struck with power innate, and severing from their parent stem, paid back their birthright in honour evermore! It would damage the trope to say, that the Roman senate subsequently ordained the demolition of this, the general mother: we will say nothing about it, therefore, but still cry honour to the Alban Hill, though a convent of the Camaldolèse monks, who always clamber as near the clouds as they can, usurp the summit where once rose the temple of Jupiter Latialis.

The barracks of those memorable Mamelukes, the Prætorian guards, were at this Albano. It is a fact, not a little curious, to say of these old household troops, that they held—not the first sale by auction in Rome, because in that way was sold, in the market place, the very ground under the camp of Hannibal, even where the snort of his elephants might be heard from the capitol—but certainly the largest sale by auction the world ever knew, or ever will perhaps—they sold nothing less than the world itself to the highest bidder. This did these haughty cohorts, after the murder of Pertinax, putting up the

* It should be remembered, however, that when the empire of arms had passed away, the popes again made Rome the mistress of the world—by means of their religion.—Editor.

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empire for purchase over the ramparts of their camp—a deed that must leave all competition in future Prætorians for audacious insolence for ever behind.

Sopping shower greeted us at Albano—with cold bitter wind. No Nemi, therefore, for what were Nemi among leafless trees, and under a sky when very Diana could not see her face in her own looking-glass? *Speculum Dianæ*, be it known, being the name of Nemi's lake. And what, too, were Albano's lake undecorated? Around is the Virgilian world! and the leaden atmosphere is as mistified as the bard's geography. The view seaward towards Ostia, and as you descend by Aricia, still looking towards the Tuscan sea. Is this the Campos ubi Troja fuit? O dire, and drear, and desolate region! ay, and so it were, even though the sun shone, shorn of its classic halo: but that makes a sunshine in a shady place. Virgil, though, in paying his tribute, absorbed, while shedding light, no little of the indefeasible character of the country in exchange.

Yet still, even here, and now, there is (Virgil apart) that stern and solemn character that ever pervades, as an essential attribute, all this august realm—a character which man could neither give nor take away, which is not created because wild wood and half savage field usurp it now, which was not destroyed when fertility held the place of desolation. And is there not sympathy in this with the character of the Roman people? To this hour that character, in its elements, is much what it was. Sullen and lofty in spirit, jealous of their country and themselves, stern and grave, revengeful and indomitable;—and if the Roman differs, as he does, from the rest of the Italians, can we ascribe this to his government? In their early fable and early annals, is there not still this strong and Saturnine spirit? Egeria's very grot even is plunged among dark rocks where a volcano once roared. In the Temple of Juno here, at Lanuvium, there were Eleusynian mysteries. Near Aricia, in a consecrated wood, was a fane reared to Diana of Taurus, by Orestes and Iphigenia—at least the legend haunts the spot still; for the service of whose fane priests were chosen by the immolation of a human victim. Strabo will tell you how. These blendings of the false and true of history which hover around you in little more than the short *trajet* of the Alban Hill—even these, recalled at random, how they seem attuned to the spirit all around, and uphold us, as we exclaim, "There *doth* exist, independent of and prior to all circumstance, that mystic spirit—here more than is wont, in sympathy with the phenomena of nature, which we name the Genius of a People!"

The melancholy-looking antique tomb, with its broken pyramids of dark stone, which stands mantled in briar and bush in the midst of the road beyond the Alban Hill—is it not Etruscan? Nothing Roman was ever like it, though something Asian might have been. 'Tis claimed for Pompey: but Cornelia would in her day hardly have reared such over her husband's ashes, nor would Hadrian in his,—for while it is so claimed for the great soldier, it does not seem settled who erected it. But it might be Etruscan and belong to the Curiatii too, to whom it is more reasonably assigned—and if it resemble, as it is said to do, the tomb of Porsenna, at Clusium, that would

seem to confirm the notion which, nevertheless, had struck me before I heard there was that resemblance.

Velletri, four or five-and-twenty miles from Rome, is a forbidding and sulky-looking city, but finely posted. The costume of the people is the received costume of all banditti, in pictures at least. "Robed with curses as with a garment," looked they all, in regular thieves' livery: the whole dirty city, thus peopled, was like a den of cut-throats. The folds of untanned hide strapped under the foot, and then winding round and round their legs to the knee—this, which all bandits affect, or their painters for them, is a modern edition of the sandal, I take it, and is worn by all poor Velletrians. They are large-limbed, savage-looking varlets enough, with their dark eyes glaring under their slouching hats, and as they were all of them firing off muskets from their doors, it being Giorno di Festa, we had no bad pantomime, at least, of robbery; a back-ground of gloomy hovels, with these heroes for tenants, showing as terrific, if not as picturesque, as woods and wilds would. In leaving the place we met a mounted patrol upon the road; the courier thought it a fit occasion, accordingly, to recount a tale of a priest having been some time since pillaged by his own voiturier: the fellow had halted in a lonely place, and making his passenger dismount, the better to rifle him, when said priest, taking the robber unawares, suddenly seized his pistol, and shot him dead. Such an event did, I believe, really occur, but whether with Velletri for the scene of action, or no, I know not.

The old Volscians of this Velletri were always a fierce and rebellious generation, and the Trasteverini of Rome, of whom they were ancestry, retain still upon them the mark of the beast. Camillus broke them to the Roman yoke. It was the brood-nest of the family of Augustus; and as old *Velathri* was Greek, inscriptions of its Greek masters of six or seven hundred years before Christ, being found side by side with Etruscan idols in cabinets of the curious here, perhaps Rome may owe in this more to Greece than she has to thank her for.

Halted at Cisterna for the night, being taken by its green meadows and green woods: the whole road though, after descending the hill of Velletri, is through rich grass and forest trees—a great contrast with the Campagna. Buffaloes, grazing in a field by herds, sufficiently domesticated; a man on horseback driving them to be milked. With their ugly shapes and discoloured hides they poorly supply the place of cattle; but they are stronger and hardier, endure heat better, and though little fit to be eaten, they cost half the price. Their milk too is much liked, they tell me; I suppose, as much else is, from ignorance of anything better.

The female costume at Cisterna is one of the prettiest in Italy. Scarlet spencer, short blue petticoat, small scarlet apron, and a richly-coloured kerchief over the shoulder, festooned down behind, showing much or little of the back, as vanity is high or low—with the white folded napkin on the head, so familiar to us in all pictures of Italian peasantry, though they do not all wear it.

April 18.—Reached Torre Tre Ponti at seven to breakfast. If the Pontine marshes do not begin here, the papal works for draining them do. The real marsh, with its rank herbage, we have

already traversed for some miles, in all the unwholesome mist of morning. The greenness all around, so unusual to Italy, is the same here as at Cisterna, though there they deny any miasma. I do not believe them, or think Cisterna a proper place to sleep at.

These then are the awful Paludes Pomptinæ, where death held, or resumed, his long millennium till Pius the Sixth so ably overthrew him. But I do not know why exactly the priesthood should have set up such a yell on the occasion, unless they desired to testify to how few occasions they find to use their lungs in such laudations. Other princes do something now and then to justify themselves for the means they hold in their hands, and there's an end; but when old Pontifex Maximus goes to work, O dear! that *is* a wonderful thing. The old Appius Claudius was nothing to the new, though the ancient canals he cut are made to serve for the modern, and the old designs he worked are hardly improved on after an experience of two thousand years, and the very pavement you roll over is, in many parts, in its substratum at least, but the redemption from the swamps of that the old Roman censor built long before popes came blundering into the world to prove their infallibility.

But never mind pope. "Breakfast! you withered and woe-begone disciple, you! bring breakfast. Know ye not how bad the marsh air is for hungry people? But hollo! hey? what's this? Ham? *Prosciuto*, the knave says; very odd, I think—odd mephitic taste—sort of maremma twang! don't you think so? Then the eggs! what a horribly bilious complexion they have! The butter, too, how cadaverous! The very milk, I'm sure it's buffalo's—how lividly it looks! Then the tea!—the water! Horace bemoans the water here, and lost his supper by it then, as I shall do my breakfast. O, what would I give for an orthodox English meal! I'm sure the bread is made of malaria wheat. Taste it, Dominic—no, don't taste it. Dominic! Dominic! Look at the waiter, how green he looks! Those dingy house-dogs, how they go about slouching their tails and yawning at each other! and as for the cat, I swear she has no tail at all—rotted off no doubt. The very stones in the floor look unwholesome, I think, and there's a queer kind of silence all about that—come away, come away. Dominic, order the horses, directly."

"I have, sir, I have; but they're at grass yonder."

"At grass? then I'm a dead man."

"But stop a little; don't die yet; for see, yonder they come, a drove of some twenty of them, driven by a horseman from the pool they were feeding in."

"Dominic, we must fine the post-master for not having his horses in the stables ready, under the post-code."

"Post code! Lord love ye, sir! you're a young traveller, I take it."

"What?—hang together, do they? 'Robbers all at Parga,' eh? Well, *you* are an honest courier, Dominic, you know, and so I charge you, on your honesty, to make the postilions drive fast."

And drive they do, that's one good thing. They break in young horses here, on these level roads. Sundry vehicles have been broken too of late in the process, but you are pretty sure of a quick passage over, if you don't stop in the middle. They took us a post in half an hour, seven or eight miles, going full gallop all the way.

And are these the fearful swamps that looked to us, as we descended last evening from Velletri, so dismal under their grey haze, the dark cloud-like headland in the farthest distance lowering above the mist like a huge incubus? What a living and translucent emerald is all around! throughout the entire road are double lines, on each hand, of tall and slender trees that seem to have sprung up, rejoicing in the abundant irrigation; on each hand, too, innumerable droves of horses and their colts, mingled with herds of oxen, corpulent in shape and with broad horns of commensurate expansion, bask in the teeming pastures. Corn waves in the distance beneath the Volscian mountains that sweep on the land side in semicircle through the marshes; while towards the sea, forests of amazing foliage, grow and perish unmarked of human eye. A canal, all clearness, glides with swift current by the road-side, along whose green brink, even from whose very wave the living shrubs are springing—shrubs, and long grass, and numberless water-flowers. It is, in short, a scene of the richest, the profusest vegetation,—the most English-looking spot, in fact, in Italy. The air, perhaps, has something clammy and cave-like in its influence, and a sort of ghostly exhalation hangs about the Apennines, as we used to see it at Pisa, but no worse than there, that I know of.

Thus much for what the Pontine Marshes look, but what they are is another matter; abundant vegetation and unwholesome air being, I believe, in these climes, something like what Humboldt says they are in America and Southern Asia, two circumstances inseparable. For here is the unseen arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence mysterious and terrible that walketh in darkness; the very beauty of the earth is a sign of its corruption, and the softness of the atmosphere a sign of its falsity; as the herds of spectres—and such the miserable fishers and labourers that came round the carriage at the post stations literally appeared—sufficiently testified. Their features were absolutely livid to greenness, not a smile upon their faces of apathy; and for the old men, they were of the colour of mummies, and seemed hardly to have more life. We saw but two or three women during the whole passage.

The cause of this enormous mischief is, of course, that the slope of the land is not sufficient to carry off the hill-stream without artificial assistance. Until this assistance was rendered, the whole space between the Apennines and the sea, and this to an extent of twenty-four miles in length, by twelve in width, was more or less inundated: rains, and hill-torrents, and rivers, some of them sulphurous, the perennial tributaries of the ever-increasing evil, and while rank forest, dense thicket, and marshy fen overran the ground where cities afterwards rose, the stag, the wild hog, fowl innumerable, and the reptile spawn of never-cleansed corruption, became their population, and a thriving one too, for here every form of living existence, bird, beast, fish, insect, everything that has life flourishes, save the human being; the swine, even, which, with man, is said to be the only animal common to all climes of the earth, here leaving his competitor in the lurch.

If the sea, in the pagan pedigree, be the son of Saturnian earth, we may paraphrase the poet, and say that the salt marsh is the issue of Neptune, the earth-born's incest with his mother, and that the sins

of the union are visited on the offspring. But I think that besides the sea soil, the mountains to which this morass is drain, are many of them volcanic; if *both* circumstances combine to form this compost, *such* a maremma neglected must have been a charnel indeed, and we need not wonder that its poisonous influence affected the air of Rome itself.

The labours which first achieved the difficult task of counterworking this evil, clearing the course of the waters, and carrying them to the sea, draining the earth where they had stagnated, must have been stupendous; and when Appius Claudius, three hundred years before the era we date from, constructed his great causeway from Rome to Capua, in fulfilment of the conditions on which the latter city, no longer aspiring to independence, submitted to Rome, so immense was the treasure spent on the roads, and bridges, and canals, in prosecution of the work to receive the road, that in draining the marshes the Roman exchequer was drained too. The attention of Julius Cæsar was attracted, two centuries afterwards, to the subject, probably owing to the tendency ever existing to the recurrence of the evil—war, moreover, having arrested the entire completion of the designs of Appius. Cæsar contemplated a settlement of the difficulty, quite in his way, which was to command the Tiber to charge through the marshes, as though 'twere a cohort. This project, however, had a secondary object, of making a great naval station of Terracina, where the Tiber was to *debouche*, so as to supplant Ostia.

Any exigency, however, occurring in the reign of Julius, or in that of his successor, for Augustus was also called upon for labours to the same end, must have been comparatively inconsiderable, if Pliny's assertion as to the number of Roman cities, besides villas innumerable, which covered the marshes, have any approximation to truth, as the condition of the marshes must have been such that mere reparation only of the works could have been needed. Augustus himself, besides Mæcenas, and Atticus, and Sejanus after them, are named among the possessors in those days of territories here, and ruins bear their names to this day. These Roman lords, however, could never have held these possessions except as farms, or for occasional residence—it would agree with the migratory customs of the wealthy Romans so to do. Healthy throughout the year it is impossible this tract of black bog ever could have been.*

Trajan's mile stones mark the road still. He would probably find in his day more labour in rolling the stone of Sisyphus of these great works than his predecessors. Other royal workmen are on the record, but the last we can name, though not the least, is Theodoric. The royal barbarian was tolerant of his subjects' creeds, but zealous

* It occurs to me on reading these notes, whether Pliny does not mention these regions having been populated by Greek and Volscian *before* they were possessed by Rome. I have no means at this moment of referring to him. If it be so, there is a sentence or two of the text which would require adjustment, and in leaving them I must make some such apology as the Frenchman made for his long letter, that he had not time to shorten it. [Pliny says that the Volscians had thirty-three cities in the marches, but his assertion is now generally dismissed as absurd.—Editor.]

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in purging swamps; his spiritual successors in possession, were for ages too busy in harrying heretics to look after quagmires, and so let this increase and multiply, and demolish the earth, in contravention of behests they pretend to busy themselves about.

After Theodoric came the long night of war, and darkness, and devastation. Sixtus V., an able pontiff, furthered the projects of some of his better predecessors, but died of course in the middle of his work. Pope after pope that came after him projected and prated in their sleepy way. One formed a company, to drink the place dry, or some such thing, by a miraculous draught. But somehow or other nothing succeeded, rights of fishery, and shootery, and wood cuttery, and heaven knows what, rose up, each enough to impede a dozen conclaves, so that one sovereign pontiff stuck in the bog after the other, cast up his eyes and his accounts, paid his own and nature's debts, and died and made no sign. If it can be a great merit to do what it was great shame to leave undone, as Dr. Johnson might have said, why that man may deserve encomium who succeeds where many have striven but to fail. Pius VI., in finishing what had been so long the despair of his predecessors, clearly deserves all honour, more especially as any good done by sacerdotal sovereigns is such a god-send, we ought to be doubly grateful for it. The rich patrimony of poor St. Peter reaped golden advantages no doubt, the indemnity for the labour being a revenue of profit as well as praise. Still we, in flying along the pleasant road, cannot refuse our thanks to the obliging old gentleman, who has made the journey over a bog so cheerful, that we scarcely hail with delight the white walls and rocks of Terracina, which brings us to the end of it.

Impositum late saxis candentibus Anxur.

And still 'tis seen from afar, and as dazzlingly white as when, two thousand years ago, Horace sang it in his fifth satire, on his way to Brundusium with his friend Mæcenas, who was charged to negotiate with Antony for the termination of the war, and his marriage with Octavia, the sister of Augustus. And the song that sings that immortal peregrination will last as long, ay, and longer too, than Terracina lasts; or the high, and rugged, and tower-crowned rock above it, that seems beetling over the town as though to destroy it.

The picturesque ruin that crowns, at an immense height, this striking precipice, is admired by all, and examined by none. It seems the wreck of a huge structure. If it was the palace of Theodoric, there lived there a king of barbarians worthy a better fate than to rule the rude Ostro-Goth. Montesquieu deemed the biography of Theodoric worthy his brilliant abilities. He did not fulfil the design, and that is a reason some one else should. The ruin is much more likely from its site to have been the temple of Jupiter Anxur.

Walked past the town, as they were procuring the addition of one *visa* more to the hundred-signed passport, and sat, or sauntered, at the foot of the rocks, delighted to sun myself in something like warmth. All the choicest flowers spring there from every cleft in the sheltered bay, and odorous shrubs, wherever seed can lodge,

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clothe all the sunny shore, mantling the ruined wall, the crumbling tomb, the splintered rock: the bright green myrtle too is there, and the wild fig, and weeds more beautiful than all. Aloes grow in the thickets, and the cactus on the open rock. Every untended hedge, in fact, seems glowing like a hot-house bank, every diminutive leaf all cankerless and beautiful; and flowers that men tend and prize as treasures in less sunny climes, are common as the daisy. You may sit among these, listening to the monotonous music of the shining sea, with all around you a hallowed realm of classic and historical recollections. A dark foreland runs far out on your left, where the Apennines plunge into the sea, that glooms beneath their shadows—they probably have associations—many—though I cannot recal them. But on your right is Homer's headland of Circæum, where on the shore, in hoar antiquity, shone beneath the sun, the marble temple of her, the enchantress daughter of the Sun, Circe, and where the Iliad sends the companions of Ulysses to their foul metamorphose. Then all along the beach, far off and near, where now you stand, in the rocky pass you see, on beetling brow and bank, trod Fabius and his Romans, when here, in Anxur's Bay, he marshalled them to oppose, after Cannæ, in the second Punic war, the approach of the Carthaginians to Rome by the Appian Way.

But there are remnants of structures here at Terracina, that glorified old Auxur's mountain side, ere Fabius had fought, or the great Carthaginian wept as he drew back. Columns of Parian marble rifled from temples of most heathenish gods, uphold the Baldacchino of the Catholics' cathedral; remains even of Cyclopæan walls, whose battlements of old have gleamed with Volscian swords, are of the things the curious may see, and with them, if they'll search, the wrecks of structures reared near to the ruins of those very walls by the early Greek who stormed the Volscian's citadel. Here be sights, fellow traveller! the Volscian, the Greek, the Roman, and the Goth! empire sweeping over empire! The choked-up mole of the emperor Antoninus, is looked upon by the plastered façade of an apostolic palace. Antoninus Pius, and Pope Pius! Oime! Oime! that such things should be. Sigh we do, may-be, and muse awhile, standing where thus whole races of differing people, as though they were but passing generations, have risen to roll away. Kingdoms and great nations, like wave after wave, breaking on these now shipless shores, rising but to foam awhile and fall,—impassive Time the beach whereon they burst. Yet as we sigh as here we read the immutable inscription scored so legibly upon Decay's great tables of his law, shall we read wrong in drawing the same moral as they do here, unto whom all which seems to us so strange, is but as daily fare? And that? Why eat your Beccafichi, friends, and drink your Pulciano. Quid superbit terra et cinis?

The road coasts nearly the whole of this rock-surrounded bay. It obeys in this the golden rule of the Dii Viales here, which is, that the longest way round is, if not the shortest, certainly the best—for somebody at least—the postmasters, perhaps, who, I should think, in farming the posts, farmed the roads too, and cut them to their liking. I do not mean that at Terracina it could have been otherwise, but the

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lake of Vico, the lake of Bolsena, what was the road to turn and twist, and make so much of the circuit of them for? and why to scale Radicofani, except to double the distance by the parallel traverses, since the direct line would have turned the mountain altogether? No, the law evidently is to circumgyrate every lake, to circumvallate every hill, except it is out of the way, and then to scale it, (for they count posts by time a good deal, and not merely by distance,) and in short, to make the best of every impediment—for themselves; and the result is, that the road from Sienna to Naples does all it can to double the right line of the distance.

Not that I quarrel with it; no, not I; I have no onward flight to make, with a land of promise in the distance; and to me it seems that if driving were the end of travel, it were as good an end as most find when it finishes. The Sir Charles Grandison of modern politics, on his memorable journey from Rome, posted helter-skelter through the city we were wintering in, much as we might suppose an Atlas to have done, (if demigods travelled post,) on tidings that Hercules was tiring of his weight. Hearing so much of his arrival being looked for, as an Avater, *he* might well fancy the salvation of the country was in his pocket, and that delay would bring the world about our ears. But it was a proud hour, nevertheless, for the Tory Cincinnatus, for half the foremost kingdom of the earth to wait thus, and watch his coming—he, a private citizen, traversing the while half Europe over, with Fame hanging on his chariot wheels. *He* might rebuke the path that postponed his triumph, or the lagging steed that kept not equal pace with his all-great expectancy. With no such cause or excuse for discontent, slowly we wound our quiet way around the mountain shores of Terracina Bay, rejoicing more than repining thus to be held awhile among its many fascinations, to breathe its warm and odorous atmosphere, and bask in its welcome sunbeams. To us fame held forth no allurements, duty no calls, life no aim, ambition no blandishments—the present hour had no encouragement, the future hope no hope fairer than thus to linger in peace, with heart unvexed and mind at ease, where Grandeur was around the mountain's brow and Nature at her loveliest.

A few miles along the shore of the bay, and the road is crossed by a tumble-down wall, running from the steep rock on one side to a diminutive town on the other, Torre del Confini, designated as being the confines where Popery temporal terminates and the kingdom of Naples—I beg pardon, of the Two Sicilies—commences. And a bow-shot or two further, and shooting the arch of a small bastioned castle, you enter the Neapolitan custom-house, which is a little bigger than a watch-box, where trunks, as usual, are not subject to perquisition, for reasons satisfactory to most doganieri, and the post finishes at Fondi, the first town on the Neapolitan frontier.

Roman tombs are more thickly scattered around the Gulf of Terracina than other parts of the Appian Way. What huge structures these sepulchral monuments were! High circular mounds, cylinders rather, formed of unhewn stones jammed confusedly together, springing from a rectangular base of regular construction. Meant, they were, by public gratitude, or private pride, or affection, for indestructibility;

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and not unfitly: but the gods to whom they were consecrate remained not long to give even tombs a sanctity, and all their marble incrustations, inscription, epitaph, every record of the being they would immortalize, are torn away. Why he might as well have been thrown, like a Bactrian, to the hounds, as left there slumbering in a nameless monument, which seems, rather than eternize memory, to record but memory's death, and to eternize very oblivion. The "non tumulum curo, sepelit natura relictos," of Mæcenas, seems doubly wise, where we see so well how the springing bud and the green weed mark, but a few moons the later, the marble monument as the nameless mound. Happily the defects of the lapidary do not disturb us—that is, I mean, they will not.

I ought not to omit that the orange first appears really indigenous here in this sunny bay; the drainage of the hills, I suppose, yielding that copious moisture which must concur with heat to the perfection of the agrumi. There are abundant groves of them here. About Genoa they are more sparely planted. Indeed the rich flowing redundancy of meridional vegetation is first beheld here in the skirts of Magna Græcia. It may delight some Scotch laird among his heather to know that the gold of the broom was yet not unconspicuous among all this, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

We turn off from the sea at Fondi, an old, gruff, grizzled looking place; but it is picturesque in its way, being among a nest of naked rocks, from which it looks scowling down like a vulture from its eirie. They ascribe an antiquity to parts of the place which is as singular as its appearance. The ragged stones shovelled rudely together into its almost windowless walls, tell of the masonry of a period before Augustus draughted his veterans into it—or else of a much later one, which is much more likely. The place has a feudal aspect—nothing of Rome, except it is modern Rome.

In leaving this for Itri, the next post station, you thread the convolutions of a tolerably savage-looking pass, rough and bald, and forbidding enough,—the shrubs and trees that still cling about the chinks and fissures of the rocks, leaving their general aspect dreary and cold. These defiles intersect the dusky mountain chain visible to us from Velletri. The nearer aspect is cold, white, and calcareous, but they have fine quarries, many of the marbles of the Vatican having been dug from them.

In ascending, (which you continue to do, for this wild pass winds for miles among the mountains,) you again see Homer's headland. The unenchanting denizens of the wretched hovels here have nothing to remind you of the Homeric sorceress, but the degradation of her victims, and are without even that consciousness of their "foul disfigurement," which might be some redemption, and promise more. At Fondi, men, all finery and nakedness, that suggested nothing but the figures of South Sea Islanders, decked in incongruous presents from "Brother George," came grinning round us like apes; and one imp ran with us some distance, "proffering to weary traveller his orient liquor in a crystal glass to quench the thirst of Phœbus," which was appropriate. We found at length that rum was the orient liquor this son of Comus had to sell. In Itri, droves of wild-looking

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people were gathered in the narrow streets, all filth, and a bit of ferocity; but full of mirth and ill-managed merriment nevertheless. The men swathed in rusty russet cloaks, dyed as though to match their tawny features, with corded legs, bandit-fashion, while the women, huddled round the dirty doorways of their hovels, shouted out, "Lemosina! lemosina!" into one's face, still laughing, and screaming, and grimacing, with no small audacity all the while. Even thus early does one discern, in the character of the Neapolitans, that love of sloth, the unreasoning endurance of their state, satisfied to be and to be unmolested, and this, mingled with a tenacious sentiment of happiness superior to, and surviving, all crosses. It is this voluptuous indolence of spirit which has left it for the crown of Naples to see grow up into a sort of order in the state, a body of men who assume to themselves, without a blush, a name given to them in scorn of their abject qualities. And is it too much to designate the Lazzaroni as an order in the state in so feeble a government as Naples? For formidable in their numbers, they have actually so stood forward at different times—they have been so treated with—they have been enrolled as troops—they have been made to garrison the chief fortresses of the kingdom—probably too they are the bravest men in that kingdom—their deputies have been received by kings—they have been addressed in edicts by kings—and their chief, or Capo Lazzaro, elected by themselves, has been acknowledged by the government. This is one among many other things in Naples, which has no parallel in civilized Europe, though it may have in Asia or Africa.

That the personal deprivations the habits of these poor people induce—I recur to the inhabitants of the frontier—should lead them, withheld as they are by few moral considerations, to supply their need by the readiest means, none can wonder; nor should they, where temptation offers, among nature's fastnesses, an impunity in the convenient confines of two ill-governed realms—supposing it necessary to elude laws which are so easily defied—that the traveller, easy resource, should be made to bear the penalty. Happily for said traveller his safe conduct has been found to be more profitable than his obstruction. He finds five thousand buccaneers at Naples instead of fifty at Terracina; and though he is plundered quite as much, or more, he does not always find it out, and therefore is not robbed at all, according to the logic of Iago and the Neapolitans. The farmers of the public imposts pay the exchequer better terms, and all goes on pretty smoothly. And accordingly those forlorn looking places, where bandits and sbirri used to congregate, are now pretty safe. To be sure, a piquet of Neapolitan soldiers is posted here and there on the road; and the scenes are wild and savage, and the people lawless in demeanour, still the tales of wild deeds that used to be done, are, I suspect, the chief horrors now to be encountered.

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

MEMORY has conjured up an old-fashioned house, or rather mansion, built after the style of the Elizabethan hall, with steep gable, and heavy mullioned windows, under which ran a long range of slender pillars, that seemed almost unfit to support the widely-projecting balcony, that occupied the whole front of the building, obstructing the light from the lower windows, but at the same time forming an agreeable covered walk, when the weather made the garden unfit for a ramble. There then, gentle reader, will you rest with me a brief space on that old bench, where I have often sate me down on days gone by, and listen to the gossip of one who loves to muse amongst the ruins of the heart, and ponder upon the many changes, since I dwelt a school-girl in this ancient house. Look, there is the chamber where I used to sleep; ay, where I spent the very first sorrowful night of my life. Out of that lattice window, shaded by the mantling vine, many a time I have looked with eyes bathed in tears—those first sad tears that Nature consecrates to filial love and all the dear Penates of the household hearth. And there too, in that chamber, slept with me a beautiful girl, whom I was wont to call my mother. She was the flower of all the school. Poor Catherine! she lies far away now, beyond the wave, in the last bed that earth can give us. And I am living yet, (in whom life seemed not half so strong,) to tell her mournful story, which I will anon, when the busy thoughts my mind is teeming with have had their vent.

There is ever in human nature a proneness to recal the golden days of our childhood. Doubtless because being then too blameless to have offended the divine Author of our newly-created being, we had no sinful records, no sorrowful remembrances; but all was sunshine and mirth, expectation and hope; the flowers of to-day's gathering mingling their fragrance with the unfaded wreath of yesterday. Oh! how sweet is the eye of childhood, its artless glances directed to that heaven from which they seem an emanation! How sweet the voice of innocent lips, awakening all the harmonious music of life's opening prelude! Alas! that we cannot be always as little children, for, "of such is the kingdom of God."

But how inconsistent are the feelings of us wayward mortals! Of all the days of my life my school days were to me really the most joyless; and yet I cannot call to mind a single period, to which memory so frequently and with so much of pleasure reverts. Yes; those hours of moral restraint and mental improvement,—embalmed, as they died away, with the tears of childish regret for the home, and the too indulgent mother, that reigned, but never, alas! ruled, in that sweetest of all principalities, in the little world of the heart,—come back to me all sunshine and bloom, and, in the robes of innocence and the garland of hope, woo me to sing their praises. Ah! well do I remember that *first* day of parting. I was but seven years of age; and

yet the recollection of my sorrow even now is so vivid, that I can most feelingly echo sigh for sigh with the melancholy bard, when he says, "first partings are a lesson hard to learn;" for certainly no dunce ever went to school less learned upon that subject than myself. Hitherto I had been accustomed, as is far too often the case, to have my own way in all things; for my father was a philosopher in the real sense of the word, and my mother an angel of goodness and gentleness; the first was never moved to anger,—though in his absence I would get into his study, and make such wild havoc amongst his books and birds, that on returning he could find nothing in its place, but all litter and confusion, as though a mischievous kitten had been playing the destructive among his treasures,—and the other always full of pity and patience, opening her chamber door to every little knock of the spoiled child, when she came, brimful of anger and tears, to relate some fancied injury or real accident, and to which the cunning mode of telling gave both verity and magnitude.

I shall never forget that day, when the hateful carriage arrived at the door, which was to convey me from the arms of my tender mother to those of my governante, the most frightful bugbear ever conjured up by my childish imagination. For some short time before my departure, my attention had been excited, and my fancy pleased, with the preparations which were going on for the renovation of my wardrobe. I remember, in particular, with what pleasure (the earliest germ of vanity) I regarded a gaily-decorated dress-frock, and likewise a new bonnet, whose two rosettes of blue satin ribbon took a strong hold of my affection. But frock, bonnet, rosettes, and all, were forgotten, when at length the morning of separation came; and the trunk, bearing these important treasures, only called forth a fresh burst of sorrow, as I saw it fastened by that cruel cord to the front of the carriage which was to convey me into exile. After imprinting a thousand kisses on the cheeks of my mother, as bathed in tears as my own, and giving her all the riches I had hoarded up,—skeins of silk, though I never worked, and sheets of paper, though I never wrote, with a large box of pins, nobody knows how I came by them, for I do not know myself,—I got, or rather was pushed, into the carriage by my nurse; it drove off, and I felt like the malefactor going to execution. Nurse tried to divert my attention, as we drove from Clifton, and along the crowded streets of Bristol, pointing out the various shops and the officers in their gay costume. The band, too, struck up, as we passed along College Green: but though a soldier's daughter, and passionately fond of music, I turned, I cannot say a deaf, but an insensible ear, to sounds that, at any other time, would have set both my heart and my feet dancing. My mind was in a state of apathy to all things but home, and I do not think—indeed, nurse says so,—that I spoke three words all the way to my future purgatory. I, who was wont to talk so glibly—too glibly by half—was as silent as if I had just come out of the Cave of Trophonius, or been chosen handmaid to the goddess Tadita; so that if I had only been sent from home on account of my bad behaviour, my changed and most desirably quiet and subdued demeanour would have seemed to warrant a speedy recal.

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By the time we had arrived at the school, a large and, to me, most dismal-looking mansion, my eyes were so swollen, and my cheeks so blistered, with the torrents of tears, which flowed from the one and inundated the other, that a sense of shame made me hang down my head, that the young ladies, who were at the windows, watching the arrival of their most miserable new companion, might not see my woe-begone visage. Nurse, in her best black satin bonnet and chintz gown, went before me into the presence, I timidly following. The voice of my so-much-dreaded governante sounding, despite my prejudice against her, most kind and cheerful, I ventured to steal a glance at her, and saw nothing to frighten me in her really handsome face, in which both frankness and good-temper were strongly characterised. Miss R—— was then about forty-five years of age, somewhat tall, and on a large scale, but very alert in her movements. She had a fine fair open brow, a complexion of as pure red and white as I ever saw; and with a round formation of the facé, and cheeks showing neither bone nor wrinkle, was altogether a very agreeable-looking woman, and one whose very appearance would inspire confidence in the maternal heart, while committing its precious charge to her care. When, after duly settling things with my governante, my dear nurse departed, and I was left amongst strangers, my sorrow burst forth afresh; and no shipwrecked mariner ever cast a more hopeless eye round the desert island on which fate had thrown him, than I did over that large and really pleasant school-room, which was now to be the scene of my bitter regrets.

> When first from the home of our childhood we part,
> How cold strikes the world on the strings of the heart!
> Our sighs are unheeded, our tears flow in vain,
> Till home's kindred spirits rejoin us again.
>
> Poor pilgrims of earth, as we journey along,
> Through the regions of time, oft a flower or a song
> Will spread, as a map, all the past to our view,
> And show the *green spot* where affection first grew.

My schoolfellows, however, to do them all justice, looked good-temperedly at me; and some, indeed, gave me a glance of sympathy; but that was still more afflicting. I saw that I was an object of pity to them: what then must I be to myself? Certainly the greatest object of commiseration the world ever saw. On the night of that memorable day I went to bed supperless, and cried myself asleep. In the morning, on opening my eyes, the first object that met my gaze was the beautiful face of the young girl that slept with me—that very Catherine, of whose subsequent history I have promised to give a sketch. Her brilliant eyes glittering like gems, the rich roseate tint of her cheeks, and the ever-dwelling dimples around her arch and pretty mouth, seemed to indicate that school was not to her the purgatory I thought it must be to all. This set me again thinking; and my thoughts, after much consideration, were to the effect that my schoolfellow, being much older than I, (she was then sixteen,) she was of course more indulged; and also, what was self-evident, did not love her mother as I did. Alas! poor Catherine had no mother to

love; and to that source may be traced, perhaps, the misfortunes that attended her in after-life. The moment my companion saw that my eyes were open, she nodded to me over her shoulder, and asked me good-naturedly how I had slept. We soon became friends. And she waited for me till I had finished the important business of my toilet, telling me all the time something that let me into a knowledge of school ways, and the temper and habits of my governante and the teachers. At length down we went; and my worthy governess, and her worthy old mother, (who, by-the-bye, did nothing but sit by the fire and take snuff,) had each separately one of my most respectable and respectful courtesies, and saw as little of my red and swollen eyes as I could possibly help.

In a little time, however, my eyes began to look again like eyes; and needful and requisite it was they should do so; for the work they had to employ them was (according to my own estimate) astonishing. To have to commence upon a regular system I found to be a most extraordinary taxing of my patience. I shall ever remember that awful morning when, under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Nicholas D'Arcy, I first took my seat upon the high stool (of repentance to me) at the pianoforte. Obliged to run the notes up to the highest pitch of my voice, when my heart was in the very lowest key: as often as I thought of "*home*," (the magical word!) and my tender mother, and my dear good nurse, and the spiced gingerbread she had promised to bring me, the work of education was at a stand; and there I sate, with my book before me, and my master beside me, talking of flats and sharps, without a thought as to the real signification of either. Despite, however, my regrets for home, and my love for spiced gingerbread, (those formidable rivals of the divine art,) I at length accomplished one of the ends for which I supposed little girls were sent into the world. I learned the rudiments of sweet sounds, and was really amazed (as I dare say was everybody else) at my own execution when I began

> "Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,"

to play that most simple of all simple airs, "Hot cross buns!" Now my master had given me a hard (or what appeared to me hard) lesson to learn; but it seemed to me I was equally getting on, so I played something. And when, after making myself mistress of the tune, I began to sing "one a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!" I felt convinced in my own mind that I should quite surprise my master, and so I did.

"Well, miss, let me see how you get on with the lesson I set you."

"Not very well, sir; but I can play a song," said I.

"A song! O that will never do; you must not attempt such a thing yet; but come, let me hear you sing."

I began, 'One a penny, two a penny.'"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed D'Arcy, lifting up his hands in utter astonishment, "what a song!"

At last I began to take some pleasure in learning, and the "hot cross buns" were fairly laid upon the shelf, and mouldered away

from my memory, except when Good Friday came to remind me that there was such a cake eaten in remembrance of *Him*, whom my prayers, said in French, had well nigh made me forget! I confess it appears to me highly improper, nay, almost profane, to turn (as is so frequently done at school) the adoration of the Deity into a mere French exercise: to teach children to say their devotions in a tongue so new to them, that their whole attention must be directed to the proper pronunciation of words, instead of the holy purpose for which they are ostensibly lifting up their little hands to heaven. I would not be thought, in these remarks, to reflect upon the character of my good old governante, nor upon that of Madame Franquin, who was one of the best-tempered and most amiable of women, and instilled her French into the minds of her pupils in the kindest and most indulgent manner possible. No, I blame rather the system which fashion sanctions; and which, not only in this, but in various other important particulars, is too unmindful of the best and highest interests of young, and innocent, and immortal beings. Much has been said, much written, upon female education: but what has been done to carry fine theories into golden practice? Nothing: morally and religiously speaking, nothing. Weak and defective in its foundation, the light superstructure of accomplishments hangs together like the castle and pagodas which a child constructs with a pack of cards. The minutest motion, the lightest breath, disturbs their equilibrium, and down they fall. "To improve the mind," is the language of mothers, and the professed aim of education. What, then, is meant by this improving of the mind? Why, a most minute and slavish attention to the external graces only: to the formation of the manners, the improvement of the shape, the acquirement of all those light accomplishments and attraction that will in due season secure (that *rara avis* of winged joys to many) a good husband, or in other words, an eligible establishment in life. To that proud reward of so many years of labour, the young aspirant is early taught to look forward. For that, her voice (whether good or bad) must be trained betimes to breathe the soft Italian air, her feet to tread the mazes of the dreamy and immoral waltz, and her shape must be tortured at the risk of health, and even of life, into fashionable but unnatural proportions. And this is the christian mother's fitting out, for the voyage of life, of her little heirs of immortality! All, all is embarked upon the wild adventure of seeking the *terra incognita* of wedded life: beyond this no provision is made, no stores are provided. And supposing they find the promised land at last, and build love's bower of roses: why, then, while novelty finds food, love will thrive. But when the singing, and the dancing, and the playing, have been all exhausted, and become as tedious as "a twice-told tale;" when "Love's young dream" is become old, and the husband, vexed in mind with the realities of life, looks for the hearth made pleasant by the converse of a rational companion, he will find that all his expectations end only in disappointment and regret.

But to return to my young schoolfellow, Catherine M———. I have already endeavoured to enlist the feelings of the reader in her service, by mentioning that she was both beautiful and unfortunate,

two strong links in the chain of human sympathy. Her countenance was what might be termed richly beautiful; dark-eyed and jetty-haired, with that full luxuriance of health, that gives such a light to the eye and bloom to the cheek, as throws everything beside them into shade. Such a face, under the bright blue bonnet she used to wear, was not likely to escape notice: and when we went two and two, in prim order, to take our customary walk under the rocks at the Hot Wells, or on the Clifton downs, the beauty of Catherine attracted the eyes of the gentlemen so much, (particularly the military,) that it was a great annoyance to our worthy governess, who watched, like a Spanish duenna, the motions of her fair pupil, while the latter seemed no ways offended at the homage paid to her charms. One gentleman, a Captain Fitzjames, of the —— regiment, became so deeply enamoured, that he never rested till he got himself introduced to her, at the house of her cousin, Mrs. G———, of Clifton Wood. And if he had been struck with Catherine's person in her walking dress, how much greater was the danger of seeing her with her beautiful head uncovered, all its rich ringlets clustering her temples and throat, like a young Hebe! and then her expression, full of variety, and charming in all its variations, was sometimes "soft as dove's down,"—sometimes all archness and gaiety;—and again, her countenance, when seated at the instrument, would look like a St. Cecilia, the very soul of harmony. When she danced, it was considered a treat to watch her graceful evolutions in that most graceful of all dances—the minuet: and for no other purpose than to witness it came many ladies and gentlemen, on those days which were appropriated to visiters. Catherine had seen Captain Fitzjames many times before they became lovers, and had private meetings in the garden at night; so early does the youthful heart, if not taught betimes the indispensable duty of self-restraint, learn to wander from the right path into what may appear at first to be merely pleasant ways. But I ought to have mentioned that the beautiful Catherine was richly endowed by fortune, as well as by nature; a deceased uncle having left her forty thousand pounds on her coming of age, and independent of her father's control, who lived abroad. Her trustee and guardian in this country, Mr. Blake, was a worthy man; but he had a strongly rooted objection to all red-coats, considering them to be no better than adventurers in affairs of this kind; and he therefore refused to sanction the addresses of Captain Fitzjames. This, of course, (to one so little learned in the art of self-control as Catherine,) only served to fan the flame into a warmer glow. Catherine's father was a mere man of the world, and had dissipated a large fortune in following his own propensities for gaming, and other vices equally inimical to his character and interests. Residing in a distant country, he troubled himself but little about his daughter, (though an only child,) except in looking forward to the period when she would be her own mistress, and perform the promise she had made him, to pay all his debts, and make a handsome provision beside for his future wants.

That Captain Fitzjames thought nothing of Catherine's fortune, I will not undertake to affirm; but the first impression was certainly

made by her extreme beauty, and while he was in ignorance of those other advantages which his fair mistress possessed. The time of the nocturnal trystes alluded to was on the usual half-holiday, when the girls wandered "at their own sweet will;" pairing off with the companion each liked best, to read some story together, or open their youthful hearts upon sundry matters, of course important to themselves. At the side of the garden, which was a large one, was a narrow winding walk, leading to a small shed, where the gardener kept his tools. The garden wall behind this shed was sufficiently low for a person to leap over it with ease; and the laurels grew so thickly around, as to furnish a convenient hiding-place for any intruder. At this spot Catherine and her gallant lover held those stealthy meetings, that to romantic minds, (and most in their teens are romantic,) form half the charm of love. What mutual vows of fondness and fidelity did this youthful pair exchange! How soon to be forgotten, the events which I shall briefly narrate will prove. I, to whose presence, at the age of nine years, they paid no more attention than to that of the laurel bushes, have frequently heard those ardent vows, (while keeping watch for them on the stone step of the shed,) and I have, since I more recently learned the lamentable conclusion of Catherine's history, reflected often on their vanity and folly.

The time at last came, when Catherine was to leave school, to leave "old guardy," (as she called Mr. Blake, her guardian,) and to seek her native home beyond the wave. Her father, on the representations which Mr. Blake had made to him, had given his permission to her union with Fitzjames, who was to sail with her in the same vessel for Jamaica; and Catherine promised that on their arrival there she would become his bride. . All the school were sorry to separate from their beautiful companion, who departed from amongst us with hope's warm light playing round her heart, and making a rainbow of her very tears. Alas! she was then happy, and good—happy because innocent, and good because untried. I soon afterwards returned home, and I thus lost all trace of Catherine for many years.

She had almost vanished from my remembrance; or if in after life any passing event brought back to my mind the vision of my school days and school companions, and amongst them the young, and gay, and beautiful Catherine, I thought of them all as of a dream that had long passed away. I thought (when by any chance I did think) of them, as they formerly were, when I had known them, and not as they might have afterwards become—some gone to the grave—some experiencing the smiles, and some the frowns of fortune. All even probably so changed by the mere lapse of time, that we might have met and passed each other, without any sign of mutual recognition. I had spent but a very short period at school, having left it again at the age of ten years, so that I had the more completely lost all trace of my young companions. And to a certainty all were so far changed in the inward stamp and impress of the mind—all had so far put off, in their, alas! inevitable contact with the world, the guilelessness and the simplicity of childhood, that the chance of recognition in this respect would have been equally remote.

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It was after a lapse of many years from the time of my quitting school, that I became acquainted with Mrs. N———, the mother of a physician of high promise, who filled the chief medical appointment in one of the public institutions of the metropolis, and whose early and almost sudden death, about six years ago, plunged his mother and most interesting family into the deepest grief. It likewise called forth a public demonstration of respect and regret of the strongest nature from the governors of the institution, which Doctor N——— had aided with a degree of talent and unwearied zeal and benevolence, which it was universally admitted had been hardly ever equalled. It so happened that Mrs. N——— had been in Jamaica, and knew my former school-fellow Catherine M———; and from her I learned the particulars of her lamentable end.

During the voyage Catherine and her lover quarrelled; Captain Fitzjames grew jealous of his bride elect, and not without cause. She was no longer the fond devoted girl, that was willing to run any and all hazard to meet him for even a few brief moments in the school garden. Now become her own mistress, emancipated from all control—no longer obliged to steal the pleasure, sweet because forbidden—the charm of love was gone; and though she had bound herself to wed Fitzjames, she gave up all her time during their voyage to others, flirting and laughing away, heedless of the pain she was inflicting on the heart of a most amiable and honourable man. He complained to Catherine of her conduct; her high spirit would not submit to reproof, and on arriving in the island she broke off her engagement with Fitzjames, who shortly afterwards returned to England with prospects and hopes, how changed, from those with which he had quitted it! He had left his beautiful mistress behind him, without a hope of ever beholding her again. She was divided from him by a long, long distance; and, (more hopeless still!) she was now divided from him in heart. But he had abundant reason to be thankful, even for this, before any lengthened period had elapsed.

The beauty, wit, and large fortune of Catherine, soon brought a swarm of lovers to her side. She was the belle of the island—the admiration of all the men, and the envy of all the women, and might have been the happiest, as she was one of the loveliest, of her sex. But "conduct is fate" in most instances, and it certainly proved so in this. After flirting away a few months, Catherine became a wife: but not before she had nobly fulfilled one duty, and one promise which she had made—to provide for her father, and to relieve him from the difficulties into which he had fallen, by making over to him twenty thousand pounds, the half of her fortune.

What a mixture of good and evil was in her heart! Oh! had she but possessed a mother in those early days, when the tender precepts and counsels of a mother sink gently, and refreshingly, like the dews of heaven into the young and accessible heart of childhood, what a change might it not have wrought in the destiny of Catherine! From what an abyss of misery, and alas! of guilt, might she not possibly have been saved. The warning voice of that mother might have sounded, even from the grave, upon her daughter's ear; might have come, like far-off music, on her nightly visions, and her waking

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thoughts; and, with all the might of gentleness and love, might have stopped her at the threshold of ruin, and won her back to happiness and heaven!

But to return. Catherine soon got weary of the tie of marriage. Fond of display and admiration, the domestic hearth was too small a theatre on which to act her gay and thoughtless part. The man she had wedded, too, (though not altered since she married him, from what he was at the time she first gave him her heart,) was no longer the same object in her eyes. Alas! those eyes had wandered in unholy paths. But the sequel of her sad story is almost too distressing and too dreadful to narrate. The new passion which had alienated her affections from her husband, and plunged her ultimately into guilt, and its inseparable attendant, misery, was for a near relation, and a married man, and one, too, with whose amiable wife Catherine lived upon terms of intimacy and cordiality. But as if this were not enough, and to climax these circumstances of dreadful aggravation, the lady alluded to became the guest of Catherine. She went on a visit to her in the mountains; and at the expiration of a week was sent back to her own house—a corpse! A few days afterwards Catherine's husband died, with the same strong suspicion which attended Mrs. W———'s death, of having been poisoned. The matter however was not fully investigated, and suspicion might have rested where it did, without assuming any darker shade of certainty. But Catherine soon gave the final stab to her wounded fame, by marrying the object of her guilty passion. That, in the world's eye, set the seal of her condemnation. Every relation and respectable friend forsook her from that hour.

Her last marriage was, as may naturally be concluded, more unhappy than the first. The pair who had outraged every tie divine and human, to bring them together, cannot be supposed to have possessed any of those requisite qualities for that strong and steady attachment, which alone can form the basis of wedded bliss. The guilty couple soon separated: and from the time of their separation the wretched Catherine became openly abandoned, and was actually to be seen in the public streets of Jamaica. Good God! With the reckless mirth and bold visage of an impure, did the once innocently gay, and modest Catherine pursue her sad career; till, with her fortune expended, her beauty faded, and her frame wasted with disease —without a friend to receive her last breath, or a single mourning relative to attend her cold remains to the grave—died this beautiful victim to her own unbridled passions. Whether she was really guilty to the full amount of all laid to her charge, is known only to God. Let us, for the honour of our common nature, hope and believe that she was not. When I think of Catherine as in "the days of former years," when she was young, innocent, and happy, I cannot bring myself to believe it. I can never picture her to my mind as a lost and fallen creature! but as the same lovely and light-hearted girl, whose smile, redolent of joy and good temper, broke like sunshine upon my waking hour, in that old chamber, where (as I before said,) I spent the very first sorrowful night of my life.

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## PEGGY CANTY, THE SOUTHERN IRISHER.

I WAS sitting last night, writing a letter at a card-table, with my back to a bright fire, in my snug small parlour, a large saucepan with groats and water (gruel in embryo) was on the fire. Mary, my servant, with a sleeping infant across her knee, was sitting opposite the saucepan, the contents of which she occasionally stirred, when the most dismal yelling suddenly arose outside the hall-door. It was like an Irish "keening." There were apparently two leaders in the cry. Sometimes the sound of the shriller voice would die away, and a softer and more piteous one take up the strain. At first, I supposed some death had occurred; sickness being so prevalent this spring. But as the voices remained stationary in the street, neither taking refuge in any of the village cabins, nor moving forwards, as if aiming at a certain place, I changed my opinion, and concluded that some members of the overflowing population, being in the act of setting out for America, and, on the top of the hill outside our house, taking a last leave of their Ballyhooly friends, these latter thus vociferously demonstrating their sorrow at the farewell. But the mournful howling went on so long, that, in the end, I said I could no longer endure guessing, as something dreadful must have happened.

"Give me the child, Mary," I exclaimed, turning my chair at the same time towards the fire, "and do you go out and learn what is the matter."

She did not wait for a second command, she too having become excited by the melancholy cries; but throwing the infant into my arms, she hurried to the hall-door. Her going out was a signal to the two servants, man and woman, in the kitchen, to rush also to the scene of woe. They had been wondering what was doing, and only wanted such a license to start upon inquiry. The Irish are the most sympathetic people possible. They have hot feelings which boil over in an instant, strong affections which are caught by one touching sentence, lively imaginations which at once picture forth the circumstances of the sufferer. They have so much curiosity, too, that their sympathy is often brought into requisition. They never see a sad face without demanding the wherefore. Peggy Canty, my kitchen domestic, was the first to return.

"Well, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Two boys that are going to America, ma'am."

"Ah! so I thought." One never loses an opportunity of proving the wisdom of one's foresight. "Do you sit down in the corner there and stir the gruel. Is Mary coming?"

"Yes, ma'am, here she is."

"Well, Mary, what more news have you?"

"Two unfortunate boys, ma'am, going to America. The mother of one of them is crying herself sick; and, poor creature, she is to be

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pitied, to lose him this way, after all the trouble and expense she has had by him, for he is a fine scholar. She had him taught to read and write. He is her only child, and the father of him is dead this year back. He is the only one the old mother had to look to. Not a soul has she now to give her a lodging and a pratie of a cold winter's night, when the sickness of old age has come upon her, and prevents her from earning a sixpence in the week;—poor soul! she is to be pitied," and Mary wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"She is calling down curses, too, upon the head of John Daly, the steward," interrupted Peggy, "for summonsing him; and she says, that only to be out of the way of attending the court on a summons, and only for the disgrace of the thing, he would never have left here to go to America."

"Och, nonsense," said Mary, the head domestic, who was thus entitled to treat Peggy with something of a scornful air; "that would not have made him go to America, if he had not had a notion of it before."

"And for what cause was he summoned?" inquired I, as I gave the baby again to Mary, who sat down on a low stool at the back of my chair, which I had again turned towards the table.

"O, the steward was abusing him for idleness, ma'am, and calling him names; and he got angry, and gave the steward a blow."

"And who was bewailing the other boy?"

"His wife, ma'am," replied Mary; "he is leaving his wife and two children behind him."

Strange to say, the case of the deserted wife, which made more impression far on me than that of the mother, seemed not at all so much to affect Mary. It is pleasing to observe the attachment to parents, the respect for them, which subsists among the poor Irish. It matters not what may be the weaknesses, the failings of a father and mother, still gratitude and love sway the hearts and conduct of their offspring.

I resumed my pen now; but I could not write, so irresistibly ludicrous did I find the dialogue which ensued between Peggy and Mary; though indeed Peggy played by much the principal part.

Peggy Canty was as ugly a sinner as God ever formed, with a turned-up bit of spreading flesh for a nose, dirty-looking black elf locks, which it seemed impossible to bring into order; a soiled and tumbled white cap, flying off her head; a dark-blue cotton gown, pinned up behind, and displaying a bright-green stuff petticoat; and a spotted handkerchief, the two corners of which, behind, never met, covering her neck: it was crossed in front, and pinned under each arm, but it was never evenly settled. She wore strong thickly-soled brogues, which made a terrible clatter about the house; but she infinitely preferred, if she could manage to do it unnoticed and unforbidden, to slip about noiselessly and barefooted. Fine, broad, hard, sunburnt stumpers of her own she had. She did, on a Sunday, put on a light gown with white ground on which bright flowers were painted. There would be an attempt, also, to smooth her straggling locks; and her cap would, for an hour, be clean; but then, the first-mentioned was the ordinary and favourite apparel. I had got her into the house

to assist in the work while I searched for a more respectable woman. It is the most difficult thing for mistresses in country villages to provide themselves with servants. Twenty girls will come to hire with you, but two-thirds of them will be bonnetless, shoeless, stockingless; have lived nowhere as "helps," except at some poor farmer's; and consequently know nothing of the duties of servitude. For at an Irish farmer's, the indoor work to be done consists altogether in such things as washing firkins of potatoes, with which to feed pigs, fowls, horses, dogs, cows, cats, men, women, and children—potatoes being the staple commodity of feeding—and in cleansing a few broken knives and forks, unfellowed, and which are, after meals, stuffed into some dirty hiding-hole and corner, or thrust under the master's tick, by way of safety, that they may neither be stolen nor used, unless at absolutely necessary times. A knife is quite a useless thing, for instance, in peeling a potatoe. There is nothing required for this but grasping the root in the palm, and giving it a peculiar squeeze; when, like the husk of a blanching almond, the potatoe-skin will come off in the dexterous hand. It is the merest chance if a regular servant comes to you. Your only likelihood of hearing of such is in an establishment which they are about to quit, perhaps, from a fellow-servant who is aware of their intention of leaving, or in a large town, where they will flock if they are becoming needy from being long out of place.

Peggy Canty united that kind of simplicity which is so common to the Irish, along with the drollery, shrewdness, and wit, that are peculiar to them also. She was an ignorant creature, also—an epithet which a mistress always applies to a servant who makes too free with her—speaks to her on a footing of equality. It is often, nevertheless, the greatest knave who is most servile. Peggy, when she had taken the child occasionally, would seize every opportunity of putting in her spoke, to speak vulgarly; that is, though hardly in more elegant phrase, of introducing her prate.

"Do I know how to hold an infant, ma'am? Troth I do, ma'am; many's the fine child I have held in my hands; ay, and as large, and as fat, and as handsome, as this baby, every bit, great a beauty as you are, my little darling," planting the face of the child right opposite to her own, as she spoke, seating him on the palm of her hand, with her arm uplifted. "There was Mrs. Hennessey, the writing-master's wife, with her half-dozen children; and *he* was all out a gentleman. He used to be dressed as fine as the best of them. And the missis used to plait his shirts in such style, and to be so *particular*, brushing his coat every day, before he went out to teach at the houses of all the fine gentry."

"And how long were you living with Mrs. Hennessey?"—for, like most women, I have a latent love of gossip.

"Six years all out, ma'am. I never was in a house yet, that they were not wishing and willing to take me back to it, even after I had been two or three years away. My mistresses were over fond of me, fool as I am, and unknowledgeable and ugly. Mrs. Hennessey (God rest her sowl!) often said, that I kept the life in her when it was flying away from her."

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" How were you so clever a doctor?"

" O, then, mistress, she used," (when a fact has occurred but once, when it is even impossible that it should happen oftener, still the phrase, with these Southern Irishers, is " used;") " she used," then, " to be very bad intirely, with the cowld; and what used I to do, but, when the master was out, away with the pass-book, and bring up a couple of crackers from the baker's and a glass of whiskey from the publicans, and make a fine tumbler of hot punch. And the next time the mistress comes into the kitchen, ' Mistress,' says I, ' you mustn't stir from this until you drink every dhrop of this fine stuff; it will warm your inside and drive out the cowld.' And then I used to go and tuck her up in the bed, and she used to get up quite well intirely the next morning; and when she'd see me, she'd say, (God love her,) ' O, then, Peggy, you're my best docthur of them all.' "

" Where did you go after you left Mrs. Hennessey's?"

" Why, then, just to Justin M'Carthy's; and signs by I was, after I had been three years at Mrs. Hennessey's, for a couple of years with Justin; and then I went to Mrs. Hennessey's in Donerail again. But she died (God rest her sowl!) and the place was not the same to me it had been; and so I finished my second time there at the end of three years; and then back I went, to Justin M'Carthy's again: for no one ever lost to the value of an old shoe by me. Justin was a very comfortable well-to-do man in the world; and there was a deal of work to be done there—so many beasts to feed and so many labourers to get victuals for. Hard work I used to have hiding the knives and forks from them, for there were not over many, and we could not afford to lose any, and if I did not keep a close eye after them, they'd be hoisted away to the stable or the like."

" And where used you to hide them?"

" Under the masther's tick, then, mostly, ma'am."

" I suppose that's what makes you so ready to stuff things under our bed. It is a horrid dirty trick; and I desire you, henceforth, to remember there is a press for the house-linen."

*En passant*, I may say that I still continued to find rubbers and glass-cloths laid under the mattress. I called her to me, when I discovered the fact, for, if I do not scold while I am on the fret, I forget to do it. " Now, Peggy, what is the meaning of this? Did I not forbid you to continue this abominable practice?"

" Och, then, ma'am, sure didn't I do as you desired me? The things were under the masther's head, and you told me to take them away. I put them under the foot of the tick now. I do my best to please you, and I thought there was no harm in that."

To continue the story of Justin M'Carthy—" Justin treated me badly enough, after all, though he was always funnin' me and takin' a laugh out of me and a rise; for there was one day I was up earlier in the morning than the others; they had been the day before at Mallow Fair; and I saw, when I was stowing away the place, a big lump of brown paper like on the floor. I picked it up, and I found it heavy—heavy as lead. I uncrumpled the paper, and my heart jumped into my throat, when I saw shining in my face and looking bright into the eyes, twenty yellow goold sovereigns. I counted them one by one.

I thrust the precious bundle into my bosom; and, when I was afterwards dressing the beds, I hid it far in, under the very centre of the tick of Justin himself. I kept it hid there a couple of days; and there was no talk about it—it was not missed; for Justin thought he had put it, at night, into the safe to keep. But he had too much grog in him, afther the day, to be very clear-sighted. Well, the third day, I took it in my hand to Justin, and I says to him—'What'll you give me for what's in my hand?'

"'Just nothing,' said he; 'what worth anything could you come by?'

"I opened my fist; and when he saw the shiners he made a grip at them and grinned with joy."

"'Well, any how,' says he, 'though you're a cracked, you're an honest divil.'

"'Won't you give me a sixpence, now, masther, to buy a pot of porter?'

"'What? would you want to be making a baste of yourself, and getting blind drunk? No, no; away wid you, and wash the praties for dinner.'

"And they all thought, and had it, that he used me very ungrateful and ungenerous."

She enlarged not on the anecdote; but can we not imagine the mental struggles of which she was conscious at the time? Though, it may be, they had now escaped her memory, as unworthy a recollection. If one had the cleverness of Elia, one might write a delightful essay on the subject, as he did on a somewhat similar incident, in the life of Mrs. Crawford, the actress—little Barbara S.—is not that the name he gives the heroine of his story? The sudden elation of Peggy, at the sight of the treasure held in her own hand—grasped as hers—a portion sufficient to secure her a dashing husband—a portion sufficient, in the fertile imagination of the small-demanding easily-satisfied poor Irish, to raise her above present and perhaps future want—(but they rarely look into futurity)—may be written alongside Barbara's first contemplation of the golden guinea at the foot of the staircase. But then Barbara's case was the more delicate, the more interesting of the two. For the money was *given* to her, and by the person who had a right to bestow it. She might readily have allowed herself to be persuaded that the manager meant thus to reward her superior abilities, her attention, and good conduct. The two days and two nights, during which Peggy kept the money hid, and was deliberating whether she might retain what was never missed, when, in all probability, she would never be suspected of the theft, may be set beside Barbara's doubting, undecided ruminations on the staircase. But Barbara had the refinement, or rather the purity, of youth, about her; and her wavering virtue was more quickly strengthened than Peggy's The ungrateful treatment of Justin was as trying to Peggy as was the cold, unobservant, matter-of-fact, unthinking, unsurprised, resumption of his property by the manager. Yet it was a sensual gratification for which the coarse-minded Peggy wished. But the gentle little girl, perhaps, and most likely, formed no actual wish; though one word of commendation, of gentle praise, would have been most grateful to her, aspiring as she was, at least during the instant of noble im-

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pulse, after the perfection of goodness and the beauty of virtue. And there was a wider world of happiness in the overflowing bosom of this good child than in that of the uneducated rustic, whose joyful consciousness of having done honestly was nearly drowned in the disappointment of the pot of porter.

"Where else did you live?" asked I, not choosing to give her so much liberty as she would have deemed herself free to take, if I had lauded her. Be it observed, that, during this series of questions and answers, I had my pen in my hand, occasionally writing a word or two, as if she were not worthy entire attention—my eyes drooped on my paper, never once raised to her muddy-complexioned and yet bright-gleaming visage.

"I lived a long time, too, ma'am, with Mrs. Preston; and she was a ra'al lady, though misfortinate—poor crature!" I had often heard the story of Mrs. Preston's fallen fortunes and altered circumstances alluded to, since I came to this part of the country. But all the particulars of the case with which I was acquainted, were merely that her father, Mr. Illman, had been very rich—one of the richest men in the country—that Mrs. Preston was his only daughter, his only child, sole heiress of his possessions—that she made a runaway match with a pennyless fellow, which was a death-blow to her father, who doated on her—that by some unaccountable and strange series of losses, Mr. Illman, her sire, in his old age, was so reduced, as to be obliged to take up his abode with his poverty-stricken son-in-law, and to be dependent for subsistence on his last parcel of property, a farm, worth but fifty pounds per annum. Every one spoke in pitying terms of Mrs. Preston, whenever she was named. Bundles of old clothes were collected by her acquaintances of former days, and sent in charity to her. People, whom then it would have been considered beneath her to visit, or passingly to greet, now compassionately gave her needle-work to do, for which they paid her handsomely. She was famous at making tippets and muffs, of the under plumage of the —goose! which were prettier than swan'sdown: the wind when it passed over the feathery snow, causing as admirable picturesqueness, (though in a miniature way,) as when it sped across a barley-field. And now I listened with more avidity to Peggy's anecdotes, than in the case of either Justin M'Carthy, or Mrs. Hennessey.

"Did you live with Mrs. Preston before her marriage?"

"Indeed I did, ma'am; when she was living in state at Elmington, with her father, rustling about in silks that would stand on end. And, by the same token, Mr. Broderick, of Kleving Castle, that afterwards married the great Miss Dalton of Dublin, who brought him such a fortune, (and it is she knows how to spend it,) was courting her at that time. And, whenever she heard him talking with her father in the parlour, (she used to be in the garden, for there was a glass door between the two,) she would run to her own room, and hide herself, (saving your presence,) under the bed. And Mr. Illman would go searching the house for her, and not know where to think she was; and I, to be sure, would not let out I knew her secret. More betoken, she was then three months in the family-way of her first child."

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"So she had married privately, I suppose."

"No, 'deed mistress, she wasn't married for a couple of months after that."

"Can that be possible?" said I, moved from my assumed imperturbability. "Then, indeed, I am surprised that every one sympathises with her so unblamingly, never appearing to recollect her crime. I *did* feel the greatest interest in her. But I must acknowledge it is now greatly, although involuntarily, lessened. I *had* a respect for her misfortunes, which has vanished."

I am sorry to say this class of Irish of which we are now treating, deems far, far too lightly of the sin of breaking the seventh commandment. I thought it well, therefore, not at present to check the involuntary severity of my sentiment and language. At the same time, I looked upon it as speaking well for human nature, that although I had heard Mrs. Preston so frequently mentioned, and by so many, I had never received the slightest intimation of her folly. Our evil deeds are not always written on brass. Is not this silence a surprising and an interesting phenomenon? If I had heard her spoken of but by one, and that a kind, good-natured person, the circumstance would not so much have astonished me. But men and women, ladies and gentlemen, had named her; and her fault they seemed to have buried in oblivion. Railers against humanity, behold this beam of light on the dark surface of original sin.

"And what's more, mistress, her nurse told me that only a year before, she hated the sight of Mr. Preston so much, and was so inveterate against him, that nothing could induce her—not all her father's entreaties—to sit at the same table with him."

Mr. Preston was her first cousin. Her father's sister had married beneath her, and this was the offspring of her union. Mr. Illman, a good-natured person, (although he had never allowed his sister to darken his door after her marriage,) had always given this youth a home. But further, fact sayeth not. Mr. Preston picked up, as they went straying, the elements of reading and writing, otherwise his education was naught. He was, besides, a plain, red-haired, ill-mannered boor. Such are the vagaries of the female heart! The ill-treatment of his sister by Mr. Illman, was thus revenged by the union of her son with his daughter. And young Preston's acting thus basely and ungratefully, may go to prove that it is wiser to teach the mind, than to feed the body; and that subsistence is worthless, if education be not superadded.

"Was Mrs. Preston in great distress when you knew her?"

"Troth and she was, ma'am. I was for ever going messages to this place and the other, bringing presents for her. At one great house I would get, may be, a pound of tea, and a half stone of sugar; at another a bag of potatoes; at another, a quarter of mutton; at another, a crook of jam or butter. And when I'd go back to her with my luck, she'd be mighty pleased, and say, 'Well, Peggy, I need never want so long as I have the use of my pen. It is only whip it up, and write a line, and we have all we desire.' And in all the bits of notes she sent by me, she used always, (saving your presence,) to make a sign, meaning, 'You may trust the bearer;' intending that

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they need not be afraid the crooks of jam would be tasted by me; for her other servant was found out robbing her from the gifts they sent her. But she knew *me* to be honest."

"At any rate, we can say of her," remarked I, "that she was a clever beggar."

"True for you; and that same was often all she had to live by. Well do I mind the day that I used to go to the little shop of the woman that nursed her, and ask her to give the misthress a twopenny loaf on trust; and she used to refuse me—the woman that used to be dressed in silk at the misthress's cost—that lived with her from the time she suckled her, a babby, until she married; and that the misthress, in the height of her grandeur, not a whit proud-like, used to have sitting along side of her, as she rolled along in her chariot with four horses—that very woman refused her. Evil blight her! And I used to get the bread from a sthranger, for the sthranger had not so flinty a heart. And I would not tell Mrs. Preston of the *cruelty* of her nurse; for I knew that it would vex the sowl of her, and that she would fling herself down on her bed, and cry until she grew sick."

Good feeling on the part of the poor creature, thought I.

"Why, Peggy, you must be very old, to have lived in so many places."

"And you may say that, indeed, ma'am," said Mary, who entered the room just then, laughing quizzically over at Peggy, as she spoke.

"Och, then, you needn't be after laughing at me that way, Mary. Didn't you hear the masther say there was not so much difference between us?"

Now Mary, I take it, was about seven or eight-and-twenty; and Peggy about a score of years older.

"And what age are you?" asked I, anxious to know how old she would admit herself to be.

"Why, ma'am," (could an Irish servant answer straightforwardly?) "I was only eight years old when I first went to sarvice, and I have been sixteen years in place."

"Sweet little girl of twenty-four!" said Mary. And the epithet stuck to Peggy ever after.

Mary, though a very clever servant, was deficient in Irish wit. Though she could enjoy, to the full, comic power in another, she had little of that ability herself. Strange, our best, cleverest, smartest, quickest, readiest, male-servant, was likewise wanting in the national drollery.

"And so you are only just twenty-four?" said I, looking straight into Peggy's face.

"Not much more, in troth, ma'am. Not more than seven or eight-and-twenty, indeed!"

There was no use in telling her that her former calculations were thus by her own acknowledgment proved worthless. The Irish have a facility in appearing too simple to understand reasoning that might bring themselves in guilty. Whether there is more knavery or folly in this simplicity, I am unqualified to affirm—perhaps a combination



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of both—real inability to follow the words, the clauses of your argument, though the readiest comprehension of its drift and intention. But after this long preamble, it is time to tell the anecdote, with the object of relating which, I originally set out.

"Och then," said Peggy to Mary, "I pity those poor boys, to have to go the road this dark night."

"Yes," said Mary, "and to go the voyage in such stormy weather."

Cork, the sea-port from which they were, in the morning, to embark for America, was two and twenty miles distant from our village, Ballyhooly.

"And more," continued Peggy, "I pity them for having to sail in a ship."

"Why, were you ever at sea?" inquired Mary.

"I was, and I was not," answered Peggy. "But I'll tell you how it happened. Six cousins of mine went over to England, one after another, and they all prospered. They got places at once; and went on from being under, to becoming upper servants. Two of them are now married, and able to let rooms to lodgers. Well, they kept writing year after year to me to go over, and telling me I might be sure of getting on as well as they did. I was a long time thinking of it first, and then a long time before I could put together as much as would take me there. But at last I had it in a lump."

"How much was the voyage to cost?" asked Mary.

"Just ten shillings, then," said Peggy. "Judy, my *sisther*, wanted me to go in the big ship with the pigs, and that I'd get over for five shillings. But no, says I, I'll go with the quality. I'll see the best of them, and the finest of ways. And if we're even drowned, when we're half way down the river, why thin the genthry and I'll go down together."

"And what benefit, in the name of goodness, would that be to you, you fool?"

"Every good, to be sure; and you needn't be laughing. Wouldn't the quality and me be looking at each other as we were diving, and grasping at one another, and grappling with our hands at one another's necks? All equal-like—all kind to one another—the grandees fond of poor me then! And would not that be a comfort, you heretic?"

"May be so," said Mary, rather doubtfully, it must be confessed.

"Well, poor Judy came along with me, tearing her hair, and crying her eyes out for grief, till within three miles of Cork. 'Och then, Peg avourneen,' says she, when it came to parting, 'in arnest when 'll you write to me?' 'In six months I'll write to you, Judy honey,' says I; and, in troth, the heart of Nelly Roche, the mother, or of Nancy Doyle, the wife, out there, could not have been sorer than hers at this farewell, poor cratur! for we were twin sisters, and had always been loving to one another. On then I went; and I prepared myself again the road in the fine Cork shops, with all they tould me I should want. A couple of lemons ——"

"A couple of lemons—you goose, what would you want of them?"

"Why to keep in my hand, and to suck out of the ends of 'em—

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for they tould me I'd be sea-sick, and they'd be good for the curing of it."

"And what else had you?"

"An ounce and-a-half of tea—no, an ounce—yes, an ounce and-a-half—and a pound of sugar, and a sixpence worth of bread, and such like."

I strongly suspect, however, that poor Peggy, in order to increase her grandeur and consequence, drew the long bow as to her provision. Half an ounce of tea, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and twopence worth of bread, with a bag of potatoes, would probably be nearer the truth.

"Well, I got into the steam-boat; and there was a great crowd about, and a power of gentles in the place above. I sat down, I and another girl, Norry Stack—you know that was the year she went over—we sat down on a bench, a fine long sate prepared for us, and had all my victuals in my apron, on my lap. We were very comfortable. Another boy and girl, when they seen us, came over from the other side to keep us company. And there we were, jogged about a little now and then, by the sailor men, who were in a terrible fuss at getting ready. At last I sees one of 'em give a great flap of something. 'Och! that's what?' says I, in a quandary already. 'Hoot, you fool!' says Norry Stack, 'hold your tongue, and don't be afther making a goose of yourself. Don't you see all the gintlemen staring down at us? Mind yourself, or they'll be grinnin' at you.'

"I was trying to do as she bid me, but trembling all over with the fright of something or other, I didn't well know what. My heart felt working up to my throat. I tried to gulp it down, but I could not. Still I was middling quiet, though all I could do, I was not able to talk as if nothing was the matter. Now, just when I thought to myself—well, if I had but a glass of hot punch I'd be as cool as a cucumber—a shot like came upon me, and whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr, thundered about my ears."

Her imitation of the steam rushing out was excellent. There was a liquid, rolling fluancy in her *rs*, which astonished me.

"'My God! my God! Norry,' says I, jumping from the sate, 'what is the matter, for the love of Jesus?'

"'Didn't I tell ye to be quiet, curse ye!' said Norry, mad at her being my acquaintance, and I so fearful. But I minded her wrath not a straw; and I kept dancing about the deck in terror, until another whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr, struck me dead again.

"'Och, och, och!' I screamed, 'what 'll become of me? Captain, captain jewel, captain darlint, I've just heard my mother's dead, and she has sent for me to go to the wake, (though, God rest her sowl, she was dead this seven year,) captain honey, for the love of God give me my money, and let me go to my poor corpse of a mother.' With that I ran to the little gap I remembered we had come in by, and I clapped one foot on the bank, (the quay she meant,) intending, if the packet went on, which I was sorely afeard of, the first move I felt, to take up the leg that was in the ship, and to throw myself off to the landside."

"And would you have left your money?" asked Mary.

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"Och, ay, and twenty times as much, if I had had it. I would have given them limons and all to be let off of going. Still I thought, if I could, to come by my ten shillings; and so I calls out to the captain again, 'Captain avourneen, my money, my money; give me my money, and let me begone.' Just then out burst another whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr. 'Och! let me go, let me go; captain, let me go.' By this time all the gintlemen above had come over me, and, leaning along the rails, they were laughing as if their sides would burst, and the tears were running down their cheeks. 'Be off with you,' says they, who's houlding you?' 'My money, my money!' I roared out; 'give me my money!' The captain came up by now. 'Keep that woman,' says the laughing gintlemen. 'Lay hold of her, captain. Have her tied to the bench. She'll be worth her weight in gold to us on the passage, and keep us in laughter the whole voyage. She'll make us forget to be sea-sick.' Another whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-rrr. 'Captain, by all your hopes of heaven, give me my money,' says I, runnin' over and kneeling down before him; and thin, at once, for fear the ship would go off with me, I ran back to the gap between her and the land, and settled my legs across the ould way. Well, God bless him! the captain in the ind gave me my money; and the gintlemen above threw down a sixpence to me, for making them merry. So, joyfully, with my ten and sixpence, I jumped on shore. I gave a kind parting nod to Norry Stack, in spite of her impudent anger with me. I was too happy at being safe on land, and free of the packet, which said, whur-ur-ur-rrr, whur-ur-ur-ur-rrr, to bear malice against any one. I walked up from the steamer to Kit Mant's, the woman from here that keeps the lodging-house in Cork; and, next morning I set out for Ballyhooly. I got to Judy's house just as she was turning out the pot of praties for supper. And glad enough she was to see me; never minding my having disappinted her of the letter I was to write her in six months, and coming home before it myself. 'Well, may be,' says she 'afther all—though it's a pity we went to all the bother of preparing—may be, afther all, you're as well off staying in ould Ireland, without bettering yourself.'"

But the story tells badly in repetition. The heroine's recital of her adventures was irresistibly droll. By the time her tale was ended, the gruel was boiled and the baby awake. "Here, Mary," said Peggy, "this gruel is done; do you pour it out, for I do nothing right; and give me the boy. Where was my son, my darlint child? where was he all the day from me? He's beginning to know me, ma'am. Well, all I want or wish for, is, that he should cry after me, and then I'll be happy. Your nightcap's too small for ye, sir. Toss it off. Leave it for your brothers and sisthers after you—the twelve that's coming."

"The Lord save us!" said Mary. "Well, ma'am, I'd only like you to have one little girl more, and that would be enough."

"Arrah! get out of that," returned Peggy. "When I'm married I'll like, at the laste, to have four of them—two boys and two girls, that they may carry my body to the grave: that's all I'll want of 'em. The Lord love him for a son! He's going to sleep again—[cough,

cough]—he's used to my coughing now. It used to wake him at first; but now he knows it as well as I does meself—[haw, haw, haw! horse laugh.] And the masther does something for all of 'em but me, and I was sick enough last week with this '*blue plindy.*'" Thus designating the prevailing *influenza*, a word which the poor cannot in general get over, and they therefore speak it thus.

"And, sure, what did he do for me aither?" asked Mary.

"Och, but it's the misthress that's careful of you—not maning to say she didn't give me something too—a *lameltic*, by the same token, she gave me." * * * * *

Peggy Canty is an honest, poor soul; and yet such a loud, boisterous, unteachable creature, that one must get rid of her. There is no making her learn what is right; she is either too old, or too wilful, for instruction. She must have her own old, dirty, vulgar way. And as to acting the genteel servant for visitors, if the other domestics are out of the way, it is not to be expected of her. Still there is a genuine, Irish hospitality in her nature, which carries her through after a manner of her own.

"Is Mrs. Langley at home?" inquires a lady from a carriage window.

"No, ma'am; but she'll be in shortly," returns Peggy. "Will you walk in and wait for her? There's a fine, dear, red fire in the parlour, that'll warm a body cheerily this frosty day."

"Is the groom there to take my horse?" inquires the next comer, a gentleman.

"Owen! Owen!" screams out Peggy, giving her first bellow into the guest's ear, making it tingle, and the steed start aside. "He's out, sir," she says, returning from a search in the yard. "But I have opened the gate; and sure it would be hard if you and I, together, could not put your horse into the stable." With that she clutches the animal by the mane, and drags him away, as if by main strength.

The author of the "Guilty Tongue" might read Peggy Canty a lesson on her disobedience to the third commandment: and her language is often gross besides. If I send a message to her by Mary, implying that I cannot admit of such discourse, she will make some such answer as this—"Ah! then, Mary, I'm sure I did not think there was any harm in what I said. I only repeated what was said to meself."

But it is the inherent love of coarseness which prompts her, she fancying it will meet a corresponding taste in her auditors. When something beyond the beyonds had once escaped her, she confessed herself to have been sorry for its utterance, the instant after she had given voice to it. It appears as if she had no restraint upon herself—as if she could not check her inclinations—as if her impulses were irresistible. I dwell on her, for I consider her a fair specimen of women of her age, rank, and habits, in the south of Ireland. Her *whur-ur-ur's* were given with a ringing flexibility, and power of utterance, which lent them a wonderful effect. You might fancy you heard the steam boiling up, and saw the thick, dense column of vapour ascending. Her singing voice was a cracked thing; and my

husband considered it an emblem of herself—a horse-magog of a woman. She sang out of time and out of tune. Yet there was a liveliness in her style—a markedness in her execution—a spirit and vigour in the whole, which gave one to understand she was not entirely unmusical. Her songs were often, notwithstanding all their faults, rousing, touching, exciting, and effective; particularly those to which she put Irish words. And, in her own vulgar way, there might be applied to her Madame de Staël's philosophic and favourite phrase, "*elle a beaucoup d'âme.*" There was a soul about all Peggy Canty did—a bustling activity—a life and animation, that were enough to rouse one out of a fit of the vapours. The child laughed more for her than for any one else. Her talk was his greatest amusement. No circumstances depressed her, at least while in my house; for her stay there was a perpetual excitement to her: she had never before lived in such a respectable one. She used often to say, while with me, "Why, ma'am, I'll think myself fit to go into a palace after having lived with you."

Peggy Canty was very sick, a day or two after she came to me, with a heavy cold. But the sister of her sister's husband was going to be married, and she asked leave to go to the wedding. (A person attending a marriage of this kind, intends to sit up all night with the carousers, in a damp mud cabin.) She would be at home at seven o'clock in the morning, she said, to light the fires. She would remain up all day, and do her work as usual.

"Very well; if you promise all that, and are determined to perform it—go. But I think you would be much wiser, with that heavy cold, to stay where you are, and to go to your comfortable bed at a reasonable time. At all events, remember you make no complaints about your cough, if it increase tenfold on you. You must bear it patiently in silence, for you will have to thank yourself for it."

"Thank you, missis," said she, dropping a curtsey: and, hearing voices outside that she recognised, she rushed out of the parlour into the hall, and from the hall into the village street. After a few minutes she jumped into the room again, vociferating, "Mary, they're married—they're married, afther all."

"Why, was there any fear of their not being married?" I asked.

"O dear! ay," ma'am, there was," returned Peggy: "though the girl's a dacent, honest crature, as ever lived, and every bit as good as he, (the bridegroom.) But, then, he's an ounly son. And mothers think they can niver meet good enough for such. And *his* mother was away down to the priest this morning, and says she to him, 'If you marry them, I'll lave my curse with you and yours for ever and ever. And sure the boy has no right to marry, wanting his own mother's consent and blessing. And you no more have right to marry him against my lave and license: and, look ye to it—for, son and wife, and the priest that wed them, and all concarned, shall have my curse this blessed day, if it isn't stopped directly.' But the priest has married 'em, in spite of the mother and her curses. I thought I knew Judy's voice going up. Missis, may I go now?"

In about a quarter of an hour she walked into the dining-room

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again, looking somewhat abashed. "Misthress, tell me if I seem queer in Mary's cap, and if you say I do, I'll not wear it."

I raised my head, and looked at her. If her face was broad before, it now appeared ten times broader. The full quilled net border, stuck out like porcupine's quills round her head. It stretched from one ear to the other, and lent her visage the addicional breadth from her jaw; for each ear was uncovered.

"That cap will be thought much finer than the muslin," I replied; though I could not refrain from laughing at her ludicrous appearance.

"Och! Mary," said she, dragging off the net cap, "I tould you they'd be mocking me. Give me my own ould thing agin."

"Be quiet," said Mary, "you look very well with that;" while she smiled a contradiction.

"Och! do I thin?"

"To be sure you do," continued Mary.

"And what does the missis think?"

"That you had better wear Mary's cap," I answered.

"And what's that you have got on your feet?" said Mary, looking down.

"Just your slight shoes for dancing in," replied Peggy, glancing pleasedly at the polished brogues, whose nails were not quite so large, it may be, as those in her own, this constituting their fitness for the reel.

"Well, Mary, is Peggy come home?" I asked next morning of the former, when she came to dress me.

"Yes, ma'am, and such a sight as she was when I opened the door for her—mud and gutter up to her knees, as if she had been wading through deep roads the blessed night."

"What was the cause of that?"

"O, ma'am, when they got tipsy, I suppose they were spilling punch, and hot water, and tea, about the ground, and made the mud floor a puddle of dirt. There was a great fight there, too, I hear, though she does not like to own it."

"About what?"

"The house they were married in, ma'am, (which, to say the truth of it, is not worth two pounds,) was given with the bride's sister, as her marriage portion, on her wedding Jack Mahony. The girl that was married last night, and her mother, have ever since lived with Mahony and his wife, the other daughter. But to induce Maurice Dundau to marry Biddy Finn, Mahony consented to his being told that the house belonged to Biddy, and not to his wife, so that the two sisters were portioned off with the one cabin. Mahony was well pleased during the period of courtship at getting the sister-in-law off this way. But, when they were in whiskey last night, Maurice Dundau, the bridegroom, asked possession; and Mahony, with an oath, refused it, swearing that Maurice should never, while he drew breath, set foot in the house, as his own, mean rascal that he was! Jack Reddin interfered to make peace; saying, that Maurice Dundau was as good as any other boy that had married into the family. Whereupon Mahony turned round upon him. Mick Duhane stood up to take Jack Red-

din's part; and, presently, the whole party, women and all, were at cuffs and blows. Tea-things, plates, dishes, knives, and spoons, went rattling and smashing about. Pots and pans were kicked hither and thither. Some of the guests, more top-heavy than the rest, stumbled over the saucepans, and were laid prostrate; cudgels being wielded over their fallen bodies, which came in for more than an occasional trample. The bride, unfortunately, coming between Mahony and her husband, who were the most virulent of the combatants, got a gash from a knife in Mahony's hand—an ugly cut, right across her cheek, from her ear to her mouth. And she was here this morning, at the Dispensary, making excuse for her cut, that, as she had been standing against the partition wall of the cabin, a slate had fallen from the loft, and injured her thus."

Peggy Canty, though she escaped with one or two bruises, looked sadly cut up, as she went about her work, and did her best to keep herself awake. When she took the child for a few minutes in the evening, her inharmonious voice was more than ever out of tune—as much astray as one's efforts to soothe an infant by singing, when it wakes one suddenly from a heavy sleep.

"Well, Peggy," said I, when I had an opportunity of speaking to her, "I hope you had a pleasant night of it. How many tumblers of punch did you drink?"

"Only one, indeed, ma'am. But I took care to sit near the sugar, and I helped meself to plenty of it. I made two or three hot drinks, as sweet as syrup, for meself, of sugar and wather."

"And so you had a great fight?"

"Fight, ma'am! what put that into your thoughts?"

"Oh! you need not deny it."

"'Pon my soul, ma'am, there wasn't a blow at all struck; for we all got together, and turned Jack Mahony and Maurice Dundau out of the house, and put our backs thin to the door, that they might not burst in again, for fear they'd break the things."

"Very likely that you should fear the delf might be broken, if the dispute went no further than talk. The crossest words do not smash china."

But she would not comprehend my logic. She was too simple for that.

Thus it is that an unfortunate couple, who have not one shilling in the world to depend on but their daily labour, will put their little savings together, and beg, and borrow, in order to spend on company, during one, their wedding night, their little all. Then, perhaps, from twenty to thirty persons will be stowed together in a wretched mud hovel, feasting on meat, and *wine*, and whiskey-punch, and sugared tea, at the expense of the miserably poor bride and bridegroom, who, to atone for this extravagance, will live, during the next twelve-months, it may be, on dry potatoes and a little salt. The subsequent week Peggy Canty was tortured with her cough. But she did everything she could to check it, and she never talked of her sufferings, fearing some allusions should be made to her foolish attendance on the wedding party.

One morning she burst into the parlour in roars of pleased laughter.

"I declare to you, Mary," said she, "they all think me a scholar outside; for I, knowing what the masther was sending for, when Hetty Furlong handed me the paper he had written the word on, looked down upon it careful-like, and thin, after a minute, as if I was rading it, I said slowly, 'Sen-na! it's senna you're coming for.'—'Arrah then, Peggy,' says Hetty; and if you were only to see the surprised look of her, and thim all; 'sure never afore did I know you were larned.'" (Haw, haw, haw!)

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It was not very easy to get rid of the services of Peggy Canty. I was leaving home with my baby. We were to be absent somewhat more than a month. I therefore deemed it a good opportunity to dismiss Peggy. Besides, I had no occasion for a second female servant during my absence. Mary and Mr. Langley were to accompany me the first stage. I commissioned Mr. Langley, on his return, to send off Peggy. She, it seems, had reckoned beforehand the pleasures of a month of idleness, and was furious at being disappointed. She would not go. She would stay till the end of her quarter. No one had a right to turn her away before. Mr. Langley called to her recollection my having expressly mentioned, on hiring her, lest there should be any mistake, that I never retained a servant one hour after I wished her to leave me; that I never took one by the year, quarter, month, or week, but only so long as I wanted her.

"I know," said Peggy, "that the mistliress warned me she might turn me off at a minute's notice, if I behaved badly; but I have not, and I will not go."

Mary now reminded her that she had been taken only whilst another servant was sought for. This, coupled with Mr. Langley's promise to give her her full quarter's wages, brought her, in some measure, to reason. She accepted her money, and departed. She came the next day, however, for a discharge different from that already given her. Instead of one for two months, she required a discharge for three. When Mr. Langley had paid her for three months, he might very well give her a character for an equal period. She could not understand Mr. Langley's reason for refusing to do so. She could not comprehend the crime of lying thus. She could not conceive that such a discharge—one for three months when she had only lived with us two—if given by Mr. Langley, must be a lasting dishonour to him as a man of principle. A friend of Mr. Langley's was present at the interview, whose intercession Peggy vainly besought. She took her final departure, therefore, believing herself the worst used, the most ungratefully treated poor creature alive. I have never since heard of her.

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## CLEVELAND.[1]

This was punctually done, and in less than half an hour after the magistrate had received and perused the document in question, two active and resolute officers were dispatched to the Magpie and Stump, and Jack was transferred from the wooden floor of that house to the stone one of the lock-up rooms of the police office. Great was the wonderment of that doughty personage when on awaking on the following morning, with parched lips and throbbing temples, the pressure of the handcuffs made him aware that he was a prisoner; and still greater was his horror when the officers appeared at the door of the cell, and announced to him that he was about to undergo an examination before the magistrates on a charge of being *particeps criminis* in the cold-blooded murder of Charles Smith.

The examination was a strictly private one, but it subsequently transpired that the magistrates found, as the anonymous note left by Dumby had taught them to expect, that their prisoner was by no means inclined to screen his accomplices at the expense of forfeiting the chance of saving his own recreant carcass. He freely disclosed all the circumstances with which he was acquainted—save one; and that one we, also, must for the present forbear from stating—and his description of Cleveland, or, as he called him in ignorance of his real name, Bischoff, tallying with and corroborating the statement of both the anonymous note and the country magistrate's letter, warranted the apprehension of Cleveland, whose being then resident at Springton was stated both in the paper forwarded by the magistrate, and in the note of the anonymous informer.

Up to the very eve of the trial, Jack the Lagger, notwithstanding the reiterated warnings of the magistrates, relied upon the confession he had made, and upon the evidence he was prepared to give upon oath, to free him from all peril. But to his great astonishment, on the day of trial he was placed not in the witness-box to bear testimony, but at the bar, to be testified against. He had, as we have said, been warned against relying too confidently upon being admitted to the immunities of a king's evidence; but he had listened to these warnings as to a mere and flimsy pretence, intended to keep him in a state of alarm, and thus insure his repeating to the jury the whole of what he had so circumstantially narrated to the magistrates. When, therefore, he was actually placed at the bar, and indicted with Cleveland for the murder of Charles Smith, the hardihood of a life-time of criminality wholly and on the instant abandoned him. Staring like one suddenly paralyzed by some horrible and bloody apparition, his limbs trembled so violently that he was obliged to grasp the railing before him to save himself from falling down; and with a countenance as pale as if the vengeance of the law had already been wreaked upon him, he stood utterly silent and stupefied during the whole of the trial. Minor evidence having been given upon minor points, of merely

[1] Continued from p. 448.

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corroborative and circumstantial evidence, the crown lawyer proceeded to call his chief witness.

That witness was Isabella Da Costa. Cleveland heard the name, and saw the countenance of her who bore it—and he knew that his doom was sealed. As she gave her evidence in good and fluent English, he gasped in a mixture of wonder, hate, and terror.

What! She whom he had doomed to the life-long misery of a mad-house, was now the arbitress of his destiny—his virtual though not actual doomster and executioner of doom? She who but a few months agone had spoken but in the soft syllables of her own father-land—was she indeed now giving evidence against him in English, purely pronounced, and so well selected, that the most practised lawyer in the court vainly endeavoured to pervert her meaning, or mislead the jury into unbelief? Ah! then his case was indeed a hopeless one; for when woman's love is turned to hate, she hates with an energy and a bitterness of which man is not capable.

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The verdict of guilty had been returned, the sentence of DEATH had been pronounced, and Cleveland and his fellow prisoner had been heavily ironed and removed each to his separate dungeon, from which he was never again to emerge until he should leave its horrible gloom to gaze for a brief breathing space upon the world, and then be strangled out of life by an agonizing and ignominious process in the unpitying presence of a gaping rabble.

It was only when left to the darkness and solitude of his dungeon, that he could sufficiently command his thoughts to make them obedient to belief in the horrible and fatal truth of all that he had seen and heard. But when left to his own wretched reflections, his judgment was no longer clouded; all that had been for months working with his own wickedness to plunge him into utter and irretrievable ruin, by degrees appeared before him in regular succession, from cause to effect. But he needed not to have speculated upon it; for he had not been many hours in his dungeon, when the gaoler and a clergyman entered it, and after a few words of consolation—which words by-the-way, are so much mere matter of common-place, that whether addressed to him who suffers from gout, or to him who is about to suffer upon the gallows, they never do console—stated the desire of Isabella to see him in their presence.

On his expressing his perfect willingness that she should be admitted, they said a few words in praise of his freedom from vindictive and implacable spirit, and left the cell to announce his compliance with the request of which they had been the bearers.

While they are gone we may as well say that their praise of Cleveland's turn for forgiveness of injury was somewhat undeservedly bestowed. He was willing to admit her, not because he had the slightest intention of pronouncing her forgiveness; but simply in the hope that he should hear from her own lips an explanation, not of her motive—that his own conscience sufficiently made him aware of—but, the mode in which she had not only got free from the confinement in which he had placed her, but also acquired her acquaint-

ance with English, and the influence which she had so strangely used over "Jack the Lagger."

With cheeks pale as if from recent and severe suffering, but with a calm eye and a firm and measured step, Isabella entered the dungeon of him by whom she had been so cruelly injured, and upon whom she had so sternly and completely accomplished her purpose of avenging herself.

"Mr. Cleveland," said the venerable chaplain, when he had handed her to a seat, "evinces a frame of mind happily adapted to his awful situation; and I am quite confident that you will hear from his own lips that he forgives you for the share you have had in rendering him amenable to justice."

The beautiful countenance of Isabella was lighted up for a moment with an expression of scorn and impatience; but it was in a perfectly calm tone that she said, "I do not seek his forgiveness, and you, who do not know him as I do, are totally mistaken in your estimate of his present feeling. He would slay me with the sword, the halter, or the still more terrible tortures of the madhouse, if he had the power. He only consents to see me that he may learn what I alone can tell him. Cleveland, am I not right?"

"Isabella! strange, and resolute woman! you quite rightly estimate my feelings. I hate you—I loathe you; but I am anxious to know how I have been so signally baffled and deluded by a mere and very woman."

"Peace, then, and you shall hear it all. How you were first seen by me you cannot have forgotten. You were wounded, faint nigh unto death with loss of blood, deserted by your cowardly or treacherous guide, and plundered of your baggage and your gold to the last coin. My father's house sheltered you; I tended you as though you had been my brother. I loved you, and was betrayed; and the grey hairs of my father were brought with sorrow to the grave by your treachery and my shame. Not even when the grave closed upon my parent did I regret that I had loved. I loved you still, and in that love I was armed against all that could befal me—*all* except your treason. For your sake I loved even your language, and in silence and in secrecy I studied it in its best sources—the mighty masters of your land's poesy. We came at length to England, and then what I had acquired by reading, was perfected by listening to the conversation which passed between you and the few whom you admitted to speech with you. Of course study so pursued was liable to error; and even in the darkest hour of the suffering I have since endured, I have smiled as I called to mind the utter unconsciousness with which I had often pronounced words fitted for no lips, but especially unfit for the lips of woman. Cleveland, in so far as I deceived you by learning your language without your knowledge, I was actuated by no worse motive than a desire to surprise and please you by suddenly displaying the acquisition I had made.

"But none ever yet loved as I loved you, without being jealous. I *was* jealous; and when you first left me to visit, as you said, the estates which supplied your revenue, I felt convinced not only that in telling me that you were married you had deceived me, but also that

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Marianne Elford, whose name I had often read in the fragments you left as carelessly in my way as though they had been written in Hebrew instead of English, was still the object of your love. From the instant that these things presented themselves to my mind I was prepared to be abandoned. You may remember that I at length challenged you to *prove* that a prior marriage really prevented you from doing justice to me, and making the only atonement in your power to the manes of my all but literally murdered father; and that then, for the first and last time, we were guilty of the paltriness proper to vulgar minds—we railed at each other. The glare of your eye—the livid hate with which your cheek was overspread as with a visible and tangible veil—told me too truly that my suspicion was well founded; and that you *had* shamefully deceived me, and would still further do me injury. You again left me; left me for weeks, and when you returned, it was to deliver me into ruffian hands, and to consign me to a doom of horror and agony unspeakable. Blessed be the suspicion which had caused me to prepare for the worst that might befal me! Of gold you were always liberal; you are a villain, it is true, but not a villain of that base stamp which combines avarice with crime.

"From the moment that I suspected your intention to rid yourself of me—I could only *guess* how, and I so far gave you credit for mercy, that I did suspect murder rather than confinement in a mad-house,—I lived with a rigid self-denial, which the veriest miser might despair to imitate. I added gold to gold; and I secreted my jewels —themselves of no mean value—and my hoarded coin about my person, that I might be enabled not merely to *escape* you, but also to avenge myself if you should prove to be the utter villain I suspected. You returned—I was incarcerated—gold and gems were to me as dirt in comparison with liberty; I easily succeeded in proving my sanity to my janitor, by proving to him that I knew how to reward him for enabling me to escape. To have made this offer to the villain Brown himself, would have been to defeat my own purpose; for he could have forced my treasure from me, and then have placed my complaints to the account of my 'delusion.'

"But the hireling ruffian, who had the immediate custody of my person, had no interest in robbing me for his master; he could only get the large reward I offered him by seeing me safely from the prison-house. He did so—I paid him—parted from him; and had not been from his sight an hour ere I was dressed in the garb of a man; false hair and whiskers completing my metamorphosis so well, that even you did not know me *by sight*. Your papers had informed me of your real name; and I had made—as you suspected—such use of that knowledge, as to cause Marianne Elford's hand to be refused to you at the very moment when your villany seemed to be most triumphant.

"Making use of my own knowledge, and purchasing that of others when necessary, I traced you from place to place—I penetrated the whole of your plans, but I *would* not save you from the sin of murder. I discovered your connexion with the villain whom you had taken into your pay—I was the very "lame tar, your honour!" who

entreated your charity just as you ended the conversation—to every word of which I had listened—you first held with 'the Lagger,' by saying that you wanted his aid not *in*, but *after*, the murder! You start! You have to know the worst yet—that which to your proud soul—that soul which could not deserve my faith, and yet would fain feel that I have kept it, and would even rejoice that a broken heart had *proved* that I had kept it—that which will be more bitter to you than all that you have lost in your Marianne, and all that you have to endure in dying the death of a dog, yet remains to be told. You have not yet learned *how* I gained such entire command over the reckless and dissolute brute who is condemned with you, as to be able to entrust him, not only with the secret that I could speak, but also with that of my desire to injure you. Cleveland——"

And her cheek now burned as with a living fire, as she approached and whispered a few words to him. What those words were we know not: their effect upon Cleveland was terrible. He bounded from his chair as if stung by an aspic, but fell back again weak, crushed, and in tears.

"It is well," said Isabella; "your first tears since childhood were my due; I now *feel* avenged!"

The good clergyman, whom surprise and strong interest had hitherto kept silent, now interposed; for he not only pitied the agitated state of Cleveland, but he also feared that he might, in the end, be stung into the commission of even personal violence. To the venerable gentleman's expression of sorrow that she manifested so bitter a spirit, she hastily replied by demanding,

"And *why* then did you deem that I had become even his accomplice in murder that I might afterwards betray him? For the love of man?—That would have been best manifested by saving his victim—but then *he* too would have been saved. Or do you deem that I have brought him to this strait in compunction for my share of his crime, and in fear of the punishment which the law could have visited me withal, but now cannot? Tush, man! I have herded with thieves and wantons too long to start in horror from crime, or to look with any feeling but indifference upon your gaols and gibbets. Had he been true to *me* he might have made mince-meat of your entire body politic, and I would have whetted his blade when it grew blunt—ay, and wielded it when he grew weary. But to desert me for the pale-faced puling wench yonder, and to consign me to the keeping of the most brutal of gaolers!—Had he twenty lives I would take them all!" And so saying she suffered the gaoler to draw her out of the apartment, leaving Cleveland to the consolations of the cleygyman.

"A varmint bitch that, Tom!" said one of two turnkeys who had overheard her narrative, and who now opened the prison gate for her egress.

"You're right, I think! But, my eyes! she's a fine piece!"

We are sorry to be unable to add any information to the above tolerably correct though laconic verdict upon the moral and personal qualities of Isabella; for from the time that she quitted the gaol she was never again heard of.

"So the unhappy man died in his pernicious belief?" inquired a

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gentleman who dined with the sheriffs on the day of Cleveland's execution.

"Unhappily he did," replied the chaplain, of whom we have already had occasion to make mention; "he seemed to think himself infinitely more to be pitied than blamed. He argued that he was doomed to do all that he did or he could not have done it; nay, he even affirmed that he could see the concatenation of circumstances which were intended—*fated*, to end as they did in his dying on the gallows. It seems that but for the failure of a banker the murdered gentleman would have resided in town, and the first crime, the *intent* to murder, would not then have occurred to his mind, as it was the gentleman's crossing him in certain political projects he had formed that first suggested to him what the subsequent knowledge of his having married the lady whom Cleveland had formerly addressed determined him on. His having selected for a companion in his enterprise the fellow who was respited, and is to be transported, he considered another *fated* ingredient of his cup of misfortune; not reflecting that *any* low villain whom he might have selected would probably have proved quite as ductile as the particular villain in question did in the hands of a woman of such singular though perverted energy and talent."

"In short," said another of the party, "the man's chatter about fatality is only so far noticeable as may induce one to think that his wickedness had a spice of madness in it. Spoken seriously, what intolerable nonsense it is to say 'I was doomed to do this,' that, or the other! A man cuts another's head off with a sword! Well, he seeks to diminish our detestation of his guilt by twaddling about Tubal Cain working in metal, the manufacture of sword-blades at Damascus or Birmingham, according to the quality of his weapon, and the obvious impossibility of his having remained guiltless of murder—the head and the sword by their very existence compelling him to cut off one at a stroke of the other! I have no patience with such monstrous nonsense!"

"I quite agree with you, colonel," said a puffy and rubicund person who seemed to have little love for discussion; "but, colonel! the bottle is with you!"

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As we do not wish to leave anything in doubt, which we have the power to make clear, we beg to say a few "more last words" about two of the persons of our very true, and we trust very amusing, tale.

It will be remembered that worthy Mr. Fry had engaged to get up an unexceptionable alibi, should Cleveland's affairs require one. Cleveland, accordingly, applied to him for the fulfilment of his promise. But the attorney scented difficulty and danger; and having in vain endeavoured to tire Cleveland into silence by steadily persisting in leaving his applications unanswered, he at length forwarded all the letters to the counsel for the prosecution, accompanying them with an indignant disclaimer of any farther acquaintance with the prisoner than arose from his having consulted him upon some perfectly different matters.

The counsel, knowing the character of Mr. Fry, made only one remark upon his assertion; viz. that though probably he had correctly

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stated how his connexion with Cleveland AROSE, he had possibly forgotten how far and on what score it had *progressed.*

Mr. Fry never replied to the letter in which this remark was made. Silence we have often observed to be the best refuge of virtuous indignation.

"Jack the Lagger," after returning from the second exile which entitled him to his pseudonym, accidentally allowed a poney, worth two pounds, to convey him to Smithfield. He was charged with robbery; and though he protested that *that* was the farthest from his thoughts, he was condemned to die. Many horses had been stolen just then, and as Jack had what is called "no character," *i. e.* had such a character as was not to be got rid of—and was besides a "pestilent fellow"—Jack, in fact, was hanged.

---

## MARCH OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Sons of the mountain heroes!
Wing the arrow, wield the brand,
And save your native land:
Invoking souls of deathless fame,
On to the fight! with hearts of flame,
And fired by high Llewelyn's name,
The tyrant's power withstand!

Shades of the mountain heroes!
Hover o'er the field of woe!
And bless the avenging blow!
As stars within their distant spheres,
To man's adoring eyes appear,
All shining through the mist of years,
Look from your hills of snow!

Sons of the mountain heroes!
Rise like whirlwinds in your might!
Be gods, and win the fight!
Our freedom and our hearths to keep,
Let every vein in Cambria weep:
Up, soldiers! up the mountain steep!
St. David and our right!

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1837.

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MERCANTILE L... ASSOCIATION NEW-YORK

# PARIS IN LIGHT AND SHADE.—No. IV.

BY A DISTINGUISHED RESIDENT.

Our last Parisian sketch concluded with a promise to touch upon the private entertainments of the French capital; in fulfilling which engagement we must "lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground" to all save those who, like Cleophas, survey the social scene by preternatural permission. To enter a man's house by invitation in the ordinary way, preimposes a padlock on the lips. We must be permitted, therefore, as far as possible, to generalize in our comments on, and descriptions of, Parisian society.

First, then, there cannot be a greater mistake than to attribute ease or animation to French society. The English have so long been taxed by Europe with social dullness, that they think to disarm their attackers by anticipating the accusation. We are the first to protest, on all occasions, that nothing can exceed the stupidity of English people, or the monotony of their parties; summing up our diatribe with encomiums upon the easy and vivacious good breeding of French society. Yet nothing can be more ceremonious than a Parisian circle of the higher class; nothing more formal than the address of high-born French people. Their *amusability* is their true point of superiority, which is chiefly proved in the fact that they are content to meet together in the coldest, flattest manner, without the excitement of refreshments, lights, or gay attire; to meet, in short, for the mere purpose of gossiping, as they do in a London housekeeper's room. Let it not be supposed, meanwhile, that these ill-lighted, ill-dressed coteries, however cheerful, are more emancipated from etiquette than our own brilliant assemblies. French people stand as much on the ceremony of introduction as ourselves; they waste the same breath in ceremonious inquiries after health and absent friends; the same dull whisper prevails, and, on the whole, a far stricter regard to the laws of *bienséance*. As is the case in all corrupt states of society, the surface of the Parisian *beau monde* is without spot or blemish. There are no forward, flirting young ladies; no coquettish married women parading their *liaisons* as a feather in their caps. A French girl rarely appears in society except in a ball-room; where she is allowed to smile, dance, and look pretty, but not to open her lips. A marriage is arranged for her by her family, proportionate to her pretensions, not according to the whims and fancies of men whom she is permitted to exert her powers of captivation to enslave; and on re-appearing in the world as a married woman, either she is virtuous and modest; or, *if* irregular in her conduct, shelters herself under the cloak and mask of strict decorum. A Frenchwoman, who has a *liaison*, appears in public scrupulously with her husband, studies his tastes and caprices, and keeps up only a cold and formal acquaintance with the person whose familiarity would be a reproach to her in the

[1] Continued from p. 156.

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eyes of society. English people love to make their peccadillos as public as possible. With us the bonds of decency are of such iron texture, that once broken, we feel it impossible to rivet them up again. Aware that all is over, we fancy it as well to leap at once into the gulf! Frenchwomen, on the contrary, admit an immense distinction between those who outrage society by the parade of their frailties, and those who redouble their merits and amiabilities as an atonement for the *vertu de moins*. They are, in short, admirable hypocrites; but this pretence to prudery establishes considerable dulness in society.

The season at Paris is much shorter than the season in London, commencing on the 1st of January, and ending on Shrove Tuesday with the carnival. The first day of the year is invariably commemorated at court by the first drawing-room; which is held at night, and attended by all the court-going world. Then come the royal balls—the balls of the ministers and ambassadors—the balls of the Préfet de la Seine—(a polite and permanent edition of your Lord Mayor)—the balls of the principal bankers and leading personages of fashion. Than these fêtes nothing can be more magnificent. They stream with a blaze of light—they resound with the music of well-composed orchestras—they are crowded with lovely women, attired in that excelling elegance of Parisian toilet, which gives the law to all the vanities of Europe. London people, who visit Paris at this *bonbon* giving epoch, are enchanted with the royal, ministerial, and diplomatic fêtes. They fancy that the giddy scene will keep whirling and blazing on; and are amazed, at the close of five or six weeks, to find dinners, balls, and concerts, suddenly at an end: the satin fauteuils covered up, the diamonds consigned to the jewel-case, the velvet and brocade to the wardrobe; and, with the exception perhaps of a fancy ball at the Mi-Carême, and a few *déjeuners dansants* at different foreign ambassadors, all is over in the way of fête till the following year.

But it is precisely when the fêtes are brought to a close, that what may properly be termed the society of Paris comes into play. Parisian society consists in evening visiting; every family of consideration having one night of the week set apart to receive their friends, as their "at home." At ministerial and diplomatic houses, these weekly meetings are prepared for, with lights and refreshments; but in houses of a moderate calibre, nothing is done but to have the door opened for the amusement of guests: the only entertainment provided is *causerie*.

At these evening visits, moreover, finery is inadmissible. From Easter to Christmas, a Parisian eschews everything approaching to full dress. No jewels are worn—no satins—no blonde—no anything tawdry or magnificent. Every article of the toilet must be light, fresh, and gay; muslins, sarsnets, and chip hats, are the order of the hour. But while a genuine Frenchwoman delights in this studied simplicity, and the eternal chit-chat which fills up the evening, your regular Almack's-going, crowd-sulking beauty, finds it a sorry exchange for the heated, full-dressed mobs of London, with all their noise, high-pressure flirtation, and display. To Englishwomen, there

is something of constraint in such parties, where the sprinkling of guests have nothing to do but to observe—and overhear each other. The Parisians are unconscious of any such *gêne;* being too busy chattering, either to listen or notice. A Frenchwoman does not sit envying her neighbour's dress, but enters into a complimentary discussion on the subject: a Frenchman does not wait till he is drawn out into conversation, but feels it a social duty to contribute his quota to the entertainment of his companions.

One grand cause of this readiness of colloquiality, is temperance. They are not half so long at table as ourselves; they eat, if not less, at least less heavy viands; and drink a fourth part of the fermented liquors swallowed by the English. The great mixture of wines in which we unconsciously indulge, renders our brains as heavy as lead. Instead of the three or four glasses of light claret, and one of champagne, which form the libation of a Frenchman, we co-jumble port, sherry, madeira, hock, champagne, grâve, sauterne, claret, and perhaps ale, besides malmsey and liqueurs, all tainted with drugs, and rendered fiery with alcohol. Though amended of the brutalization of actual drunkenness prevalent thirty years ago, the greater number of Englishmen devote the two hours following a dinner-party, to obscene conversation and a snooze. They are still half asleep at the moment the French diner-out jumps into his carriage, and is off to some soirée, where he is neither slumberous himself, nor the cause of sleep in others. Dinner produces neither an increase nor diminution of his powers of pleasing. But it is not alone at evening parties we discern the love of conversation so remarkable in the French. At all times and places the steam is on. They are always ready to talk, and almost always able to talk well. French people are seldom fond of reading or writing. Their preference and excellence is *causerie.* A Parisian's notion of taking a walk, is to sit on a chair in one of the alleys of the Tuileries, gossiping with a friend. From the moment the fine weather sets in, all who remain in Paris devote a couple of hours a day, either in the morning or evening, to these airy conversazioni.

Again, in selecting a country-house, they do not inquire, like the English, for a sequestered spot and rural scenery. They like some little anthill swarming with human creatures, such as Montmorency, St. Cloud, or a bathing-place; and if so unfortunate as to possess a fine park, set about dotting it round with villas, to secure a little pleasant society. As in Paris, they adopt the system of dwelling in communities, (a dozen families in every large house,) in order to accommodate their moderate means by a common entrance, and a private servant the less, so also they replace the onerous English system of a country-house full of company, by surrounding their seventy-four gun-ship with nut shells.

With the exception of some half dozen great families, who fancy themselves Anglicizing by prolonging their sojourn in the country till Christmas, October beholds Paris re-peopled for the winter; the moment bad weather renders the country cheerless without doors, they return to the in-door pleasures of the capital. From the opening of the Italian Opera in October, the half season commences, *id est,* the season of society. No balls or concerts, indeed, but weekly

*réunions* which are numerous and gay in proportion to the deficiency of more showy assemblies. For a non-fox-hunting population, the summer remains summer, the winter, winter; or to speak more clearly, the summer and the country may be enjoyed together, the winter and the town. It is to this exercise of social wisdom that Paris is indebted for the brilliant assemblage of foreigners which every winter scatters gold on the pavement of the Rue de la Paix. English people who have no country-seats, or are tired of their country-seat, or have tired out other people's country-seats, conscious that London in winter is a wilderness—that throughout the squares of Grosvenor, Berkeley, and St. James's, not three houses have their shutters open to the soot and fog—fly to the recreations of Paris: and after enjoying its two or three extra months of operas and balls, are ready to re-commence, with the commencement of the London season, their career of frivolity. At the close of the carnival, opera singers and dancers—ball-orchestras and figurantes—hair-dressers and milliners, migrate from Paris to London, prolonging their profits from three months to six, precisely as their patrons and customers prolong their pleasures.

After all, the grand secret of the discrepancy in the forms of society between England and France, consists in difference of fortune. In Paris, there are no Dukes of Devonshire or Sutherland. The largest French fortune cited, consists in twenty thousand a year; and there are not twenty households in Paris whose incomes amount to eight thousand. Two thousand a year is considered a handsome fortune, and equal to five in London. With such limited funds at their disposal, it would be impossible for French people to prolong their hospitalities beyond the carnival; or to fill their country-houses with the eternal round of guests—the Gargantuan mouth of whose accompanying valetocracy has eaten so many respectable Great-British families out of house and home. The French can afford to be smart and brilliant only so many months in the year; the remaining months they are contented to be lighthearted and cheerful, to take things as they find them, and give them as they can.

In England, on the contrary, those who cannot emulate the splendour of the Marquis of Westminster, with his hundred of thousands per annum, or the grandeur of Woburn Abbey or Belvoir Castle, prefer giving nothing at all. They are ashamed to offer to their friends an entertainment that costs them neither trouble nor expense. Willingly do they waste their over-time, and that of their acquaintance, (which they justly estimate of little value,) by an eternal routine of morning visits, the bane of all rational pursuits. But a sociable evening visit, when, wearied by business or study, the human mind is naturally disposed to unbend—is out of the question. They would blush to receive their friends in their ordinary dress, by the light of an ordinary lamp. It is indispensable to be arrayed in finery, and to "light up," in order to enjoy the society of those whose intimacy would brighten the dulness of their days, and whose conversation would strike out sparks illumining the obscurity of their minds. Unless they have inconvenienced their households and made themselves as uncomfortable as possible, they cannot think of receiving their friends. The little world of London loves to set out its card-tables, and cause

its young ladies to mangle concertos on the piano, by way of making an evening pass agreeably. If an uninvited visitor were to knock at any door of the West-end, after dinner, orders would instantly be issued to the servant to announce them as "not at home." If accidentally admitted, the guest would probably be asked "if anything was the matter," to account for his strange inroad into their domestic privacy. If a house be blest with daughters, they would conclude the intruder must come to make a proposal; in one less fortunate, that he was come to borrow money. If too wealthy for such an imputation, that he was at all events canvassing for some vote.

"You may laugh," quoth the domestic Englishman, "but this apparent churlishness arises from our attachment to our friends—from our love of the sanctities of private life." Now admire in what consists his enjoyment of these vaunted sanctities. In monopolizing the best corner of the fire-place—dozing in his arm-chair—spending half the evening in drinking tea, the other half in reading the papers or a pamphlet, a monotonous silence prevailing at the work-table of the female portion of his family, in compliment to his slumber or his studies. But then, "*it is home!*" The fire and the elbow-chair are his own. The tea is poured out by his own wife or daughter, and brought up by a domestic animal wearing livery. Is not this better than sitting in the hired seat of a public theatre, to laugh at Liston, or applaud Farren? Is it not better than admitting a friend or two to share the warmth of the fire, and bring a few more tea-cups into action; at the expense of being obliged to keep awake, hear one's favourite dogmas disputed—endure the labour of argument, and run the hazard of having the work-table find the visitor wiser and more agreeable than oneself? By such plausible selfishness is the narrow-minded dulness of English domestic life exalted into a virtue.

In Paris, meanwhile, there is much less admixture of castes than in the *olla podrida* of Babylonian London. Society is still ranged after the fashion of a botanic garden; and with the exception of the fungi of the monied aristocracy, a genus which social science has scarcely yet reduced to order, there is no confusion of classes. It is true, that this arrangement savours of the nursery-garden intended to preface the perfected glory of the parterre; and infers a less advanced stage of civilization. But literary people who associate chiefly together, are more susceptible of emulation; and scientific men who are in constant communion, strike out new paths to knowledge; while the literary man who shines at a fashionable dinner, is intent upon dazzling rather than in refining his ideas and communicating refinement to others; and the *savant* lies on the surface of an aristocratic party, like a lump of rich ore upon a barren moor. Among artists, dramatists, men of letters, and learning, excitement is promoted by collision. The Parisians show themselves practically susceptible to this advantage; but the English, of any express denomination, such as lawyers, divines, literati, physicians, merchants, actors, make proof of their calling by scrupulously receding from the society of all others belonging to the same.

It is true, that of late years a superabundance of clubs have started up upon the confederation principle. But these regard the interests

of the pocket rather than the mind. Englishmen are content to eat their sandwiches and read their newspapers at a cheaper rate, even at the sacrifice of eating or reading in the same room with their professional colleagues. But after all, the only clubs where anything like fellowship exists are the dandy ones of Crockford's, White's, and the Travellers; the glittering arid particles of those useless sandbanks, being indurated into something resembling substance only by their want of sympathy with any other existing body.

These clubs of London, however, afford a useful safety-valve to society. The idle, the frivolous, and the undomestic, mutually attract each other; opinions are exchanged, prejudices rubbed off; and since, positively resolved against socialising at home, it is better that the male part of a family should keep up that intercourse with each other by fraternising at clubs, which the female portion endeavour to maintain by the gossiping of morning visiting.

In Paris, there are only three clubs; two of them of unquestioned and the third of probably English origin. The first in importance is the "Club Anglais," a handsome establishment, at the corner of the Boulevarts and Rue de Grammont, conducted in the style of the best London clubs. To this the ambassadors and leading men of the fashionable and diplomatic circles habitually resort. It has its permanent and honorary members; the latter consisting of the eminent foreigners temporarily visiting Paris: the former, chiefly of Carlists, between whom and the rising men of the day a constant warfare of blackballing is kept up. As in the London clubs, games of chance are prohibited; but whist suffices as a pretext for tremendously high play. This club maintains, meanwhile, a high reputation; and it is worthy of remark that, on occasion of the disgraceful London exposure last year, not only was the name of Lord De Roos struck off the list of members, but one of the witnesses on the trial, who admitted that he had seen his lordship cheat, but considered the exposure no affair of his, was requested to withdraw his name, which had been previously proposed for ballot.

The second in importance is the "Jockey Club," founded by Englishmen and French Anglo-maniacs—the name of the club explaining their common bond of union. The house, also on the Boulevarts, is splendid, and the cellar and establishment important. But French sportsmen overdo their sportsmanship, and are apt to degenerate into slang. The tone of the Parisian Jockey-Club is rather of brass than Corinthian bronze. It is an excellent gathering-place for that very flash generation the dandies of the Boulevarts and Bois de Boulogne, to toast Dejazet and sigh for Duvernay; but will never attract the well-bred Englishman of fashion from the select set in the Rue de Grammont.

The third club is the "Cercle," a heterogeneous assemblage: house, household, eating, and drinking excellent: the rest—as it may be.

The establishment of these clubs has been advantageous in thinning the fashionable crowd at the Salon, the privileged gambling-house; which, per aid of costly gratuitous dinners twice a week and nightly suppers, contrives to attract flocks of unhappy *muttons* to be fleeced

and roasted. At the Salon, infamy assumes its most orderly and respectable form: a hell is legally organised under the superintendence of commissaries, wearing ribbons at their button-holes, and titles on their visiting cards; and croupiers who, in the intervals of rouge et noir and hazard, are received at court and in ambassadorial circles! This social nuisance, however,—this gilded pandemonium,—this courtly "Finish,"—this chartered temple of sensuality and vice,—is to be demolished by the hammer of modern reform—the iconoclasts of the utilitarian faith being about to break to atoms the molten calf of its abominations.

Another of the irregular diversions of the French capital is the "*Bal Masqué.*" Throughout the year a considerable number of ball-rooms and public gardens are open every Sunday and fête-day, in the suburbs of Paris. During the carnival, persons in the habit of frequenting these places of amusement transfer their pleasures to the masqued balls held twice a week at Musard's Concert Room, and at intervals in the various theatres. To the best and most costly of these, the *Bal Masqué de l'Opéra,* (the scene of so many historical adventures commemorated in memoirs of the last century,) the highest class so far resorts as to attend one ball at least in every season. Of late years, ladies of fashion have been careful to preserve their incognito in such expeditions. Gentlemen must appear unmasked and in their ordinary dress; but a lady must disguise herself in a black silk domino and mask, distinguishing herself from her rivals only by being *bien gantée, bien chaussée,* and perhaps by a bow of coloured ribbon attached to her domino. It is as difficult of course to distinguish one of the eight hundred similarly-attired women present from another, as it was to discern between the three one-eyed calendars in the Eastern tale. Hence the adventures and the misadventures of the night. The *bals masqués* commence at midnight and last till morning; and, to complete the anomaly, are balls where every amusement prevails but that of dancing.

Musard's balls belong to a still more degraded order of entertainment. Though frequented by every man of distinction in Paris, not one of them presumes to show his face. Here, out of regard to their character, the guests appear *in* character, and play the fool or the devil under a mask. The grand object of the carnival, to the popular actresses and their kind, is to show off some highly-becoming costume at Musard's. But, as in most instances where slight breaches of decorum are at first tolerated, the license of Musard's balls grows every year more offensive; and the brief madness of Mardi Gras has recently sanctioned exhibitions demanding the interference of the police.

Yet these coarse pleasures have, it is said, materially influenced the private entertainments of the carnival!

> "Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,
> Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;"

and now that the dandies are engrossed two nights in the week by the *bal masqué,* the costumed balls of fashionable life are comparatively neglected.

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The more gorgeous exhibitions of aristocratic luxury are, in most modern capitals, similar or the same. Close your ears to the language and nomenclature around you, and a ball at Almack's in London, the Duchesse de Broglie's at Paris, Torlonia's at Rome, or Princess Lichtenstein's at Vienna, would convey the same impression. But every metropolis has some minor social characteristic;—the German courts have their dancing mornings, the Italian cities their visits at the opera, London has its innumerable dinner parties, and Paris its coteries. The weekly evening uninvited *réunions*, to which we have alluded, constitute its national society. In these, its tone of conversation is perfected, its intimacies improved, and the even tenor of its social enjoyments made permanent. These admit of no scenes, no rudenesses, no cuttings after the custom of mob-assemblies. Their very formality induces politeness and courtesy. Scandal dares not utter her falsehoods where the lie can be traced home. People become mutually known to each other and mutually responsible. There is no rivalship in luxury and fine clothes—the one thing needful is to be agreeable—to talk, not learnedly, wittily, or wisely,—but pleasantly; to contribute a single unpretending thread to the social web. Is not this better than the gaudy throng, the labourers in which, collected together after a month's engagement, elbow each other on the staircase of a London party—stare in each other's face, examine their neighbour's diamonds, nod to half a dozen acquaintances, wonder where the rest of the people come from, wait half an hour for their servants in a hall full of draughts, catch cold in hurrying out of the heated atmosphere across the wide pavement, and are finally hurried off by the police ere the door of the carriage is half shut. Such an evening leaves upon the mind no impression of having enjoyed or imparted a pleasurable emotion. It would really be an advantage if, at some period or other of the year, London would throw off her hoop and high-heeled shoes, and assume the simpler but far from slip-shod habits of Paris.

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## MEMORY.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Ah! what is life? a little bloom;
Sweet looks and converse sweet beguile;
Anon, the winding sheet and tomb
Are all that's left of bloom and smile.
About my heart green mem'ries throng,
Of joys that whilom tarried there:
Poor heart! thou could'st not keep them long,
As "winged dreams" they winged were.

As one who, when the sun goes down,
Still lingers on the rosy west,
Shaping the shady clouds, to crown
Some vision of the dreamer's breast:
So I, in mem'ry's sunset sky,
Do shape and fashion things as bright;
And build me bowers, that seem to lie
Beyond the reach of woe and night.

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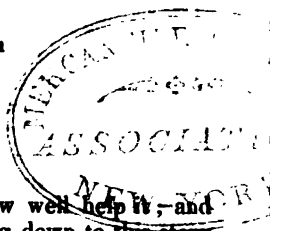
## THE "BIT O' WRITIN'."[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

### CHAPTER VII.



We hate getting serious to-day, but cannot now well help it; and yet we have tried hard to avoid doing so; sitting down to this story we made up our minds, indeed, that it should not, if possible, grow solemn from the beginning to the end of it; and now, even when it is plain, that, with close regard to truth, it must take some such a turn, in spite of us, we would fain avoid the contingency, if, we repeat, circumstances permitted our choice; so anxious are we to have it to say that we possess the talent of selecting, for once in our lives at least, as the subject of a tale, occurrences and persons always of a sunshiny character.

But human nature, we fear, is against us. The clear blue sky and the cloud of life, the sun and the shower, work alternately with each other in whatever succession of true events our experience can bring before us. And it is to be even so with our little history, henceforward. We promise, however, to stay out in the sun, as often and as long as we can, and not to chill you under the cloud-shadow, or wet you with the shower, except when there is no running in-doors from the approach of either.

Mary Moore deserved the character jointly given of her by her sister Chevaun, and by her good brother-in-law, Murty Meehan. She was, indeed, an excellent-hearted girl; very pretty, too, with as tender and loving a blue eye as ever lighted up a rosy cheek. We have often paused, with others, to admire her modest beauty, and her soft, retiring manner, as she stood by one of the pillars of our market-house, with some half-dozen pairs of woollen-hose hanging over her arm, all of her own knitting—nay, the materials of all carded and spun by herself; and we have as often thought, while engaged in our innocent studies of Mary, that the cooing, pipy murmur of voice in which she used to recommend the quality of her merchandise, must have convinced many bidders of their excellence.

But Mary Moore had been more blooming some years before our approaching introduction to her, than she is at present. Care and sorrow, and her efforts, from morning to night, to supply, with untiring industry, to her old broken-spirited parent, the comforts her age required, had lately made sad work among the roses on her cheeks. And, after all, little could she effect to soothe her mother's lot: the profits of her little household manufacture were inadequate to pay men to till the old farm, to stock it, and, above all, to clear it of the heavy arrears of rent with which it was burdened.

Murty has already hinted to his friend the ould admiral, something

[1] Continued from page 15.

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of the present position of Mary and her mother; we must be a little more particular.

Mrs. Moore had once been a bustling, consequential personage. Perhaps she used to pride herself on the station she enjoyed in the world. She had been an heiress—after the fashion following. Her father held a small, compact tract of land, but having no male issue, no child but herself, in fact—caused her husband, when she married, to come and reside with his wife in the house in which she was born, and help him to cultivate and take care of the land, and be in every respect a son unto him—which, indeed, Daniel Moore was, until the old man died, leaving him, in right of his spouse the envied possessor of a comfortable independence.

And still everything went on prosperously: Mrs. Moore became the mother of two sons, who in time proved industrious lads, and, directed by their father, increased the profits of the farm; and so, year after year, the heiress, all along covered by her natal roof, saw herself and her family gain much repute in the neighbourhood. But a sorrowful reverse was doomed to her. A malignant fever broke out in her district; and, within a few weeks of each other, hurried her husband and her sons to the grave. And now, her broken-heartedness and her consternation assisting the ultimate result, the widow gradually became, first embarrassed, and then involved beyond hope of redemption. Eagerly would she have then insisted to a political economist, that labour, not land, is the true source of the wealth of nations.

At the time of her first misfortunes, her daughter Chevaun had during some years been married to Murty Meehan, and her second daughter, Mary, was a child of nine or ten. At present, that child is nineteen, so that for a long period poor Mrs. Moore has been vainly struggling, almost alone, still to live, and if possible die, under the roof which sheltered her father, herself, since her birth, her husband, since he became such, to the day of his death, and her fine young sons, to the day of their untimely demise, also. And at last she has but one melancholy prospect before her—that of seeing herself and her innocent Mary turned out upon the world, poorer than beggars, because in debt—and the one helpless from age, and the other on account of her green youth and tender character.

As Murty Meehan crossed the farm to Mrs. Moore's house, bent upon his matrimonial diplomacy, bitterly did he lament over the face of dilapidation worn by everything around him, as well as on his path to the very door of the sad dwelling. The fences were all broken down; the land overrun with stones, weeds, thistles, and brambles; and over that part of it which had once afforded pasture to a goodly herd of cattle, and a fine flock of sheep, a single half-fed cow—a present from himself by the way—now ranged, untended and mournfully.

Nor did the once comfortable farm-house and its adjuncts present a better appearance than the land. The disjointed gate of the front yard lay in the mire. No sturdy swine grunted and lorded it over the back yard; no grand chorus of cackling geese, gobbling turkey-cocks, and quack-quack quacking ducks greeted his ears from its re-

cesses; two or three old maidens alone, who, by sharing Mary's scanty meal of potatoes, just contrived to live, uttered some fretful sounds in one of the corners. One end of the barn had fallen in. The house itself was fast bending to decay and ruin. Here and there the thatch had slid off its roof, or been blown away by the winds, and was all over that greenish hue which indicates, in such material, a speedy approach to decomposition, while rank grass, moss, weeds, and furze, flourished through it. The once decent though small windows of the humble mansion were shattered, and their framework shaken. Before the door, on both sides, lay a broken plough, a broken harrow, and the wreck of a farming cart; all had gone to pieces, in the weather, as well as from the want of an eye and a hand to keep them in repair.

We have said that Murty Meehan scanned with a feeling heart all these symptoms of distress. One thought, however, brought him comfort. The ould admiral's gold would put everything to rights. In the scattered heap of it which he had just seen on his supper-table, there was surely enough for the purpose. And deriving spirits from this reflection, Murty crossed the threshold of the house.

Mary was seated to her knitting, inside the door, when he suddenly appeared before her with the usual "God save all here." Murty never paid a visit to the widow's abode without bringing some little present, or else volunteering and performing some little piece of service; even his placid, good-natured face was ever welcome. His sister-in-law sprang up, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him cordially.

"A-charra-ma-chree, Mary, how is every little inch o' you?"

"Thank God, Murty, I'm as well as my heart could desire;" such was now her habitual answer, while her cheek, her eye, her very voice, contradicted her.

"An' the poor ould mother, a-chorra, how does she hould up?"

"Och, Murty, only poorly, poorly; she's making my heart to bleed for her—in good thruth she is;" and while Mary pressed the tears from her eyes with one hand, she pointed towards the widow with the other.

The old woman was seated in a far corner, brooding, as usual, over her troubles. They presented to her mind the one monotonous subject of bitter study and chagrin. She had been comfortable—she was a pauper; happy, and she was miserable; the respected mistress of a plentiful home, and she did not now know how soon she must leave it, for ever, to die under a strange roof, or perhaps on the road-side. A plentiful home!—and now there was no butter in her dairy, no sides of bacon in her chimney, no brown loaf in her cupboard; the small vessel full of inferior potatoes, which simmered on a low fire, and a scanty allowance of milk from the ill-nourished "sthripper," presented to her by Murty Meehan, were her only food.

Seated on a very low stool, the tail of her tattered gown was turned over her head, and pinned partially round her face, as if to shut her up with her own melancholy; her knees were crippled into her mouth—a favourite position—as we have noticed among our humbler people—of hopeless poverty; as if such a cringing and doubling of

the person were meant to express the sense of self-humiliation weighing upon the heart: her fingers were dove-tailed across her knees; and with an exaggeration of the rocking movement before noticed in her daughter Mary, during her visit to Murty Meehan, she swayed her body to and fro—the low wailing which occasionally timed the motion imparting to it a character at once wild and despairing.

"How do you come on, my poor sowl?" asked Murty Meehan, bending his gigantic figure till his head came on a level with hers, in her lowly position; and his tones expressed deep and extreme commiseration.

Startled from her wretched abstraction, she suddenly turned round, and fixed her sombre, filmy eye on his; but it was some time before she could perfectly recognise and bring to mind the features of her son-in-law.

"Murty Meehan, is that you?" she at length said; "I didn't know you at onct; the sighth o' my eyes is goin' from me—the very blessed sighth o' my eyes; yes, the way everything else is goin' from me; husband, and sons—they're gone—gone, this many a year—paice an' comfort, house an' land—they're gone, too, or else goin', fast, ay, fast, fast; an' may be 'tis well that the ould eyes will be fadin' too; the good christhins may be more openhanded when they see that the widow that begs a could peraty from them, is blind as well as poor."

"She's frettin' herself into the grave from me, this away," said Mary, still weeping; "an' there's no use in my tellin' her that God is good, and that he never shuts one door on us, but he opens another. Mother, I'm sthrong, an' young, an' able to do for you."

"That child puts the vexation on me, Murty Meehan," resumed the peevish and therefore selfish old woman; "just listen to the words of her mouth; she goes on talkin' o' doin' for me!—does she call givin' me half a mayle o' peraties doin' for me? Is she able to put her hand agin the rascal of a sheriff an' his bailiffs, an' shuv 'em from the dour? Will she stock the land, and till the land?—will she pay the black-hearted landlord his rent?—will she keep me in the house where I was born, as I used to be kept in id? I'm not to be undher this roof another week."

"Mother, mother! don't be so cast down in yourself," comforted Murty, as Mary turned away, hopeless and pained, though not feeling offended, and weeping more than ever. "Betther times is commin'.

"Betther times! well, ay; I know that; the day I'm sent adhrift over that thrashold, the heart will burst in my body; an' then there will be betther times in the grave; betther times, becase I can't call to mind there the times that are gone; ay, ay; I know it well; an' I'm thankful to you for your comfort, Murty."

"She's sore afflicted," whispered Mary, coming back, and wishing by her remark to soften to Murty's ear her mother's bitter and hurtful words.

"Mother, you'll want none of the grave's comforts yet a start, plaise God; you'll be livin' undher the roof that covers you, an' that you was born undher, this many a day to come: an' you'll be livin' undher it prosperous an' happy."

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"Did you stalk over here on your long legs, Murty Meehan, think-

in' you had a witless woman, as well as a broken-hearted woman, to make your mock at? You have a house to cover you; don't jibe them that'll soon be houseless, an' that onct had a home o' plenty. Go to your awn place, Murty Meehan, an' laive me to myself; go to your own place, an' take your garçoon on your knee, an' promise him a coach an' four horses, if he stops cryin'; but don't bring sich stories to the ould widow in her misfortunes."

"Och, mother, mother!" gently remonstrated Mary; "Murty 'ud never come to your hearth-stone to mock you."

"Mother, the colleen says the thruth," blandly continued Murty; "I was never given to say or to do what 'ud give pain to the heart of a sthranger, not to talk o' you; an' I tell you again, an' I know what I'm sayin', that you'll live in the ould house to the ind o' your days, asy, an' comfortable, an' happy, if you like."

Mary had begun to listen to Murty with a beating heart; now she looked at him in breathless interest. The widow relaxed her clasped fingers from her knees, put back, with one hand, the neglected grey hairs from her face, and rested the palm of the other on her low stool, that so she might enable herself to turn round, and gaze her full wonder into the speaker's face. Her fluent words ceased.

"First an' foremost," Murty went on, "you don't owe a *laffina* o' rint, in the world wide, this blessed moment; there's the landlord's recate in full, to the prasant day." He laid it on her knees. "An' will you b'lieve me now, mother dear?"

Mary, uttering a low scream of joy, suddenly knelt, clasping her hands, looking upward, and moving her lips in prayer. The aged woman snatched up the paper, started on her feet, flung back the gown which had been hooded round her head, tottered to the rush-light in the middle of the floor, read the writing, and saw there was no mockery.

"May the ould widow's blessins," she began, also kneeling, "fall in a plentiful shower on the head that—that——" she could not go on; a passion of tears interrupted her speech. Mary piously finished for her the intended blessing, adding, "An' mine with it, our Father in heaven! mine—the blessin' o' the poor widow's orphan child on whoever it is, that takes my mother out of her sore throuble, this holy and blessed night!" She then arose to assist her parent off the floor to her low stool again.

"'Tis more nor two years," resumed Mrs. Moore, wiping with her apron the plentiful moisture from her eyes and her wrinkles, "more nor two years since a tear fell from me; my heart was crusted over wid bitterness, like the wather when the frost is upon id; an' I'm cryin' now becase the thaw is come to me; don't be afeard, Mary; don't let it throuble you; nor you, Murty, asthone; it's the joy makes me cry, an' it will do me good."

For some time the certain tidings that she was not to be turned out of her house—the home of her fathers, of her youth, of her womanhood, and of her matronly consequence—were sufficient tidings for the widow Moore; and as she professed to receive relief from her tears, Murty allowed her to indulge them without interruption.

Mary also experienced a temporary abstraction of joy, though not

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of a nature so selfish as that indulged in by her mother; in fact, her heart thrilled with pleasure, because her mother's had been comforted. Both, however, awakened, at length, to the interest of the new question—how had Murty obtained the money to pay their rent?

"Sit where you are, mother, quite an' asy, an' I'll soon tell you the whole story. The body that gave me the money to free you o' the landlord won't stop his hand there. He'll stock the farum for you; an' he'll make the ould land and the ould place to look the same it onct looked for you; an' he'll come an' live undher the same roof wid you; an he'll be a son in your ould days to you; an' I'll let you call me a barne gandher, if he doesn't turn out to be a good son, into the bargain."

"Yes, Murty; yes, avich," gasped Mary, changing colour, in an ill boding, and fidgeting with her fingers.

"An', to ind all, in one word, he'll just marry wid my little Maya, here; an' if he doesn't make mooch iv her, why I'm asthray intirely."

Mary, feeling herself growing weak, slid down quietly in a sitting position, her face now very pale, and her eyes staring at Murty.

"Who is he, Murty, dear?" she asked, in a whisper scarcely audible.

"Yes, Murty, aroon; what name is on the garçoon?" echoed her mother.

"Garçoon?" questioned Murty, with an innocent smile—that is, with a smile meant to be received as quite innocent, though it really did not, so much as his usual ones, partake of that honourable character; "Garçoon! why, then, barrin' he's a garçoon bee raison iv his bein' a bachelor boy, I'm thinkin' it's time for him to be a man at the prasent day; sure, ye both know Terry O'Brien, the—the——" Murty hesitated.

Mary started into an expression which it would be difficult to define, as, with the slightest possible approach to impatience, she resumed, "Terry—Terry O'Brien, the——the what?"

"The—the—admiral," answered Murty, at last, in a hurry. He could not, on the present occasion, bring himself to honour Terence with his usual title in full.

Mary's figure suddenly sank lower as she sat, and with clasped hands, and a face of utter misery, she looked towards her mother. Neither that good woman nor Murty Meehan, however, noticed or understood the present meaning of her manner and features.

"Terry O'Brien, the *ould* admiral?" queried Mrs. Moore, very slowly, supplying Murty's delicate omission; and it half seemed that even her selfishness could not at once reconcile her to poor Terence as a husband for her daughter.

Murty went on—"Call him bee whatever other names ye plaise, Terry O'Brien is the man; a power o' the goold cum to him, from his ould ship, for prize-money, bee manes iv a bit o' writin' that one poor Murty Meehan, a neighbour, dhrew up for him; an' we all know he had a thrifle o' the guinieas aforehand, along vid id; an' every *laffina* iv id all, that's left afther payin' the landlord, he'll pelt into little Maya's lap, to do what she likes vid id. There's no denyin' that Maya might get a younger boy, an' maybe a one more likely an'

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comely to look at; bud would he bring her or you, mother, out o' the throuble that's on ye?—would he rise up all our heads again, an' bring back the ould times?—an' salvation to my sowl, if there's a more *lauchy* crature than my poor Terry walkin' Ireland's ground. He'll be like a little dog about the house; he'll do everything ye bid him do; Maya 'll be his Queen o' the May; an' if 'tis a thing that he's a taste ould, why, he's hearty; an' not bad to look at, whin you come used to him."

Mary still continued silent, her looks fixed on her mother, as a culprit at the bar of justice, on trial for his life, watches the face of the foreman of the jury, returning into court, with his brethren, after having agreed upon a verdict. She soon knew her doom.

Maya won't say the 'No,'" resumed the old woman; "Maya always cared for her mother, an' she won't be the cause of her dyin' broken-hearted at last; Maya wouldn't put the mother's blessin' from her."

The young girl drew in her breath, making a slight hissing sound.

"I tell you again, Murty Meehan, if id came to pass that I was thrust over that dour-stone, I'd lay down my head on its threshold an' die; and Maya wouldn't send her father's widow an' her own mother out o' the world that way."

A visible shudder now ran through Mary's frame, but again her agitation was unnoticed.

The garrulous Mrs. Moore went on in great glee—"No, no, Maya would not; an' so, all will be as it used to be agin, plaise God; the flitches will be in the chimbly agin; the cows will come to the baun, looin' to be milked, agin; we'll have the sheep-shearin' agin; an' the churn-dash will be goin' bee the fire; we'll have our little parlour nate an purty again; whin the lark is singin' above our heads, in the mornin', we'll ramble through the green fields, to look at the lambs sportin', and to heare the ewes blaitin' to em; there will be nothin', widin' an' widout, but pace, an' plenty, an' happiness, an' heart's rest. —O! the praises be given above!—och! 'tis a blessin' that Mary is bringin' on herself an' me!—she was always good; the widow's comfort in all her sore throubles an' misfort'ns; an' now she'll be the manes o' lettin' me die undher the roof where I first saw the light; och, the blessings on my Maya! Come an' give the ould mother one kiss, my Maya baeen!—come, a-cushla!"

Mechanically, and with some difficulty in her motions, Mary arose from her crouching seat on the floor, and went to obey her mother's commands; and the lips she touched to those of the old woman were white and cold.

"The mother's blessin' be upon your head, my own chra-machree," added the good dame, laying her hands on Mary's head, after embracing her; "but is id shiverin' wid the could you are?"

Murty Meehan also noticed, at last, the girl's wretched appearance and manner; but accounted for them on the grounds of maidenly surprise and bashfulness. He was not quite so much in Mary's confidence as was his worthy spouse. And after some further conversation between him and Mrs. Moore, honest Murty took his leave, convincing himself—though in the teeth of a lurking, little suspicion to the contrary—that he had acted as a dutiful son-in-law and an affec-

tionate brother-in-law ought to have done. All along, doubtless, he had admitted to himself—as, indeed, we have heard him acknowledge to the girl's face—that Mary might very naturally prefer a younger and a sprucer bridegroom; and yet was it Murty's serious conviction that, by the proposed match, he consulted her personal happiness as well as her worldly advantage: so very high was his opinion of the ould admiral.

As to the widow Moore, her sudden change, wrought by the joyous prospect thus suddenly opened to her, from moping despair to brisk good spirits, was truly surprising. She seemed to have regained the vigour of her early days. So soon as Murty had departed, she became wordy and bustling to excess, to the almost unconscious eyes and ears of her still silent child. She took, indeed, Mary with her through the house, and, late as it was, through the yards and outbuildings, to point out the repairs and improvements which were to be immediately undertaken, by means of the fortune so providentially supplied to them. Seated within doors again, she ran over the arrangements for the wedding-feast, numbered the dishes to be placed on the tables; selected the guests; and even prescribed the fashion, colours, and quality of the bride's wedding-garments. Mary only felt that a word of dissent or discouragement, on her part, to all this selfish and vain anticipation, would break her mother's heart, and deprive her of her mother's dying blessing, and she was still and still silent.

At length, the widow retired to bed. Even after she had lain down, Mary sat enduring her loquacious and—to the poor girl—terrible visions of happiness and importance in the world. Sleep fell on her; Mary watched till she was sure her mother slumbered soundly, and then she stole on tiptoe to the door of the house, raised its latch quietly, stept out, closed the door again, ran down the slope of a hill, gained the edge of the little stream that whimpered at its foot, cast herself sitting there; and now, as she wrung her hands in agony, the sobs and the tears which had been so long kept in, swelled through the echoing nooks of the lonesome spot around her, and pattered into the shallow water over which she bent.

And "Oh!" she cried, "may the Lord of heaven have pity on me, this black night! The heart's-rest my mother spoke of—the heart's rest! Oh, I was only poor before—poor, and fatherless, and brotherless—but now! now! now!"—she wrung her hands with increased energy and bitterness—"the fortune! och, yes! the fortune to be sure! But isn't there *another* would do the same for my mother an' me, only he's poor, poor, poor like ourselves? Mother, it will cost me dear to keep your last blessin' on my head, an' to laive you undher the roof-three of your father's house! Mother, mother, it would break your heart to be turned out o' that house, an' it will break mine to keep you in id! Oh! the Lord look down on me! Oh! I am the most miserable crature on the face of the earth this moment! Oh! what, what is to become of me?"

Thus did Mary make her moan, while the running stream that received and bore away her tears, did not flow in with her young sorrows too. The grey morning began to break before she became alive

to a necessity for calming herself. Then, however, amid continued sobs which almost rent her bosom, she tried to cool and wash away the tears from her burning eyes; and, at length, walked up the hill to the house, slowly and heavily, that she might be in time for her mother's wakening hour, and take her place to listen to renewed descriptions of the happiness in store for her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

After spending, as a matter of etiquette—indeed, almost of necessity after prize money—two or three days and nights at the alehouse, drinking King George's health, and confusion to all his enemies, but particularly to his French ones, Terence O'Brien steered up to the widow Moore's abode, to promote in person his matrimonial suit.

To this step he had been induced principally by Murty Meehan's frequent representations of its being indispensable in the eyes of all "dacent neighbours of people, livin' on firrum land;" for Terence's own part, he saw no use in jawing over the business; it wasn't "sayman-like." When "boord ould ship," they always cleared for action without any such palaver. So soon as mother Moore chose to give the word, he was ready to come to close quarters, and what else could be required of him? In boarding an enemy, who ever thought of speaking her fair? What was a broadside for, but to bring her to her senses, without wasting a word?

With his usual kind consideration, Murty Meehan laboured to convince the admiral that there was no parallel between the present proposed encounter and that of an action at sea: that, in fact and truth, Mary Moore was no enemy of his, nor he an enemy to her; but that, on the contrary, they were both good friends already, and that the object in view was to make them the best and closest friends in the world.

"We cruize a-head together, then, my hearty—the Murty and the Terry alongside—eh?"

"Bee all manes, admiral:" and, accordingly, they proceeded to Mrs. Moore's together.

Upon this occasion the admiral looked as well as his personal accidents could permit. From top to toe, he wore a new suit, perfectly in sailor trim. Blue jacket, blue trousers, scarlet waistcoat, white stockings, and single-soled pumps. His grey hairs were smoothed backward from either side of his forehead, his new furry hat hung towards one ear, his pig-tail was freshly bound and ribboned, and around his throat he had coiled a flaming silk handkerchief, which

"Waved like a meteor in the troubled air."

Before the inmates of the house could see him, his stormy "ould ship a-hoy!" sounded in their ears from the middle of the ascent to their threshold. At the hail, Mary, who had been moping about the floor, sank on a seat in a dark and damp corner. The widow, on the contrary, bounded from her stool, adjusted her attire, hastened to the open door-way, and there stood with a preparatory face and air ex-



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pressive of much welcome and cordiality. And there did the admiral first address her.

"Aha, ould frigate! all right an' tight aboord—eh?"

"He's axin' you, mother," said Murty Meehan, in an "aside," as Mrs. Moore's features began to wear a very puzzled expression, "he's axin' you, in his say gibberish, how is all in the house."

"Why, then, we're brave an' hearty, thank God, an' to yourself, sir, for the axin'," answered the dame, addressing Terence; "an' glad in the heart to see you undher our poor roof."

"Splice timbers, here, my ould frigate."

The widow Moore was again at a loss to comprehend the admiral's phrase, but the action accompanying his words, proved sufficiently intelligible to her. Terence jerked forward his one hand; she advanced one of her's to meet it; and then he set to work at her arm, along with that hand, as if he had been at the pump, aboard, five feet of water in the hold. The old woman's joints were nearly dislocated in their sockets; and the struggle of her heart to keep in screams expressive of her torture, and of her countenance, to keep up a show of good-humour, became pitiable. Her son-in-law elect went on.

"I'll tell you a piece of my mind, now, misthress. I hate jawin'. A sayman isn't never used to id. He laives id to your land-loobers an' the parley-wows. But never mind for all that; he'll do his duty widout id as long as a plank of him sticks together. An' now, agin, here's a bit o' log, d'ye see me. Murty Meehan, my jolly shipmate here, he cruised a start round your port t'other night to take soundins: an' he spoke wid you, an' so you know our present tack. See here—I'll put the rhino aboord—I'll work ould ship for you, here, as well as one timber can do id, hearty and saymanlike—I'll tug when you cry, 'yee-ho!'—I'll keep the tackle thrue, and the canvass fair to the breeze. Maybe I'd thry my loock at the helm, off and on—but I'm no great hand at that part o' ship's work, an' I tell you so, plump, afore we weigh anchor. An' that's all I've got to palaver about. If it's a bargain for the voyage, I'm aboord; if not, only say the word, an' I'm off on the ould coorse—eh, my ould frigate?"

Again, Mrs. Moore wot not what to say, for again she wot not what had been said to her. She believed, however, that, notwithstanding the pumping she had undergone, she was still called on to manifest great content and satisfaction. So, as the best thing to be thought of, she bobbed many curtsies. But, again, Murty Meehan considerately acted as interpreter between her and what he was pleased to call, in his own pride of knowledge of the English language, the "say-gibberish" of his friend.

"It's what he's demandin' o' you now, mother, is—would you be plaised wid him, goold an' all, for a husband for the collein?"

"An', troth, an' why not? An' sure we'll do our endayvour to make the place an' the house agreeable an' comfortable to him, an' to any friend of his," she replied; "paice and plenty widin an' widout; *laucky* times, an' happiness *galore*."

"But mind, misthress—mind one thing; sayman's allowance o' grog, an' no stintin'."

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Murty promised there should be no stint; he was supported, upon explanation, by Mrs. Moore; and matters being so far understood, Terence again "spliced timbers" with the ould frigate, and a second time wrought so hard, that, in order to conceal her real feelings, she forced herself into an affected burst of laughter, while the sourness of her aspect plainly denoted that a hearty fit of crying would have more honestly expressed her sensations, and the state of her temper.

"Sink my hulk to ould Davy!" then bellowed the admiral. "Where's the little craft I'm to join company with? Ahoy, there!" as he discovered Mary in her dark corner; "alongside here! alongside, my little schooner!" and he seized her hand, and tugged her into the middle of the apartment. "What cheer, now, what cheer? eh? scuttle me! but her canvass shivers in the breeze. But cheer up, cheer up; 'twill right soon—eh? Shiver my timbers, but you *are* a thrim little vessel—prize for an admiral; and if the ould jolly boy doesn't fight, broadside to broadside, for you, against any seventy-four that ever swum, may he be sent under hatches for a skulker! a buss, my little hearty, an' all's settled." And before the terrified Mary could recede from his advance, he snatched the favour he had proposed. "My hulk to splinters, shipmit!" addressing Murty Meehan, "but she's a well-built little vessel—ain't she? Lookee; painted, pinnace-like, d'ye see me, and right well rigged from stem to stern; don't you shiver so, my hearty; cheer up, I say; I never knew a land-jack that war'n't afeard o' salt wather, at the settin' out; but you'll not be long before the wind till you bear a hand bravely; I know it—so, cheer up." The ould admiral again saluted his bride; and Mary, then pulling herself somewhat free of his gripe, retreated to her corner.

Her mother next boarded the sayman, engaging him in a discussion of all her plans of improvement and management in the house and on the farm. For a short time he listened to her with some little seeming attention; but, fatigued with her "jaw," suddenly bounced off his seat, told her that he left the whole business of the outfit to his shipmate and herself, snatched a parting *bonbouche* from his little pinnace, and scudded away, full before the wind.

Terence felt perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs. All was now settled, and so no more talk about it. Mrs. Moore could not be smoother nor kinder. Mary seemed shy, to be sure; but, as he had intimated to her, so were, according to his recollections and experience, all fresh-water jacks at the first sight of the sea. She had not repulsed him—she had not said "No;" and, seeing that she was gifted with a tongue in her head, such must have been the case did she really dislike the proposed "cruise in company." On board the ould Vincent all his life long, his shipmates and he had always spoken their minds honestly to each other, and he had no other rule of judging of people's opinions, and he would have none. No meant no, and yes meant yes; or, what was even better, for it saved jaw, if you asked a "shipmit" will you? and he said neither yes nor no, but just held his tongue, and at the same time did not knock you down, or give any similar indication of dissent, why, you had an answer much plainer than all the languages in the world could convey it, to the effect of—

"To be sure I will." So that our honest admiral left the widow Moore's "ould ship," experiencing pretty nearly the same sensations he used to feel, when about to make a fresh cruise, after riding sometime at anchor—careless and hearty, and his spirits up, from an undefined hope of something novel about to happen to him.

How often, with the best intentions in the world, do the best people in the world go near to break the hearts of the unhappy, in an endeavour to do them good!

And why?

Because they don't, or won't, or can't, understand.

And ah! that little word "won't," contains matter for chapters upon the curious and contemptible compound of our nature, take it, upon the average, at its best——

But—"d—n your sentiment."

With all our heart. Don't be afraid, "gentle light reader."

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## PEACE TO OUR ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Peace to our absent friends—within this hall
Of proud festivity, and sparkling mirth,
Does not each heart some former hour recal,
And linger fondly on some distant hearth?
Yes, tender memories rest our smiles beneath,
And silently the listening throng attends,
While to my trembling lute I softly breathe
These simple words—peace to our absent friends.

The present rarely satisfies the heart,
'Tis all too bright, too burning in its blaze,
But thought supplies the want—before us start
Scenes of the past, and forms of other days:
Veiled in an indistinct and shadowy light,
Some radiance with their darkest trial blends,
And 'midst companions gifted, gay, and bright,
We gently sigh—peace to our absent friends.

Oh! is our tenderness by theirs repaid,
And do they pine lost moments to regain,
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain?
Yes, doubt it not—though cold and severed long,
Pride to the power of time and distance bends,
Forgotten is the slight—repaired the wrong,—
The heart still sighs—peace to our absent friends.

And if we feel a fellowship so blest
In the dear communings of earthly love,
How fondly the believing heart must rest
On the bright time when friends shall meet above!
Say, have I saddened ye, gay, thoughtless crowd?
Yes, Nature's voice the force of art transcends,
And ever can I melt the cold and proud
By this soft spell—peace to our absent friends.

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## THE MODERN MECÆNAS; OR, HOW TO LIVE BY PATRONAGE.

THE most distinguished Mecænas of modern times was, perhaps, Joscelyn Joyce. Poor Joscelyn! he is gone to his audit, and well may it fare with him; for, notwithstanding the murmurs of some of his disappointed *protegés*, he was in many points a capital fellow. He was as fat as Falstaff, and bore a strong resemblance to him in many other particulars. He sailed through life, gaily as a lord, and more independently; his time passed in gibing, jesting, dining, quaffing, laughing, yet Joscelyn had neither inheritance, profession, or revenue of any kind that any one knew of. In this particular he was more inscrutable than Beau Wilson or St. Leon. Those who were most in the secret, opined that Joscelyn lived by patronage, not however in the vulgar sense of that term—not by receiving it, which experience proves to be poor work, but by conferring it. Certainly, no man ever possessed such a talent at persuading others of his vast power to serve them, nor did any candidate for public favour in any way ever converse with him for ten minutes without being convinced that could he but obtain Joscelyn's good word, he was a made man. Hence he had regular morning levees, crowded with solicitors of every description, and his portly figure, as he sailed about among them, looked like a whale among a shoal of herrings. Here were actors, artists, poets, projectors, candidates for parliament, opera figurantes, meritorious young clergymen, tailors, tavern-keepers, and envoys from Newgate and the hulks, all looking to Joscelyn as their guardian angel. Nor is it to be inferred that he was a mere man of pretences: seven offenders he certainly saved from the extreme penalty of the law; and not less than twenty tavern-keepers made their fortunes under his auspices; what less could result from the patronage of a man who was never happy except when instituting clubs, and arranging revels? whose object it was to keep the world continually feasting, and to make life itself one great dinner? The ever open table which was emulously offered him by his grateful hosts, was surely but a slight recompense for such services. In the theatres, too, Joscelyn was potential; forty pieces he introduced to the stage, and the only one of the lot which escaped damnation, was saved by an affecting appeal made by Joscelyn to the audience, from his usual station in a side box: to that box every *debutant* looked anxiously for his encouraging nod, "his bravo was decisive." Those of Joscelyn's clients who had least reason to be satisfied, were his metrical friends; Joscelyn had unluckily the ambition to be a poet himself, not that he ever did or could write a line, but every one whom he knew or suspected of being able to do so, he plucked without remorse into his service; and he published a volume of poems by Joscelyn Joyce, Esq., the contents of which had been furnished by not less than fifty different contributors. Never did any one book exhibit such an anomalous combination—it was an absolute monster!

here were amatory effusions in the style of Moore—here, hymns after the manner of Doctor Watts—in one page was an imitation of Young's "Night Thoughts," in another Joe Miller versified, and original compositions in "choice Italian," figured away by the side of "stanzas" in very disputable English. The reviewers did not know what to make of it; some laughed at the author, some called him mad, some praised the versatility of his genius, and Joscelyn marched about, happy in the unction of publicity, and apparently with the most perfect conviction that he had written every line of the book himself. On one occasion a detached poem published by him on a popular subject procured him an introduction at Carlton House; Joscelyn was prodigiously aristocratical, and his exultation may be imagined; he hastened back to his friend who had really written the poem, made the most fervent acknowledgments, (for he was not incapable of gratitude,) but hinted, that as this introduction had given him a new rank in society, their intimacy must in future be conducted on less familiar terms. Yet, amidst all these absurdities, no man had a quicker perception of the ridiculous in others than Josceyln.

Joscelyn's resemblance to Falstaff was modified, in some particulars, by the advanced civilization of the age in which he lived. He had an intense passion for the fine arts, and, with commensurate means, we really think, would have been a munificent encourager of them. As it was, he felt that a collection of pictures was necessary to his happiness, and he was satisfied to get one in the best way he could. We have heard of individuals possessed of such astonishing finesse as to be able to outmanœvre a horsedealer; Joscelyn's dexterity far surpassed theirs, he actually outwitted the picture-dealers, and his walls were decorated with *chef d'œuvres* of the various schools presented him by individuals of that worthy fraternity. Artists were his regular quarry, particularly the younger class of them. No sooner had one of those aspirants began to make an impression on the public, than Joscelyn pounced on, and plucked him with the celerity of a hawk. His processes of cajolery were original and inimitable; his usual mode was, in the first instance, to humiliate his man by criticisms and inuendoes disparaging to his talents, then, when he had lowered him to the proper point, he would suddenly wheel round, and pour in such a dose of exhilarating panegyric, that the astonished practitioner, bewildered by conflicting emotions, and happy to escape from a disagreeable to an agreeable impression, willingly gave him anything he asked for. All this will be better understood by example; we shall, therefore, give a dialogue which we once overheared between Joscelyn and Mr. Edward Hogshair, a young artist, who (as the writers of biography say) "has since risen to great and deserved celebrity."

SCENE—*Mr. Edward Hogshair's study—Hogshair at work.*

*Enter Joscelyn.*

*Jos.* Ha, Neddy, hard at it, eh? that's right, my boy. In the fine arts, as Sir Joshua says, industry's everything.

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*Hogs.* Excuse me, I can't quite agree with Sir Joshua. Mere industry differs widely from that active energy of genius which——

*Jos.* Is all your own—that's what you mean to say, I know. Bravo, Neddy! nothing like confidence, and hang me if you'll fail for want of it.

*Hogs.* Why, really, no one has ever accused me of presumption.

*Jos.* O no, as to that, I've seen you look sheepish enough sometimes.

*Hogs.* Sheepish! What do you mean?

*Jos.* Now don't snap one's nose off. That's just your way. If you don't take care, Ned, that irritable temper of yours will ruin you; Snarlton says so too; I met him just now, and we had a long talk about you.

*Hogs.* Indeed!

*Jos.* Yes, he inquired if you were still persisting in the intention of becoming an artist; and he said that if you had but the gift of forming a right estimate of your own character you would abjure the pencil and turn round to some other profession.

*Hogs. (laying down his pencil.)* Sir, I have always thought Snarlton a prating malignant coxcomb; and as for those who repeat such contemptible gossip——"

*Jos.* There you go, Ned; always ready to quarrel with your best friends.

*Hogs.* Friends!

*Jos.* Yes, Ned; and to call you my friend I have always considered to be one of the proudest distinctions of my life. As to Snarlton, you injure him if you imagine that his remarks were made in any disparagement of your professional talents. No, Ned, he merely said he thought it a pity that a man of your great and general capacity should not be engaged in some high political employment, which would give you an opportunity of serving mankind on a larger scale; but he added, if you determine to make painting your vocation, he knew of no man so likely to vindicate British genius, and raise the arts to an unprecedented pitch of perfection, as Mr. Edward Hogshair.

*Hogs.* Why, although Snarlton sometimes talks at random, occasionally he certainly does make sensible remarks.

*Jos.* Ay, to be sure, Ned; and all the world thinks of you as he does. Well, and what's that pretty thing you are doing?—from Shakspeare, eh? Romeo and Juliet?

*Hogs.* No; 'tis Manfred and the Alp Witch.

*Jos.* Beautiful! the very spirit of the poet—no mistaking the subject—that sketch, Ned, is enough to immortalize you.—You'll give it me, won't you?

*Hogs.* Why—I want to finish it.

*Jos.* Nonsense! these happy hits are always spoiled by being finished. Don't touch it again; I'll take it home with me—Lord —— is to breakfast with me to-morrow—doats on Byron—has him by heart, and that sketch, Ned, shall introduce you to him.

*Hogs.* An introduction to Lord —— would certainly be important to me.

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*Jos.* I tell you, Ned, he shall give you a commission to paint him a picture fifty feet long; I'll dine with you to-day, and we'll talk it over—some little elegant thing at the French restaurateur's. Come, Ned, put down your pencils, and put on your hat, and recollect, plain port—no claret, unless you absolutely prefer it. Come along, Ned; ah! what a happy dog you are! I think I see Fame beckoning from her highest pinnacle, and calling out to you, "Neddy, come up!"

[*Exeunt.*

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## THE DOVE OF ANACREON.

Ερασωιη πελεια, κ. τ. λ.

"WHENCE, lovely dove! whence through the sky
On buoyant pinions dost thou fly?
Whence are these fragrant rich perfumes
Distilling from thy snowy plumes?
Who art thou? what is thine employ?"

"Anacreon sent me to a boy,
To young Bathyllus, who retains
The hearts of all in willing chains;
Fair Venus to the blithesome bard
Gave me, a little hymn's reward;
And now, his feathered post, I go
With *such* his letters to and fro—
For which, on my return, says he,
Thou shalt enjoy thy liberty!'
But though he should my freedom give,
With him a servant still I'd live;
For what behoves it me that I
O'er fields and rugged mountains fly,
Or perching in the desert wood,
Devour precarious rustic food;
While now, indeed, I take my stand,
And snatch it from Anacreon's hand;
Or rich and luscious wines I sup,
Deep drinking from Anacreon's cup;
And then perhaps I dance and spread
My wings above my master's head;
Or wearied of the day retire
To slumbers on his far-famed lyre.

"Now thou hast all—my friend, adieu!
I must my airy course pursue,
For thou hast made me—hence, away!—
E'en more loquacious than a jay."

*Lancaster.* R. S. FISHER.

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ERCANTILE
ASSOCIA
NEW-YO

# NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

## GUN-BOAT ATTACK.

"We will play Old Snuffy a trick this evening," said my very youthful commander (for I believe he had not numbered nineteen years) to me, as, in company with the squadron, we were standing in for the Spanish main under the command of the respectable commodore, designated by my captain as Old Snuffy.

"In what way, sir?" replied I.

"Why, as soon as the sun goes down, up slick, and make all sail for the Gulf of Mexico, where we are sure to make our fortunes."

This was a clincher, and no person disputed the propriety of such conduct, which was pursued to the very letter, as his Majesty's sloop made the town of Carthagena on the succeeding evening.

"Hoist the yaul and gig out, and select your men and officers," said my commander, "and pick up all you can, for we are not known to be on the coast."

"Had we not better anchor the sloop with a spring on her cable first?"

"No, no, be off, and leave her to me."

And we did leave her as commanded, to pull round Bird Island, and into the Boccachica. We were all strangers to the West Indies, having shortly before arrived from England.

"Jack Whitewood," said I to the master, "pull foot for yonder latteen-rigged boat, and bring her down to the commodore. What is her cargo?"

"Melons and pumpkins."

"Select a supply of the best melons for the boats, and let her go anywhere but to Carthagena."

And we lay on the oars, and indulged in a mortal gorge on melons, letting the boats drift at the caprice of the currents. This was employment very passable in a West India night and served to while away the lingering hours of darkness. As day began to dawn, we gave chase to eleven large latteen-rigged boats; but observing they appeared warlike, and made no show of avoiding us, I called the gig alongside, and lay upon our oars.

"Let us wait for broad daylight, Jack Whitewood, they may be gun-boats, and we shall have caught a Tartar instead of making our fortunes. There is up square sail, and out sweeps, by Jupiter! They are what I suspected, and full of men, with a long gun in their bow. Now, boys, stretch to your oars; for if taken, into the mines they will pop us. Coxswain, steer close in with Bird Island, and look out for sunken rocks."

The coxswain, whose name was Burroughs, had narrowly escaped the fate of Parker and other active mutineers in '98. He was a good seaman, a high-spirited ruffian, and filled the situation of boatswain's

[1] Continued from page 31.

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mate in the sloop with credit to himself; but he was a complete dare-devil, and a dangerous man. "Sir," said he, addressing me respectfully, "the gun-boats are gaining rapidly on us, for the breeze has freshened, and they will speedily open their fire. I would advise you to land on Bird Island, destroy the boats, and cross to the side where the brig will see our signals, and take us on board."

"Very good," whispered the talkative midshipman by my side, who had been entertaining me with a glowing account of the mines of Potosi, and the pleasure we should experience in digging up gold and silver for others during the remainder of our lives. "A capital idea!" said he; "and I trust, sir, you will act upon it."

"And get murdered by him for so acting," replied I. "The devil-may-care boy would desire no better sport than to prey on Carthagena as captain of such a gang, well armed as they are. Now, observe how the villain is edging her in shore. Gig, ahoy! Jack Whitewood, speed for the brig, and bring her down to our assistance."

"Ay, ay, sir; though truly sorry to leave you in such a slow coach to experience the tender mercy of these guarda-costas. They will put you into the mines, never to see the light of the sun again."

"Lads, you hear what Mr. Whitewood says, and it is true. If our officers, who are very young, covet such a situation, we shall be great fools to allow them to sacrifice us."

During this mutinous speech I had been working up my nerves for a deed of horror—to shoot the coxswain through the head. Burroughs looked around to mark the impression made by his speech on the men. During this time I had worked my resolution up to the sad necessity of imbruing my hands in human blood, as an act of self-preservation, and of duty to my country. Drawing a loaded pistol from my breast, and placing it to his head, "Another word, Burroughs, and you are a dead man. Obey my orders instantly, and in silence; take the stroke oar." The ruffian rolled his fierce eyes over me. He saw determination in my looks, and heard it in my voice. The click of cocking the pistol had evidently not escaped his notice or hearing, and the expression of his eyes plainly said, "If I give this stripling as food for fish, will the crew join me, or surrender me up to justice?" I watched every motion with intense anxiety, and whispered to the gallant and loquacious youngster, now a post captain, to fire on any one of the crew that rose to succour Burroughs. He reluctantly and slowly lowered his murderous gaze, and took the stroke oar.

"Now, Thompson," calling to the man he had relieved, "take the helm, and keep her close in shore, with a good look-out for sunken rocks. Throw everything out of the boat but your arms, tear up the bottom boards, and lighten her in every way. Now put your trust in God, and give way; and, with coolness and resolution, I have little doubt but we shall escape the dreaded mines of Potosi; at all events, we will sell our liberty dearly. Give way fore and aft, and mind your steerage."

At this moment the foremost gunboat loaded, and ran forward her long gun, which they trained and pointed on the yaul. Our muskets

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were ranged in the stern sheets; and the sitters, consisting of the officers and two marines, now threw a glance on the foremost foe, and gazed on each other, awaiting, with all the patience they could muster, the effect of the round and grape momentarily expected. "By God! she is on the rocks," said Burroughs, breaking his moody and sullen silence. She was, and over on her beam ends. I breathed more freely on observing the second boat stopping to assist her consort; and after a heavy pull against the current, we got on board the brig, and, unfortunately, after the young captain had dined. To the joint advice of the master and myself to take an offing for fear of a night attack from such a formidable force, his reply was, that if they dared to attack his Majesty's sloop under his command, he would blow them into a place not to be named to ears polite. As this in some measure conveyed a reproof, we made our bow, and retired to our cabins to obtain some repose, of which we all stood in need.

"Sir, coffee is ready," said my servant, waking me out of a profound nap.

"Coffee before quarters?" replied I.

"No," said my youthful captain, "I would not allow those who appeared so fatigued to be disturbed; and the second luff and I have put the brig in order, to receive your friends, who were so desirous of your company this morning, if they dare presume to attack us."

Saying this, my youthful commander seated himself at our table.

The heavy report of a gun, the whistle, a crash, the death groan of Richard Bennett, our senior mate, and the agonised shriek of our steward, Saunders Lackey, whose legs were shot off, were all heard the next instant. The cabin-boy had likewise his arm broken by this most disasterous shot, whose effects from its suddenness seems to have paralysed us. "Pipe to quarters," shouted I, and rushed upon deck, closely followed by all that were able, from the cabin. Here I found darkness and confusion. The men, alarmed at the rushing of the water into the sloop, (for the shot had hit us below the water-mark,) now stood huddled together. "To your quarters," cried I, "and cast loose your guns. Can any person make out the gun-boats?"

"Here is the spy-glass," said the youngster of the watch, with which I swept the horizon.

"There they are," said I, to the young captain, "eleven in number, pulling up in three divisions on our larboard quarter. Break off the after guns and haul upon the starboard spring—veer away cable."

"The spring has slipt up to the bows," called the second luff, from the forecastle.

"This was bent by a lubber," said I to my commander. "We must cut from the anchor, sir, and get on the sweeps."

"Do as you think best," was the reply; and we accordingly cut, and with the sweeps kept her head seaward. Burroughs, with great activity and courage got out two long guns aft, and commenced firing on the gun-boats, which, by this time, were close on our stern and quarters, keeping up an incessant fire from their bow-guns and musketry, and with great yelling and shouting evincing a disposition to board.

At this moment Mr. Mather, the boatswain, an Irishman, above six

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feet in height, and well-proportioned, came aft to me, and pulling off his hat with the greatest coolness, said, "By Jasus, sir, these wild devils will be on board us if you do not check them by a broadside."

The advice was sound, and the mode of delivery at such an exciting time unique. This excellent warrant-officer, when he heard our youthful commander read his commission, opened his goggle eyes to a larger extent than usual, and with an inimitably ludicrous smile, asked me if it was not a joke; but when assured by me that it was downright earnest, slapped his thigh, and in a strong Hibernian accent, said, "That bates Rannagher."

"Lay the sweeps athwart, and load the larboard guns with grape and canister—hard a starboard the helm, and fire as you bring them to bear, taking great care not to waste your shot."

The sweeps, that had only given us steerage-way, thus enabled us to bring our larboard broadside full upon them, and the eighteen-pound carronades, from the crowded state of the boats, did infinite execution, and put a stop to their yells, shouting, and disposition to board. They immediately retrograded and left us without further molestation.

Having got sail on the brig—for a light breeze had sprung up—I went below to contemplate a most melancholy sight, the mutilated remains of our steward and Richard Bennet. Here was my young commander, weeping bitterly over the bodies, and accusing himself as the cause of their destruction. Lackey's legs were shot off close up to the hips; and as the surgeon (who was a Scotsman) was attempting to get tourniquets on the stumps, the poor wounded Highlander, with that strong love for country that so exalts them, dwelt entirely on his far-distant home. "O, Scotland!" said he, kissing the doctor's hand, "I thought I should never see your bonny hills again."

But Bennet—poor Richard Bennet! it was only the day previous to sailing from Port Royal that he came to me the very personification of perfect happiness. The cause was a letter from the commander-in-chief's secretary, promising him the first vacancy. "O the exquisite pleasure the knowledge of this will give to thee, thou matchless piece of Nature's workmanship!" apostrophising a miniature that he rapturously kissed.

"Will you let me see it, Bennet?"—and he presented me with the likeness of a beautiful girl of eighteen, on whose alabaster and polished brow modesty sat enthroned, while her celestial blue eyes gave indication of a warm, affectionate heart, governed by a well-regulated mind; but I can feel the effect of female loveliness more vividly than I can describe it. "She is all that youthful poets fancy when they love," observed I, "and you are a most fortunate youth in possessing Heaven's best gift, a virtuous female's heart."

"O, sir, did you know that heart! it is the seat of every good feeling. My blessed Susette!" And again he rapturously pressed the picture to his lips, while his heart beat wildly as he replaced the miniature on it.

I thought of these things and turned away much depressed, taking with me the miniature and a lock of the brown tresses that clustered round his handsome forehead, mentally vowing to place them in Susette's possession the first opportunity; and I kept that vow, and found

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a dying angel, looking more ethereal than mortal. It was at the close of day, when a bright July sun was on the point of setting, that I arrived at the very pretty cottage of Susette's mother. I tremulously stated who I was to the most respectable-looking matron I ever saw, of French extraction. In broken and bitter accents of heart-felt grief, she told me her daughter's death was daily looked for, and requested time to prepare her to see me. At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennet, and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve that ever found this world unequal to its tender blossoms. She was propped up with pillows, near the open lattice of her bed-room, that was clustered with roses. Her white dress and the drapery of the room accorded with the angelic vision who now turned her lustrous orbs upon me. They would have been too dazzling, had not bountiful Nature, in pity to man, veiled them in long fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine, as I knelt to kiss it; and as she felt my tears drop on it, softly murmured, "I wish I could cry, it would relieve my poor heart." She gasped for breath and respired with great difficulty. "The lock of hair—quickly, while I can see it." She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted, but her pure and innocent soul had returned to God that gave it.

### THE YOUTHFUL COMMANDER'S CRUISE.

The bodies of the slain were committed to the deep the following morning with due solemnity, and sincere grief, particularly from my youthful captain, who abstained from his favourite pastime of hopscotch that evening. Shade of Benbow, rise to rebuke the degeneracy of your successors! The captain of a British sloop of war playing at hopscotch with the boys of the vessel on his own quarter-deck. "Who is for hopscotch?" said our noble commander of an evening, directing his question to his officers in the gun-room. The usual exclamation of "the devil!" and a stare at each other, was our mode of relieving this out-of-the way invitation. "Jack Whitewood," said our commander, "will you not take a hop?" Jack gave his lengthened visage a most inimitable twist, as he discarded his old quid in favour of a larger; and with an aside, that beats cock-fighting, answered loudly, "Ay, ay, sir;" at the same time putting the best foot, (for one of them was defective,) for the purpose of kicking a bung about in certain squares, bearing the names of Little Jack, Big Belly, &c. &c. These innocent amusements, and officer-like recreations, though they enabled Jack Whitewood to trick himself into the berth of master-attendant, did not tend to preserve discipline, nor terminate amicably, for they were often the occasion of punishment, until the sturdy young rogues were flogged into the opinion that the captain kicked the bung with more skill than themselves, and was of course the best hopscotch player on board his Majesty's sloop. We cruised and toiled day and night, but caught no fish, though once we threw away a most excellent chance. A small American ship, at the close of day, who had not led us a dance in chase, hove to, in very polite style, to receive our boarding officer; and was much praised for his civility in allowing us, without squabbling, to

impress two of his prime seamen, which *(entre nous)* my youthful commander was fond of doing. In consequence of this kindness, and presents well applied, the search on board was not rigorous, and the show of each other's colours said good-by in a most friendly manner. Forty-eight hours after parting company, the impressed men stated that she had loaded with money in Vera Cruz for Havannah; and although we used our best endeavours to anticipate her off her port, we did not succeed, and bought some useful experience, always to distrust Yankee politeness.

As water began to run short, after an ineffectual attempt to find some at the dry Fortugas, we stood for the Spanish main, and anchored in Honda Bay. The casique, or chief Indian of the place, honoured us with a visit, and brought his daughter, attended with some state; she had a perfect figure, eyes like diamonds, long black tresses, white teeth, and would have passed for a handsome brunette, had she been accustomed to soap, water, and brushes; but these, I believe, had not been introduced into his Majesty's dominions, for he termed himself king, and brother of George of England, to whose health he so often drank out of the neck of a bottle of rum, as to get gloriously intoxicated. He was the strongest man I ever saw, to judge from his muscles and breadth of shoulders, which exceeded all the men I had seen; and to give us an opinion of his power, he discharged an arrow into the shoulders of one of his attendants when on shore, who ran off into the woods with great yelling. But in spite of the savage state in which she had been reared, the princess had her maiden modesty and the softness of her gentle sex about her; nor did she take any of the intoxicating draughts which made her father so furious, but did all in her power to check his mad career. Even in that state the feelings that elevate the human creation above the brute, is most plainly developed in woman.

> "Who, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou."

Finding water difficult to obtain, we up anchor and stood along the Spanish main in search of a bay under the heights of Santa Martha, in which a frigate of ours had procured water, after a desperate fight with outrang outangs, or man monkeys, at least so the captain of the frigate reported at Jamaica; and early one fine morning we made the said heights: the tops of the mountains eternally clad in snow, looked like white clouds far as the sight could reach, and deceived us so much in distance, that the gig, with Jack Whitewood, was sent to sound the bay, thinking it about two leagues off, when they proved it to be six or seven. Anchored close in with the beach at the mouth of a small river, into which we conveyed all our empty casks, and most of the crew of the brig were employed in watering. Having the command of the party, I posted sentinels close on each bank of the rivulet, for the underwood was too thick to allow us to penetrate the immense forests; but the greatest enemy I found was the sand-fly, which drew blood every bite, and caused great irritation and pain. On

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mustering at quarters in the evening, I found eight men missing, who had been of the watering party, of whom we never heard afterwards. Guns were fired at intervals in the night, and a false alarm of gun-boats broke in upon our rest. My young captain informed me that he had a presentiment that he should be killed this cruise, and in that case he had so arranged that I should be made a commander into the sloop; but he was a false prophet, and no such luck ever fell to my lot. At daylight took a drum and party on shore to search for our lost comrades; but a Spanish schooner led us in chase off the coast, and it took three weeks to beat back again; but this being, like most cruises, dry and uninteresting, except to those concerned, I will bring his Majesty's sloop to an anchor at Port Royal, without having made our fortunes, or indeed bettered them in the smallest degree. My youthful commander was thanked in public orders for his skill and bravery in the gun-boat attack, made a post-captain, and I was sent home second lieutenant of the convoy ship, to be paid off on my arrival, and to seek out the heart-broken Susette.

### THE SINKING SHIP.

At the beginning of November, in the year 1807, his Majesty's line-of-battle-ship * * * * was detached from the squadron in Basque Roads, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, for the purpose of procuring water at the Glennan Rocks, a very strange cluster of both high and sunken ones lying off L'Orient: on one of the highest stands a fort well protected from British assault by its intricate and rocky situation. The November sun, on the sabbath morning on which his Majesty's ship was running most carelessly off the wind with the top-gallant-sails and foresail set, almost rivalled a splendid June's; and as the noble warlike fabric moved gracefully over the waters, amid this dangerous cluster of rocks, at the rate of five miles an hour, every heart seemed elated and every eye beamed with pleasure, for indeed the day was most joyous, and, for the time of year, uncommon. In a moment, and without warning, I, with the rest on the quarter-deck, was prostrated, and heard the solid oak rent and torn by the harder rock, on which she ran with her bows high in air, while her stern in proportion was depressed—it must have been pointed like a steeple, for this vast body sallied over, and shipped an immense quantity of water through the lower-deck ports. The shout of surprise and horror from six hundred men, with the universal cry of "Lower down the ports," was astounding. "Throw all a-back," called the captain, "and signalise Sir George Collier that he is standing into danger."

"He has anchored, sir, with the same signal to us flying at his mast-head."

Our captain looked much agitated, and I thought his commission not worth a straw, for we had come into this dangerous predicament without a pilot, or any precaution by chart or look-out; and God knows, our situation could not be worse, sticking on a rock that had already sent alongside forty feet of our keel, in the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, and in sight of an enemy's squadron in L'Orient, who now, by bending sails, evinced a disposition to finish us. The rush of water into the ship was plainly heard from the lower deck, as I, by

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the order of the captain, transported the foremost guns aft, the tide being then flowing. "I have sent for you," said my captain, with solemnity, to give you the same chance as others. The ship will float off into deep water immediately; but how long she may remain buoyant on that water God only knows: from the carpenter's report I dread the worst. Cheer them up at the pumps."

Now she rose, and all sail was made, standing out on the reverse course that we had entered.

"Telegraph Sir George Collier to keep his frigate as near us as possible, as we are in a state of great distress, and making more water than I choose shall be known." And both ships cleared the Glennan rocks, and bore up for Plymouth with a favourable light breeze, all the pumps going. At six P. M. the men were placed in three watches, and one watch ordered to get their suppers and two hours' sleep, in the best way they could, by planking it on the wet deck. At nine, the captain gave an order that the officers of the middle watch should turn in, and down I went, from a very dark night and a murky sky—water in the vessel rather on the increase—and in two minutes was asleep in my cot, having used that short time to address the sinner and publican's prayer to heaven, and God knows I felt every word I uttered. It was one of those dreaming sleeps where the mind, from the midst of danger, turns to the happy past.

> "I dreamt of my home, of my dear native bowers,
> And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn,
> While Memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
> And restored every rose, but *secreted* each thorn."

From the soothing and delightful visions I was roused by the tenor voice of a young midshipman, who woke me from this blissful state, by telling me that the captain wanted every person on deck. "What of the leak and the night?" asked I, putting on my coat.

"Both bad enough," replied he, in a tremulous voice. "The one gaining slowly on the pumps, and the other losing its brightness, for no stars can be seen, nor the frigate's lights."

"Why do we not fire a gun frequently?"

"The carpenter thinks it would have a fatal effect on the shattered frame of the barky."

"May God keep off the wind," said the youngster, for it requires very little to lay us in Davy Jones's locker," and with this consolatory information I reached the quarter-deck, on which the sail-maker's crew were thrumming a lower studding-sail, by the "light of lanterns dimly burning;" all the carpenters were repairing the launch by the same kind of light, and getting the boats ready, that could only bear one-third of the crew from destruction; a blue light on each quarter was throwing its ghastly glare on the surrounding objects, while the noble ship seemed labouring with unusual weight, and much depressed by the head: her maintop-sail lay to the mast, and the leak increased as she was pressed through the water. The clank of the chain-pumps, with the very faint cheers from those that worked them, was anything but exhilarating, and the great anxiety evinced for the sight of, and answering the blue lights from Sir George Collier, proved that our

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dangerous situation was not underrated. These sights in the Bay of Biscay on a misty November night, struck a damp chill to my heart, and effectually banished the beautiful visions engendered by my broken slumbers.

"Did you particularly want me, sir," addressing my captain, who looked pale and agitated.

"Cheer the men at the pumps, by splicing the main-brace; and hark ye, water it, for fear of drunkenness. Send the first lieutenant and master to assist me in getting the thrummed sail under her bottom, for under heaven, that and Sir George Collier are our only dependence. What think you of the night?"

"A Scotch mist," replied I, "but no wind of consequence under twelve hours, and then, I trust, fair for Plymouth."

"May God in his infinite mercy so order it," said the captain, in a very pious tone, for in the course of my long experience, I have always found even the most reprobate turn to that Power that has controlled the winds and the waves, and put their trust alone in unbounded mercy.

At the chain-pumps I found the men disheartened and fatigued, and the words "beach her" (meaning thereby to run her ashore) escaped them, as the winches slowly revolved under their diminished power.

"It is an iron-bound coast," said I, "and in God's mercy, and our own exertions, we must trust. Spell, oh!" and a fresh gang took their turn at the winches. A blue light and a gun from the frigate gave us new life at the pumps, and a midshipman came down with the joyful intelligence that Sir George Collier was close up to us, and the fothered sail was under her in excellent style, and they were then hauling on the yard ropes to press it close to the leaks, which gradually sucked it in, and diminished the water. One half "Hurrah, hurrah!" and round flew the winches with life and spirit. "Fill the main-topsail on her," said the captain, and the noble ship again breasted the waters in gallant style.

A heavy weight seemed to be lifted from our breasts, and every eye beamed with greater animation; even the blue lights which signalized Sir George Collier, did not cast such a sepulchral glare on surrounding objects, and the chain-pumps revolved and clanked with more spirit. As Chip the carpenter announced that we gained on the leak, "Hurrah, hurrah, to get her dry out," and the cranks went merrily round. It was most merciful that the wind continued very moderate, and even the usual Biscay swell had subsided in our favour; the slightest sea in our shattered state would have proved fatal, and anxious glances at the sky and barometer were very frequent. In fifty-two hours from the time of floating off the Pigeon Rock off L'Orient, we anchored in Cawsand Bay, with the signal of distress, and in want of immediate assistance, flying at our mast-head. This was answered by draughts of men from the ships of the squadron, who kept us afloat till taken into Graving Dock, where we entered with guns, powder, and stores. It was considered a miracle that a ship could float so rent and torn. Poor Sir George Collier, our stay in distress, I have dined in his company frequently, and a pleasanter

companion could not be; and to think that a land historian of the sea should make him a suicide! It is lamentable, and "passing strange." May the Power that strung his nervous system on so fine and fragile a make, look with a merciful eye on his rash and dreadful end.

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## LAMENT OF THE POET HAFEZ, FOR HIS WIFE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"Blest with thee, Zayda," 'twas my soul's desire,
To pass my latest days with thee alone:
Ah! fruitless wishes, that too high aspire!
Like scatter'd leaves upon the breezes blown,
That rise to fall, so all my hopes decay.
"Thou wert too pure, too heavenly pure, to dwell
With such as me!" and therefore turned away
Those living eyes, that shamed the young gazelle—
Dark—dark—as night, yet beautiful as day.
My wedded Rose! not e'en Mosella's* bowers
Can yield thy like! and must I weep alone,
Watering with bitter tears the od'rous flowers,
That golden spring around my path hath strown?
Ah, dulcet nightingale! that on the boughs
Of yon pomegranate singest thy sad strain;
Thy rose with blushes answers thy fond vows,
And sends a fragrant token back again.
But Hafez to *his* rose sings vainly now:
Nor blushes answer him, nor musky breath
Bears him sweet token, to requite his vow.
Low lies the pride of Shiraz, struck by death;
And I would paint her, as in death she slept,—
Her moonlight forehead, and her jasmine hair,
From whence I cut those tresses, that have kept
Their watch upon my heart since she lay there.
Oh no! I cannot paint her: I, who sung
Her living beauties, cannot paint her dead:
Th' o'erflowing heart makes bankrupt of the tongue;
Love *would* be eloquent, but words are fled;
For ere the shadow to a likeness grow,—
Ere half her beauties are portrayed to sight,
Down drops the pencil from the hand of woe,
And tears efface her lineaments of light:
Yet wherefore seek that other eyes should see
Those graces, Zayda, only kept for me?

* The roses of Mosella are remarkable for their beauty.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.[1]

THE bright, bright sun of a cloudless November morning, an Italian November, a Neapolitan November, rising all glory over the bay, determined us to pay at last our visit due—long standing, but little creditable debt—to the so famous "burning mountain," and to see all about it, and about it. Besides, it had shown signs of some agitation of late; grievous groans and bellowings had been heard, its waters had been disordered, and intestinal motions and commotions various, symptoms threatening copious eruption, as it was said, had disturbed the bowels of the harmless earth for a day or two; all which were reasons the more why the state of the huge tumour should be looked into.*

Byron, in a tone of dandyism he was wont to adopt—judging Nature's marvels in the spirit of Almack's—stigmatises Vesuvius, (which he never saw,) in sober seriousness, as a "hackney'd height." It is not the vastest volcano in the world, to be sure. In the Cordilleras in the new world, and in Asia in the old, are embers, some smouldering yet, of more stupendous fires. In Mexico, in Kamtchatka, in the interior seas of Africa, in Asia Minor, in the Indian Ocean, among the islands of both Americas, nay, in continent and isle throughout the globe, there are several hundreds of volcanoes spent or in action, to many of which those in Europe are but as dwarfs. But then most of these, remotely situated, are dim to us as fable; and they rise, moreover, upon lands where men's minds are as dark and as barren as their hills. Ætna, our closer neighbour, and burning also, is loftier than Vesuvius, (it has thrice the altitude,) and it has too the classic stamp so *philosophically* essential: but the brow of no volcano in either continent frowns upon more hallowed shores, than does that of Vesuvius, to say nothing of the mountain's noble configuration, and its majestic profile cut by the crystal atmosphere upon the surrounding scenes, the whole arrayed in colours such as are beheld at Naples, and Naples only, is a picture of unimaginable magnificence. Its still undiminished action also is another circumstance to give it interest and importance. Added to which, it is the only volcano that remains unextinguished upon the continent of Europe. Then, of the still burning hills in the European islands, Ætna and Hecla, (I pass unnoticed the diminutive ones of the Lipari isles,) Ætna flames afar and aloof, girt round by desolation,† and the fires of Hecla burn amid

[1] Continued from p. 30.

* It was the mountain in labour, and the *ridiculus mus*, unfortunately, after all. There had been a conflagration just before we reached Naples, and another followed close on our departure—rather personal, I think.

† Messina and Catania are at Ætna's foot, it is true, as they have found too often to their cost—indeed the fertility of a volcano's base and lower belts is a bait too tempting for human cupidity all the world over—but besides the remoteness of the crater on that colossal mound, the cities are now, thanks to many centuries of misgovernment, reduced, like the rest of Sicily's once golden isle, to the mere skeleton of what, in wealth, population, and power, they were in other days.

its ice; while Vesuvius, appalling shadow, glooms like a fiend above an *Eden:* its fathomless founts, unsealed in whirlwinds, roll in destruction over a region at once the richest, the fruitfullest, the most beautiful, and well nigh the most populous, too, upon the face of the earth; and this, which awakens our deepest emotions, which stirs our sympathy and our solicitude, which fills with terror the spirits of the near, and with pain and alarm the imagination of the absent, can apply in no such extent anywhere as to the terrible volcano of southern Italy; for ever there, like the sword of Damocles, for ever menacing, from its horrific crest, the populous cities and rich campagna of Naples.

It is pity, nevertheless, it should be so vulgarly accessible, that a poetic exclusive's aristocratic kibe might be galled in the ascent by the shoon of plebeian traveller. Still one cannot but be reminded, in Byron's desire to sneer down the mighty rock, of Brummell's oath, in *his* mortification, to put our old monarch out of fashion.

An hour's drive round the shore brings you to Resina. And after chaffering and confusion due, away you go, ponies, portantini and all, attended by a retinue of a dozen or two of dirty fellows to do the work of a fourth of their number, with a worthy for their Corypheus, who takes the names of Tully in vain, and with many words and gestures strange, reduces a Cicero to an absurdity.* The squalid populace of the poor cabins round the more perilous of the mountain's skirts, make vine-dressing, flax-spinning, and petty larceny upon the stranger, their principal vocations. They seemed in sorry plight, but their forms are many of them of noble mould, though barbarized and embruted.

Between walls of mud and crazy heaps of tufo bricks, winds the rough road in all the early part of the ascent, the path itself being full of large stones and cinders, and hillocks of lava—direful enough. But it is nowhere steep, at least in the mountain's lower belts, it is only dull and dismal. A mile or two, and you have more widening prospects; ship-strewn bay and town-strewn shore appear through the foliage of the rude orchard and wild vineyard that bound the fosse you traverse: while nearer, but still below you, are seen, upon the mountain side, palace, and villa, and convent, where comfortable men are content to dwell, and brave the face of danger for easier life in a region of enchantment. You here begin to feel the crisp, clear, dry volcanic air, which acts upon the spirits like a dram, and cheers you over the rough places of the ascent, as the reality over the rougher ones of life, and all at length goes merry as a marriage bell.

Advanced some distance further, and upon your right hand, the most conspicuous object on this flank of the mountain is first beheld —the Plano di Ginestre—a vast shelving plain, so called, that stretches away from the bottom of the great cone, in whose shadow it lies, for several miles, until it reaches a sort of irregular craggy ridge, or rind of lava—the pulp of which was liquid fire once—named the Canterani, or breaks into ravines and gullies, among which the rude road

* It can be scarcely necessary to say that "cicerone" is the Italian name alike for the Roman orator and the Italian guide.

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runs. A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste, is this dolesome plain, a lava wilderness, where the broad streams of what were cataracts of fire once, are stricken now, as water into ice, to hardened cinder and to blackened rock, but broken all and furrowed, or in confused heaps, like an iceberg. While beyond it, and above it, as you look from below along its inky billows, tower up abruptly, clearly defined against the brilliant sky, the shattered summits of the double mount, Somma and Vesuvius; the latter dark as a thunder-cloud, broad wreaths of rolling vapour coiling from its lofty peak as from a funeral pile, over sky and sea—the sooty flag of Acheron.

All, however, has not the cheerless aspect of these scorched fields, and on the lower ranges of the Somma especially, vineyards were rich and glowing, and the fig and other trees were there: upon the top ridge even there was sown a sort of coppice, green and bright. We remarked in one place, upon our left, a stream of lava rolled, like a river about a foreland, round the base of an old primeval looking rock, whence the yellow vines were hanging. They hung down there, those fertile vines, above that dismal river, as though to woo it: but never in that moveless breast shall shadow mirrored be; never in that unglittering brink shall the young bird lave his wing; ever there shall the breath of heaven breathe sweetly, but in vain.

From one eminence we stood upon, the guide pointed out a tract where an eruption had laid waste the labours of the husbandmen but a year or two before, yet along the margin of the indurated stream the pertinacity of gain had already scratched away the ashy scurf, and in the chinks of the sooty soil, amidst heaps of cinders and pumice, already struggled the vegetation, and clung the tender vine. Roads and pathways were marked out through the baked fields in one direction; huts, in a gulf below us, were building upon the lava itself, while horsemen, such they seemed in the distance, were passing to and fro in busy occupation. It was all as if man were invited, instead of repelled, by the signs of old desolation, and the presage of new. Natural gamester, he desperately runs the chances of annihilation against the rich gain of the soil and clime, until he becomes less sensible to his real peril than a stranger to the idea of it. He plays a game of hazard here with a vengeance.

In about two hours from the starting post—and measuring space by time is a custom here, as it is in the East—our caravan arrived at the hermitage. All mountains have their hermitages. That of Vesuvius stands at the picturesque point of a line of rock formed by old eruptions, heaven only knows how old; but rivers of fire rush by it now, and still it is unmolested, because it is dedicated to St. Januarius. From the precipices here you look over half the Campo Felice, its cities and its rivers, its mountains and its plains, distance diminishing beyond distance, "small by degrees and beautifully less:" but its rivers are shrunk up to silver snakes, its wide cities compressed to villas, they molehills are become which mountains were, and the ocean's no larger than a bishop's see. This for the sight you see from thence, and now for the site you see it from: there is a capital old friar there, who is no friar at all, (you may depend upon the fact,)

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who has an eye that looks benevolence upon all below, piastres not excepted, an excellent cupboard of lagrima christi, red and white, and passable rustic fare, that would have repaid more toil than we had endured, even if the inspiration of that most intoxicating atmosphere had given our spirits pause to feel it. And, O! thou bright elixir of existence, buoyant, boyish animal spirits! Bountiful giver of all good things thou art, or of sweet sensations which or give them or surpass them. Spirit of health, thou defiest all goblins damned. Real Euphrosyne of earth, or of the upper air rather; and Milton, Ariosto, they all place their paradise there, on the mountain top: of course because happiness is only known where the blood's swift current runs too fast for sorrow. The brimming nectar that Jupiter drank was the mountain air of Olympus, I have no doubt of it. All I wish is, that it were permitted to me to set down in my tables all the capital good things we said then and there under its influence; the quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles—mental I mean—we played while drinking the—yes, there *was* a little wine among it to be sure—red wine, and on a bit o' the mountain, they make a choice liquor. I have a theory, however, that the value of a jest rises or falls in just gradation with the barometer. At a joke you thought a failure at Resina, you would infallibly grin at the hermitage, and fairly crack your sides with laughter at, if you heard it at the crater. And so *mutatis mutandis*. The glee and the chorus of laughter that our conceits were received with up there among the eagles, proves what a great way a little wit goes that is taken so far up the mountains; as the uproar that followed an offer to a lady of a drop of the *crater* may also, perhaps, be held as a sign of the saving grace of pure oxygen. But all that, up there, set the table in a roar, deliberately retailed in cold blood here in this lower world, would undoubtedly "upon the groundsel edge fall flat and shame its worshippers." At least it were to be feared.

Nevertheless I *must* inflict the tediousness upon you of Lord S——'s story about old Ferdinando of Naples. This old king was addicted, with a royal addiction, to the *chasse aux oiseaux*, so royally that he would not be prevailed upon to balk his diversion even on the death of his queen. He continued to potter about therefore, his gun on his shoulder, though he ought to be mourning; but as a compromise with his conscience between love of his amusement and grief for his bereavement, he told his courtiers he should shoot nothing but *very little birds*. An anecdote that reminds one of the young lady's attempt to deprecate maternal wrath by declaring the baby was a very little baby: and how easily we think the devil is to be cheated.

I would wish to record too our having poured a libation, while in our cups, to the defunct owner, whoever that owner was, of the Casa di Fauna of Pompeii, which all who have visited that human pasticcio with the broken crust must remember, and all who have not must have heard about. The fancy arose from one of the last *fasciculi* of the "Museo Borbonico," wherein it is suggested that that wealthy and luxurious Pompeiote was proprietor and cultivator, as some of the nobles of Naples are to this day, of the choice vines of Vesuvius; the unusual number of many-formed Amphoræ and Bacchanalian pictures,

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and allusions various, about the mansion, countenancing the hypothesis. We even debated the possibility of the joyous juice we were drinking being of the blood of the self-same vines, of their genealogic tree, at least, which the bibulous old vintner had planted there some eighteen centuries gone. It was negatived, I believe. But the doubt we thought "a reason fair to fill the glass again," and so drained it duly to the old merchant's manes, thinking the while that the jovial pagan could scarce be discomforted, even in his Elysium, at the congenial rite, though the devotees that performed it had journeyed there from one of the most barbarous of Rome's provinces.

The allusion to Pompeii suggests here another remark. Vesuvius has the demoniacal honour of the destruction of the Campagnian cities. Wrongly so. "The tall bully lifts his head and lies." It was the Somma that did it, deny it who may, and *palmam qui meruit ferat.* At the epoch of the great eruption in the year 79, Vesuvius was born from the ribs of the old Somma, like Eve, that ancient incendiary, whose mischief it imitates. But it has no more claim to having done the deed than an ugly hump, if one were to sprout out between our shoulders, would have to proclaim this journal as writ by Mr. Dorsal Hump, instead of by me, Mr. Peregrine. Look here: a diameter of the area of the old volcano's shell, (a diameter which cleaves the crown of its offspring,) is of much greater length than a diameter of the area of Vesuvius at an equal height. And looking at the mountain from the bay, or from the Sorrentine shore, you may distinctly see the old withered arms of the parent outstretched on either side, considerably beyond the body of its cub. Proof demonstrative, firstly, that the former altitude of the mountain was greater than the present; and nextly, that Vesuvius is a mere parvenu pyramid; a sort of carbuncular excrescence in short, a fiery wen—a boss—anything you please of adjective or supplementary. Like rumbustious Bacchus of father Jove's thigh he came, if you like it better; but as father Jove treated his father, Vesuvius has treated his, usurping his sovereignty very coolly, and eclipsing "his honour and glory;" nay, more, for he has filched from his parent his good name into the bargain, Vesuvius being, in fact, the old mountain's ancient appellation. The Somma had always appeared to me like a sort of abdicated monarch, a volcanic Charles V., or Diocletian of mountains, something old, and bald, and superannuated, perhaps, but dignified and venerable nevertheless; a steady substantial character, long-established, in short, the real original volcano; and even yet "only less than him whom thunder has made greater;" I wished, therefore, to say a good word for the *povero vecchio,* quietly retired as he now is under his vine and his fig-tree, and to vindicate his modest merit, shouldered out of notice, and robbed of respect as he has been by the hot and fiery vampire kind of character of this Vesuvius No. 2, who sanguinarily sucks away the blood of his kith and kin, with whom there is established a sort of Siamese connexion. I thought, therefore, to take care of No. 1. He, by the way, has the title he has, 'Somma,' which signifies Greatest or Loftiest, just as you would still continue to dub a stale slice of royalty 'His Highness.'

We will hasten now to the crater. The hermitage of the mountain is like the monkery of the plain, the half-way house to heaven;

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and the latter half of the journey is much the most difficult part of it. Straps here are strapped—I speak of the hermitage—and loins are girded, chairs are fitted to the womankind, and poles are served to the man, and harness to the guides, who, when you reach the cone, draw up those who like it, like horses. One of the *gendarmerie* too joins the procession here, "for the honour of serving our excellencies."

Leaving the Hermitage, you traverse, for a mile or so, a sort of scrambling plain, among the craggy mounds of which you now and then may detect some starved and stunted vegetation. It was trackless, or seemed so to us; the instinct of the animals that still were with us seemed to me the only guides of our guides, and the smoke of the mountain our Arcturus. Outstripping the caravan, I sat down where I could see no human being—hear no human sound save the beating of my own heart. The black and barren world of ashes all around, the terrible silence, the mountain burning on without a noise—it was a strange sight! Blind, unwieldy, vague, and formless, it was Nature still void, or back resolved to Chaos once again; a dark, unhewn, unbreathing, inert mass, over which the sculptor slumbered, or had died; a universe without a God. I find one's impressions of such scenes are little weakened by all one has been previously told. The actual tangible present, the emotions proper to the individual, are unforestalled by what he has read, though true; are unperverted by what he has heard, though false. The reality shivers to atoms all foregone conclusions. I was soon rejoined by the party, the man of war, its convoy, in advance, conspicuous by his accoutrements, and his fleet, like scattered galleons, straggling far and wide, sails set and streamers flying, making way over the inky billows.

A deep trench or hollow is discovered on your left hand as you proceed, which they designate the Atrio di Cavallo. It divides the peaks of Vesuvius and Somma, and is in reality the closed mouth of the old volcano. At each new eructation of the mountain this basin fills higher and higher, and the separation of the mounds will probably be gradually effaced by these emissions, unless, by some hideous ruin and combustion dire, the two be brought together by the ears on a shorter process—the decapitation of both perhaps. The two vast cones falling in together, one of these fine mornings, like a hollow pie-crust, would make something to talk about. If a caged Titan or two were to slip out on the occasion, wouldn't they make a noise!

I read that at Ottajano, on the eastern flank of the mountain, an apparition of yet another head arises or has risen. So that the volcano's Acroceraunian top has, like a homily, a triple division, which Virgil, working at his Æneid, here at Posilippo, with the volcano before his terrace, might have wrought into his villainous dog with three heads that sits by the infernal porch. This, perhaps, is a pure conceit, the figure of the mountain having most probably changed. It may be observed, however, that we know very little about its figure in Virgil's day: we only know that its fires were dormant.

The only really painful part of the ascent is the ultimate cone—the chimney, as they call it—cupola would be more dignified, and the column of smoke may stand for the tower; it would be a leaning tower, to be sure; albeit I have seen pictures that make the smoke

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rise vertically. I never saw it so rise but in a picture. The cone is thus difficult to climb, not only from its having almost the extreme inclination at which loose earth will lie (an angle, suppose, of something more that forty-five degrees,) but from its being composed of a dry untenacious dust like pulverised lava. It is a vast mound of cinders, in short, an enormous ash-heap; and but for the scoriæ and agglomerates of volcanic substances with which it is interspersed, and which afford you footing, the scaling the cone at all by mere clambering would be almost impossible. The work becomes tough because the ground is tender. The experience and the assistance of the guides *are* here of service. It took us an hour to reach the top, and finely bothered and blown we were; soon glad, too, as we stood upon the crater's wall, to escape the keen sea-wind, which poured upon our heated frames, and drove us, little reluctant, to the less inclement climate near at hand. A hundred paces or so across the broken soil, and you look at last over the awful basin you have trod so far to see.

The crater of Vesuvius is like Dante's Hell, circle within circle, or the Tower of Babel inverted; or, with its masses of dusky scoriæ and mis-shapen blocks of calcined earth, self-piled round and round—an open level for the arena, and a dense barrier for its wall, like some huge ruined amphitheatre where monstrous animals were wont to fight or some fane obscene where deities uncouth of ancient Ind kept horrid orgies in old time. But there can be no description of the crater of Vesuvius, which, applying to it to-day, would be equally descriptive of it a few months, probably even a few weeks, hence. It resembled, when we saw it, a dark and gloomy amphitheatre, as we have said, in the centre of whose arena, as it were in the point of a vortex, yawned the gorge of fire: but from the ceaseless action of the mountain, the form which the surface of the crater assumes, even in the intervals of the more violent emissions, is in constant variation; apertures are made and closed, prominences are raised and depressed, and all is in perpetual transformation. At the greater eruptions of course the whole enormous mass is broken up, the pavement of the crater especially being that which is the first whirled off, shattered into myriads of fragments. Ten thousand men working for a century could not effect such an alteration as was produced by the hand of nature in a few hours, says Sir W. Hamilton, treating of the explosion of 1794.* But the fiery spume does not always wait to fill the cauldron before it boils over, but bursts through the sides, rolling away with the roar of a thousand devils, making the very mountain oscillate, and the elements to tremble as with an earthquake.

You descend from the interior ridge of the crater towards its floor, scrambling and zigzagging to lessen the descent, over shelving banks of sulphurous ashes, and broken lavas, and striding or vaulting across

* I do not quite see why the assertion should be doubted as exaggeration, of the ashes of Vesuvius having been borne to Byzantium during the first great eruption. In our own day the effects of the great earthquake at Lisbon were felt in Switzerland on one quarter, and in the American islands on the opposite quarter, an indication of a disturbing power, during such convulsions, more than sufficient to account for the projection of dust and pumice, so that, borne by the tempest, they should travel that space. The distance from Vesuvius would be about one thousand miles. Ashes from Ætna are likewise said to have reached the cities of Syria.

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fiery holes and chasms, whose exhalations take away your breath; your feet are scorched as you tread by the burning marl; thrust the staff in your hand below the surface, and it ignites, (a fellow brought us an egg he had roasted in one of the holes in a few seconds;) scrape the ground, and foul steam and vapour reek from it; strike it, and a hollow moan, as though from measureless caverns of the earth, re-echoes to the blow—the noise is like that of sullen thunder-peals, heard among cloudy mountains far away, and caves and shores remote. Treading the pavement of the crater of Vesuvius, you cannot doubt, you feel instinctively, that but a few laminæ of brittle earth divide you from the fires beneath, as the plank divides the sailor from the waves.

We sat down, on reaching the bottom, upon a mass of cinders to rest, and gaze upon the scene. And what a scene! There, at a few short paces from our feet, yawned the wide throat of ever-burning fire, its split and riven lips all coloured over with the hues of flame, and a sort of livid slime, its saliva, clinging about the crags and rocks, its jaws; while surging up, as from its entrails, volumes of ardent vapour—the hot breath of its agony, issued forth, and mingling with the opaque smoke, rolled hissingly off, as the salt foam hisses on the boiling sea. The very vapours themselves seemed steeped in fire—the shadows flung on them probably from the burning gulf, viewless and fathomless, over which they were poised. That serpent hiss was the only sound that broke on the breathless air, for no one spoke, as thus we sat there grouped like men transfixed, gazing upon that dreadful fount, still rolling like a river that by night, by day, through sunshine and through storm, flows on and ceases not.

There is a mimicry here and there, upon the broken heaps around, of vegetable colours, which is very singular. The exhalations of sulphur blending with the metallic salts, are deposited in crystals resembling a delicate efflorescence on the points of the scoriæ, and the contrast of their bright tints with the dark gray ashes is very beautiful—the banks seemed paven as with asphodel. But here all shapes and hues, all sights and sounds, are strange and unaccustomed. Unearthly forms seem fashioned of earthly things. The twisted scoriæ lie like mandrakes all about, and the tortuous barrier that hems in the vast circus, juts horribly upon the sky, sharp as bright steel, and makes the hot air stifling. The bounds of true and false seem, as it were, passed—Nature and human nature confounded both. And I thought that when over this unnatural scene, and down amidst the unnatural hush, the dusk of mysterious midnight should descend, the bickering flames the only sight, the volcano's breath the only sound, that with the real world so like a phantasm, a man would scarce be appalled, were phantoms too to arise and people it, and shadows of the other world to walk the mountain. As it was, beneath the clear, broad, lidless eye of day, the place had certainly much more of the grotesque than of the supernatural, and reminded me, more than anything else, of the scene of the quaint Diablerie of Rip Van Winkle, in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. One who had never seen a volcano, might conceive of its fires bursting up from their fountains, amidst ponderous rocks and boundless chasms, lurid in the hues of Phlegethon: and the

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sublime might there rejoice in the semblance of hell and chaos. But Vesuvius has little of this. A dull monotonous mantle covers all, as the waters of the ocean fill its bed: a colourless pall of ashes, or ashy lava, chokes the whole mountain from topmost ridge almost to its utmost base, where Spartacus and his gladiators entrenched in caverns once held their foes at bay, so that on a near approach the sublimity of the volcano, when it is not in conflagration, vanishes. Yet Nature at her work for man as in the earth's infancy she wrought ere man was, or human eye could witness her genial labours—*this* constrains our thoughts to primordial themes, and *they* may be sublime though the mountain be not.

The cicerone keeping to windward of the smoke, hovered a long while about the brink of the abyss, inviting us to follow him: and he had scarcely rejoined us a moment before the wind suddenly shifted, and rush came the whole hot breath of the volcano upon the bank where we sat; and if the other had been the sublime, this was certainly the ridiculous, and by a short step, for we had nothing to do but hold our noses and run for it, half suffocated with the stench, to say nothing of the heat, and half-blinded into the bargain. And as the keeping our footing without running at all was no easy matter, of course there were not a few tumbles, which were not likely to cure the fright, nor a few screamings, which were not likely to cure the suffocation. There was more fear than danger, as may be supposed, except to one's limbs from the chasms. But nothing came of it. Lying upon the ground would have been the best thing to have had recourse to. We thought of this afterwards, and were half inclined to return to put the theory in practice, but the wind seemed entirely to have altered its mind, and so we altered ours, and returned towards the summit once again. The guide in ascending rolled down, as if to avenge us, a large mass of earth into the gulf. The fiery vapours quivered and hissed. A moment's lapse, and loud again boomed the thunder through the earth in long reverberations. One thrills at these sounds with a tremor that seems electric, in which cavern and height, and the universal air, partake. And as the roar still is louder toward the mouth of the crater, where the steam keeps in agitation, it is exactly as though some devouring beast disturbed, were rushing from the dens beneath. We shudder at the noise unconsciously, as doth the antelope when the lion roars. The fable of the prisoned Titan would assume the verisimilitude of fact in more ignorant times, to those who witnessed this convulsion of the mountain, which accident, internal or external, might produce. It is the spasm of an earthquake, and is just as though the demon of the earthquake stirred upon his couch, and chafed, and then reposed again. I asked one of the guides whether Il Signor Diavolo was not down there. The man looked grim and frightened, and said, *Sicuro*, In all faith.

We stood upon the height, as we regained it on our return, to look on the stupendous map around. The whole magnificent Campagna of Naples, the finest tract of country on the globe, is at your feet. From the foreland of Misenum, the Elysian bays, the Elysian coast of the Campi Phlegræi, bathed by the Tyrrhene sea—from these the eye coasts along the dim and distant shores to where the mountains,

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(alack the snow on their summits shone against the sun as we stood,) dip into the sea at Gaeta, and beyond, to the beaked point of Circe's promontory. From thence, a semicircular range of Apennines, a noble range, and worthy the plain it spans, sweeps from the far sea on the west, still trending on, to where in immemorial time the great gulf was that joined Salerno's Sea to the bay of Naples.* Then comes the Sorrentine's syren coast, St. Angelo's Mount, and Massa's Orange groves, and lastly, the fairy isles, rough Capri, wading the waters like a Cyclops. And at the core of all, Naples, bright city, metropolis of a ruined Paradise!

I conclude these notes by an observation which probably would occur to every spectator, perched on the volcano's peak, who is at any pains on the subject, which is, that Vesuvius rose out of the sea. This appears self-evident to one looking down its back in this way, for, far removed from the amphitheatre of hills around it, its base is obviously only lifted from the sea by the lavas and heterogeneous volcanic substances fused in its huge crucible, and then ejected. I had often fancied during a long sojourn on the opposite coast, with the mountain in its Protean aspects ever before us, that it was generally more disquieted, and emitted vapour more profusely, when the wind drove the sea against its base. An instance, if more than a fancy, of the quick sympathy and connexion of volcanoes with the ocean. But it is, I believe, a now recognised fact, that volcanoes in combustion are invariably on the sea coasts, or on the banks of inland lakes, or near great bodies of water, and that they expire when in their growth and expansion they repel the waters, which in this way they naturally do, from their base. Perhaps it is not unfeasible to maintain that every volcano, or the first of every series, has been an island. But that is not material. Another strong proof of the immediate connexion of the sea with volcanoes is, that marine products, fish in immense quantities, mingled sometimes with sea-sand, and mud, and torrents of water, always salt, and salt rain, are commonly disgorged during eruptions. Pompeii is a prominent example of this, and Herculaneum also. Moreover, the eruptions, at least of Vesuvius, are almost invariably seaward. And it may not be irrelevant to mention, in addition to all this concurring evidence, the coincidence, that the elder Pliny lost his life from his inability to sail back from Stabia owing to the wind and sea setting towards the mountain. The experiment of Monsieur L'Emery to produce an artificial volcano, by *moistening* firestone (pyrites) or rather by forming a humid amalgam of flour of sulphur and iron-filings, and burying them two or three feet deep in the ground in a covered vessel, is well known. And the success of the experiment, for it was successful, would seem, at least by

* In this is adopted the conjecture of a scientific Italian, who assumes that simultaneously with an explosion of Vesuvius, which he supposes to have taken place about a thousand years before the christian era, was the formation of that part of the Campagna which afterwards bore the Etruscan territories of Nola, Nocera, and the Sarnese, and which, before that event, was a vast open gulf through which the sea flowed into the bay of Salerno, leaving the Sorrentine shore a rocky island, at the extremity of this ramification of the Apennines, as Capri is now. *Ca se pourroit.* But it would be a more philosophical hypothesis, I think, if the gentleman had cramped himself less about time.

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analogy, to sustain the opinion of Buffon of the simple process of the earth's volcanos, and the slight depth at which, after all, they are rooted.

As a postscript I will add, in reference to the ambiguous term used above of "Campi Phlegræi," that it is here applied to the burnt tracts around and beyond Puteoli, to which the name was anciently confined. Vesuvius and the plain at its foot have also borne the designation, and Polybius calls by that term the countries around Capua and Nola. The epithet fits one and all alike: for a better geology would extend it to the entire Campagna; to all that marvellous plain, girdled by the Apennines and the sea from the Garigliano to the Sarno, the whole, with the exception, I believe, of the Massic hills where grew the Falernian wine, the creation, in ages unrecorded, of subterraneous fire.

H. W. B.

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## SIXTEENTH ODE OF ANACREON.

Σὺ μὲν λέγεις τὰ Θήβης, κ. τ. λ.

Let others sing of war's alarms,
Of triumph's shouts and victory;
The Theban and the Trojan arms
Are themes for them and not for me.

No wrathful strifes inspire my string,
No battles of a hundred plains;
My own captivity I sing—
My own captivity and chains.

No hostile fleets upon the sea,
No horsemen on the gory field,
No warlike corps of infantry,
Compel me thus the fight to yield.

A host of loves in ambush laid
Beneath the fringe of beauty's eye,
Have shot me from their secret shade,
And snatched the palm of victory.

R. S. F.

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# MEMOIRS OF A CADET.

## CHAPTER I.

In the year 18—, I received my appointment as a cadet of infantry on the Bengal establishment. I was but sixteen years of age, and the thoughts of becoming my own master, and visiting foreign countries, at that time completely outweighed the pangs of separation from home and friends.

I will not, like many autobiographers, confound the reader's imagination with descriptions of the omens, portents, and signs, that astonished the earth at the period of my birth, nor recount my early sayings and school adventures, much more wonderful than those of my companions—but plunge at once *in medias res*, starting forth to the light a full-blown cadet, fitted out in Leadenhall Street with five times more traps than ever I found use for—and, "all the perils of the ocean past," arriving at the Sandheads, the entrance to the river Hooghly.

Never, perhaps, did a more perfect specimen of a *griffin* or freshman enter India. Fortunately, however, I had occasionally, during the voyage, deigned to lend an ear to friendly advice from an old campaigner, who, compassionating my extreme youth and simplicity, interested himself on my account, and this I afterwards found to stand me in good stead.

At the Sandheads we received on board the pilot, who was to conduct us thenceforward to our destination. We entered the Hooghly with a fair wind. It was the beginning of August, and the rainy season. The low island of Sangor loomed dimly on the starboard bow. We ran along merrily with wind and tide till our arrival at Kedgeree, off which place we anchored.

The shore here would be remarkably uninteresting under any other circumstances than its forming the advanced post of the land of promise after a long voyage. As it was, we hailed it with delight. The light-house might have been an edifice raised by some good genius, (no doubt it was,) and the little fruit boat that came alongside, with its black and almost naked steersman and paddler, his ministering angel.

Fruit, eggs, and milk, we bought, and O! the luxury after so long confinement to ship fare! This was one of the few golden hours of existence. The fruit was exquisite—the milk unfortunately was much smoked—and as to the eggs, they were mostly rotten. One of my fellow-cadets, who had been an extensive purchaser, remonstrated with the salesman, and well he might, for he had paid a Spanish dollar for two cocoa nuts, and two bunches of plantain, together with his eggs, worth collectively about sixpence; but the sole satisfaction he obtained was, I believe, a not unusual answer to new comers. "Very good egg, master, no get—rainy season, hen no lay good egg—same as get in Calcutta, master—dry weather come, hen lay good egg—then master get."

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I shall not detain my readers long in this portion of the river; but I cannot wholly pass unnoticed the striking effect produced on a young mind by the beautiful scenery, especially after having had nothing but the ocean, in its various moods, to gaze upon for months. The rich and deep hues of the foliage on the banks of the river, during the rainy season, transcend the powers of my pen to describe. The shores are too thickly wooded in many places to admit of human habitations, yet the river teems with life. Ships of all sizes and nations are here to be seen, and innumerable small boats belonging to the country, fly about like swarms of insects. As you advance higher, however, there are sufficient signs of propinquity to a large city, in the form of European dwelling-houses, and native villages; and as each successive reach of the river gradually develops itself, these symbols increase in number and closeness, till Fort William appears in that attitude of tranquil majesty which displays, in a form not to be misunderstood, the power terribly to destroy, if aroused to wrath.

On the third evening, after receiving the pilot, we came to anchor off Chandpaul Ghaut, our vessel being an extra Indiaman of only five hundred tons burden, and consequently able to make its way in safety up to Calcutta.

Early the following morning we prepared to go ashore, i. e. the passengers who still remained on board; for some had previously quitted in native boats, such as boliahs, dingies, or whatever species of craft presented itself.

Great was the clamour and verbal warfare that arose amongst the various candidates for our patronage; to wit, the native boatmen, who jostled each other out of the way in the most unceremonious manner. At last, as good luck and patience would have it, Milden (a brother cadet) and myself succeeded in effecting a footing on board a dingy, or small boat, and made way for the shore. But here another occurrence, the very counterpart of the last, impeded our progress. Numerous palkees for hire are constantly stationed at the ghaut, or landing place; and the bearers of many of these ran so deeply into the water, as absolutely to dip the lower part of their conveyances into the stream. The competition was great, and therefore

"Their van the fleeter rushed"

to anticipate the *fare*. In this strife for victory I was almost, by force of arms, deposited in the 'tween decks of a palkee two or three yards from the shore, whither I was speedily conveyed, and where my friend also arrived, after passing through the same ordeal.

On the summit of the ghaut we perceived several groups of young gentlemen, both in civil and military guise. They were conversing, and anxiously watching, as it seemed to me, the movements on board our lately-arrived vessel. The mystery was soon explained, for a sircar or native agent, had already attached himself to me, and was alongside, entreating my patronage; and he informed me, "when Missy Beabee (young ladies) come new from Europe, there always plenty young gentlemen come to ghaut to see." Under the guidance of this volunteer attendant we were conveyed to a very comfortable

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hotel, where we breakfasted, and for the present deposited the little baggage we had brought ashore.

We were highly pleased with our morning meal, and never could circumstances have wrought together more favourably for our full enjoyment of it. An excellent appetite I take as a lemma; and then, dear reader, picture to yourself a snow-white tablecloth, on which were drawn up, in beautiful array, ham, eggs, (fresh this time,) a superb kind of fish from the salt water lakes, called bektee or cockup, fried, boiled rice, muffins, tea, coffee, &c. Plantains, radishes, small prints of butter in a handsome cut-glass vessel of cold water, and a bouquet of beautiful flowers in the centre, gave a most cool and refreshing appearance to the *déjeûné*, as Lady Margaret Bellenden would have called it. A khidmutgar, or native waiter, stood behind each of our chairs, with chouree* in hand, to keep in awe the flies, and a punkah waved pleasantly over our heads,—and all this lordly service for two cadets!

What an antithesis! a breakfast in Calcutta after a four months' voyage, and ship fare! I do not here by any means wish to insinuate anything to the disparagement of our treatment on board the ——. *Tout au contraire*, nothing could have surpassed it; but a ship is only a ship, when all has been said in its favour, that the head and tongue of man can devise and give utterance to.

Our meal being concluded, we prepared ourselves for a visit to the town-major, in order to report our arrival. This is a necessary step, and the earlier it is taken the better, it being the epoch from which the period of service is accounted, and pay granted. It is impossible for me to express the mortification I felt on seeing Milden equip himself in a scarlet Swiss jacket, with sword and sash *conform*. He had, in fact, been provided in Leadenhall Street with a cadet's uniform jacket, which he had kept altogether *perdu* during the voyage, and now started forth in dazzling blaze before my humiliated sight.

The sircar, who still remained in *the presence*, saw the merits of the case with that quickness of perception, for which the natives of India are so remarkable, and whispered in my ear the soothing promise, that with my permission he would produce a tailor who should "do for master in two days." The offer I joyfully accepted, and thus the sly sircar secured for himself my *custom*, by administering to my vanity.

Misfortunes never come alone. Milden's palkee preceded mine, and I had to undergo the ordeal—yes, believe it who will—I had to undergo the ordeal of seeing him saluted by every passing soldier, arms carried by every sentry, and not one compliment did I get.

"No man cried, God save him!"

I say again, I saw all this—and lived!

After due registration in the office of the town-major, we proceeded next to the office of the barrack-master, who furnished us each with a room in the south barracks. These necessary preliminaries being settled, we trotted off to pay our respects to the governor-general. This object is accomplished by simply presenting oneself

* Flyflapper, a cow's tail, or otherwise.

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to the aide-de-camp in waiting at the government-house, who enters the name and address in the visiting book, *et viola tout.* This little matter of etiquette is afterwards usually acknowledged by a card of invitation to dinner, or to the next ball and supper at the government-house.

A new arrival soon becomes known amongst the various classes of native servants who are unemployed, and on the look-out for a situation: accordingly, on returning to my quarters, I was besieged by a host of candidates. I here found the assistance of my friend the sircar very beneficial: he was extremely officious, but was, I am convinced, sincere in his endeavours to serve me well, for he effectually protected me against all impositions except his own; and these were the more tolerable, as they appeared in the less offensive, because undissembled shape, of large profits. In after-times I have generally found that the native servants in India, in whom confidence is placed, will be trustworthy; but if they imagine distrust, they hold themselves fully justified in realising suspicion.

Knowing from my veteran friend on shipboard, already alluded to, that I must necessarily employ a certain number of servants, and having received also from him a list of those indispensably requisite, I immediately applied myself to the task of engaging them.

I had been especially warned against those who speak broken English. These are, with few exceptions, all rogues in grain, who hang about the presidency, and will remain with you until you quit Calcutta for the upper provinces, when they will attend you for a few days, and then suddenly depart, "but not alone," as Lord Byron says. Certain articles, more weighty in value than in carriage, invariably accompany these movements. Such little pleasantries as I have just narrated are considered amongst themselves "exceedingly *good things*;" if successful, which they oftentimes are, as the expense of time and money, occasioned by returning to search for and prosecute the parties, is a pretty tolerable guarantee for their safety in general.

I paid no especial attention to the certificates of character which were presented to me in abundance. Many of these are transferred from one to another, either being sold by some servant who is provided with a place, or lent out on hire, till it has served its purpose, when it is restored to the owner. A descriptive roll of the person should invariably be incorporated with, or appended to, a certificate of character. The mere name is no protection against fraud—a native can change that as easily as his coat.

One certificate was presented to me of rather an unusual tenor, for the Bengalees are cunning enough generally, on receiving this description of document, to proceed with it to some native acquaintance who can read English, in order to ascertain the *quantum* of their own merits as therein exhibited. Nevertheless the one in question ran thus:—

"I do hereby certify that the bearer hereof, Khoda Bux, has served me as mushalchee for three months, and is discharged for repeated intoxication and insolence, and is, moreover, a very dirty fellow."

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This precious testimonial, signed by a chaplain of the establishment, I read aloud amidst roars of laughter from the sircar and others who could understand it; but Rhoda Bux preserved the most undisturbed gravity, and when silence was restored, in respectful attitude he addressed me, "Kya hooken sahib? interpreted thus by my sircar: What order will master give? This was conveyed to him; viz. to go about his business, which he did, and no doubt speedily ascertained the true value of his certificate.

The result of this morning's labour was to me, a train, composed of eight vassals, one only of whom could speak English. This was necessary, as I required an interpreter; but I retained him long after I could freely converse in Hindostanee, as I found him intelligent and useful. His name was Sher Mahumed, a durzee, or tailor. Tailors are dignified by their fellow servants under the dulcet appellative of Khuleefu, Anglice Caliph. All classes of servants have, in fact, some high-flown title, which they accord to each other.

The officers of the honourable company's service have, generally speaking, advantage over those of his majesty's,* with respect to servants: the former are *compelled* to learn the native language, at least colloquially, before they can be placed in any trust whatsoever. This is imperative, as they are almost wholly attached to Sepoy regiments. But the officers of his majesty's immediate service have neither the compulsion nor inducement to study the "black language," as they call it, and must therefore content themselves with an inferior class of servants, qualified indeed to understand and repeat what may be said at the mess-table, an annoyance most devoutly to be avoided, and which has ere now produced unpleasant consequences. I by no means wish this remark to be considered as generally applicable, for I have met with many king's officers who have made themselves good linguists by study; still it applies much more closely than it ought to do: for, independent of all other considerations, it is a duty incumbent on all military officers to become acquainted with the language of the country wherein they serve, and more especially if likely to be there located for many years. Suppose, for instance, a case of detached duty, wherein a native spy or villager may come to the commander with information of the last importance: how desirable, how necessary to be able to understand him without the interposition of a menial, who has, in the first place, no right to be in the secret, and in the second, may by possibility betray both his trust and his master together by a false interpretation. How forlorn a state of dependence would this be!

Before I proceed with my narrative I must mention, that during the morning's occupation of providing myself with a household, I had been very forcibly struck with the appearance of one man. He was a Chuprassee, a sort of out-door personal attendant and messenger, for whose services I had no occasion. His name was Seurage, an upper province man, and a Rajpoot. His figure was tall and strongly framed, and his countenance was handsome and manly, possessing

* This was written during the lifetime of his late Majesty William the Fourth, and it appears preferable to let it stand as originally sketched.

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that quiet air of conscious superiority to the vulgar mass, that can never be mistaken.

The age of Seurage might be thirty, and his certificate stated him to have been seven years in the service of an officer, (who at the period of which I write was on furlough,) and his written character amply testified to the justice of my previous remarks on his physiognomy.

He had now been "*sitting*" at the presidency upwards of three years, awaiting the return of his master from Europe, and dire want, that stern lord, had compelled him at last to seek for employment elsewhere. I have digressed in this place in order to introduce Seurage to the reader, as he will again have to appear, when the subsequent events of these memoirs become duly unfolded. Let it suffice, however, for the present to say, that very shortly after the period of which I have just spoken, his quondam master returned from England, and Seurage was happily reinstated in his former situation.

I will trespass a short time longer on the reader's patience, while we are so deeply engaged in the subject of native servants in India, to observe, that when servants are required, in order to obtain good ones, it is fully as necessary (after a brief residence) for the employer to possess an approved character as the servant; nay, more so, for an excellent servant is often found, who has no certificate of character, (a thing seldom read and less often attended to,) but I affirm, fearless of contradiction from any one at all conversant in these matters, that it is all but a moral impossibility for a master to obtain the ministry of any but off-scourings and riff-raff, who has lost *his own character* amongst the native servants.

A servant who will remain in employment after receiving a blow, is little to be trusted. Some of the higher caste indeed will not brook it, and I am moreover convinced that there are some masters, who, though in the habit of striking the generality of their dependents, do still refrain from indulging their passion on others of them, checked, if not awed, by that high carriage which inhibits personal aggression. At some stations a court is established, empowered to inflict a fine on any person who strikes a servant, on complaint being duly made and proved. The following is a story that was in circulation some few years ago.

A gentleman, who had too frequently allowed his anger to overcome his discretion, became weary at last of defraying the expenses of this luxury. One day he summoned a rebellious servant into a private room, and having secured the door, he said, "As you have chosen to show me up to the court, I will now give you a good thrashing, where you have no witnesses, and then discharge you." The servant replied, "Ha! master, quite sure no witness got?" "I *am* sure," said the gentleman, "for I have purposely sent them out of the way—so here's at you, you scoundrel. I'll give you something *worth* complaining for." But the other party was not so complaisant as expected; his reply was, "If master quite sure no witness got, then me show master how make dam good fight." With that he fell to the repayment of blows, and proved the better boxer of the two. Having

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squared old accounts to his full satisfaction, he thought it prudent to beat a retreat, which he did, and immediately took himself off.

After completing my establishment of domestics, I ordered the palkee, for the purpose of calling at the house of agency, on which I had a letter of credit.

If parents or guardians, who send out young men to India would adopt this method of providing for their protegés, instead of fitting them out, as they call it, in England, with the trash they too frequently do, they would do well. A sufficiency of clothing for the voyage, with a few little comforts, is almost all that is required to embark with. But to have the means of defraying the first necessary expenses in India on arrival there, without the necessity of embarrassing future emoluments, by contracting debt at the outset, is an inestimable blessing. Young men, who commence their career with debt, rarely become disencumbered of it afterwards. For some years they *cannot* pay, and then they *will* not. The debt hangs as lead on the spirits, and the inducement to lay by money is not great, when, instead of accumulating for the use of the economist, it only goes to reduce by driblets a galling burthen, already more than double its original amount by interest alone. The remote period of final enfranchisement from this thraldom offers so disheartening a prospect, that present comforts and enjoyments are not often foregone, in order to attain so distant an object.

O ye parents and guardians, believe me when I tell you, that one letter, of even moderate credit, is worth a thousand of the very best advice.

The sircar pricked up his ears on learning that I possessed the means of drawing on so great a house, and his offers of service became accordingly more eager. "If master would give order," everything that I might require for housekeeping should be furnished by evening-camp bedstead, camp table, one chair, tea equipage, tea, coffee, &c. &c. Agreed to.

After visiting my agents, I met Milden at the inn for dinner, according to appointment. We then saw our baggage landed from the ship, and proceeded with it to our quarters about sunset. To my great astonishment, I found the floor of my room nearly covered with a variety of articles which the sircar had procured for my approval, and my new servants busy, selecting and choosing therefrom, each in his own department. My approval of all their tastes seemed to be presumed as a matter of course. I prudently allowed them to please themselves, on the assurance of the sircar, that they knew much better what was proper for master, than master did himself, or words that amounted to the same thing, though perhaps more hinted than expressed.

Not having discharged my palkee, so soon as my house was set in order, I tied on a sash, the only article of military furniture then belonging to me, over my plain English dress, and sallied forth to put in execution a little plan I had devised. My errand was purely experimental, and the motive was to appropriate to myself as many salutes as might be offered to the badge I wore. With doors wide

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open and watchful as a lynx on both sides, I traversed the fort, nor was I unrewarded; for although the thoughtless private soldiers mostly allowed me to pass without capping, there were still some good-natured serjeants and corporals who much obliged me by saluting, being well enough *up to the thing*, no doubt. As to the Sepoys, they left me nothing to wish for. In those days they were too civil by half, and would acknowledge anything with a sash on in Fort William.

Having twice gone round the fort, and both reaped and gleaned my little harvest, I returned to barracks in great spirits, and drank a glass of grog with Milden. The evening gun and tattoo at nine o'clock, again warmed up anticipations of future military renown. At ten I retired to bed, highly exalted in my own estimation by the occurrences of this busy and eventful day. The lamp and the servants were now put out for the night. Nothing stirred except sentries and mosquitos; and thus was I left alone to sleep with my glory.

I was aroused at six o'clock the next morning by a slight pressure of the foot, accompanied by a respectful "sahib" from my sirdar, or head attendant. He held in his hand my cotton socks, which I perceived he had a design to put me on whilst recumbent. This I gladly permitted, and then rose and equipped myself for the morning.

The morning had risen heavily, and the rain descended in torrents. I looked through the venetians, but nothing could I see save a dismal leaden atmosphere, through which no eye could pierce beyond a few feet. For a few days previously the rain had only been occasional, though the sky had continued overclouded, and the weather pleasant with cool breezes. Here was, however, a most hopeless-looking day indeed, and no "Stout Gentleman," at hand on whose movements I might speculate *pour passer le temps*. I examined my room—I forget how many feet square I made it out to be; it was lofty, with two high venetian windows to the front, and opposite the door. In one corner was a space apportioned off for the convenience of bathing, furnished with earthen vessels of water, called kedgeree pots. A small dike, about five or six inches in height, separated this comfortable accommodation from the main body of the room, to prevent inundation. Over the door a semicircular arch opened into the entrance passage, for the better circulation of air. When I had sufficiently studied these particulars, I went to summon Milden to breakfast. N.B. No fish was procurable in consequence of the rain.

This meal was duly disposed of, and as the rain seemed rather to have increased than diminished, we paraded up and down the passage, each with cheroot in mouth, in order to guard that avenue against all hostile advances of the raw chill atmosphere.

The passage which has been so often alluded to may be about nine feet wide, or perhaps more, and runs through the whole length of this range of barracks: it separates the front from the rear line of officers' rooms. The flat roof of the barracks is an excellent morning and evening promenade for such occupants as choose to avail themselves of it.

During our ambulation to and fro, we amused ourselves by watch-

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ing the operations of the various servants stationed outside the doors of their respective masters. Some were busy with the breakfast apparatus, others were furbishing swords, cleaning regimental buttons, counting silver spoons, &c.; but by far the greater part were squatted down in happy converse, or solemn divan, and from these latter groups the significant words khana and pysa (food and money,) continually predominated above all others.

We next betook ourselves to books till tiffin time, for we had this day arranged to commence the system of dining in the evening *à la mode des Indes*. The monotonous plashing of the rain still continued dismally appalling. What was to be done, and how was the whole blessed length of afternoon to be got through? A ray of light broke in upon me. It was a thought worthy of Southey. "I will," said I, "make a catalogue of all my earthly possessions." It was a brilliant conception, and the execution of it bore me triumphantly through till the dinner was ready. I thus dealt with the rain as they are said to do in Spain, viz. I let it rain on.

I shall skip over the four or five following days, which preceded the grand fête at the Government-house, merely remarking, that I ordered a full uniform dress for that occasion, which I had received a promise should be sent to me in sufficient time. My sircar had kept his engagement to furnish me with all minor equipments, which enabled me thenceforth to appear *en militaire*.

The day of the ball at length arrived and journeyed on as days are wont to do. Four o'clock P.M. was just making its bow, and my patience failing, when an anxiously-expected arrival was announced, viz. a full-dress uniform and appointments from Simpson and Wallace's. The durzee was sitting at work beside me. I desired him to call the sirdar, who was soon found. Proceedings were immediately instituted. It took me a full hour to button my coat and make it sit tastefully, the sirdar standing before me holding a looking-glass the while. But the tying on of the sash was the most puzzling and intricate performance of all. Even this was at last achieved, and the sword girded on. Towering was my triumph! especially when the durzee remarked, with apparent exultation, at himself belonging to so great a man, "Now master look so respectable—like captain." I gave him a rupee on the spot for that very observation.

I was so much elated at the compliment of looking like a captain, previously paid by my durzee, that I could not refrain from mentioning it in the morning to my acquaintance, Captain Cambridge, the A. D. C. (I forgot to state in its proper place that I had brought from England a letter of introduction to that gentleman, and waited upon him with it the third day after my arrival.) He laughed, and said, I need not doubt of speedy promotion from the natives, if I were inclined to pay so handsomely for it. He even went so far as to say he should not at all wonder to hear that I was a general before the week were out. There was much to displease me in this observation; it was said sneeringly: I treasured it notwithstanding. But I anticipate.

Immediately after I had committed the act of egregious folly in giving away the rupee, Milden entered. He was not going to the

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entertainment. "Ha, Milden!" cried I, "you are here *a la bonne heure*. How do I look? Quite the thing, eh? Rather tiptop or so?"

"Yes," replied he; "your new dress fits capitally; I congratulate you on your martial appearance."

"So, you approve, do you? So do I too; but I must disrobe notwithstanding. Too long from five o'clock till nine to remain in harness. —I think you had better go. The marquis will think it odd if you are not there. Here, bearer, untie my sash," &c.

On approaching the Government-house that night, my feelings were indefinable. The one most developed was, I think, a wish that the sensation I was about to create on my entrance had already subsided, and myself quietly enjoying the diversions of the evening. As the Marquis of Hastings did not meet me at the door, I ushered myself into the ball-room; when, to speak the truth fairly, my feelings of modest apprehension became speedily composed.

So brilliant an assemblage of suns, moons, planets, fixed and wandering stars of the greatest magnitude, all shining together, can be witnessed nowhere but in our capital of the East. Instead of appearing a brilliant meteor, "the observed of all observers," as my durzee had told me I should, I suddenly found myself a star of no magnitude at all, invisible even to the naked eye—for no one saw me. It was indeed wonderful. My infantry subaltern's dress was annihilated in presence of the showy, and at the same time very handsome, uniforms of the Horse Artillery, Engineers, Light Dragoons, General Staff, &c. that were so thickly mingled in the throng. It was all the better: I could *look*, at all events, and I *did* look.

London, on these occasions, may not vie with Calcutta in splendour. The court there cannot display that diversity of magnificent costume which, in the East, is seen brought together from all the civilized nations of the earth. The present fête was, I believe, the first given by our most noble entertainer after his return from the campaign with the grand army, and was in celebration of the Prince Regent's birth-day. All the officers, civil, naval, and military, were invited, and for the most part attended. Shortly after making my *debût*, I went out to witness the arrival of a rajah—I believe the Rajah of Mysore. He came in a palkee of the richest materials, preceded by about a hundred torch-bearers, and followed by as many more. Each torch had numerous lights branching out like trees. The rajah himself was literally covered from head to foot with jewels—his turban, body-dress, and sandals, being one dazzling blaze of diamonds, &c. He appeared to be no more than fifteen years of age, and he was accompanied by one of the elders of his family. The young prince sate on the right of the marquis. I did not pay much attention to the dancing; there was by far more grateful food for curiosity in the observance of the customs and manners of this heterogeneous assemblage.

At the supper-table I sate opposite to two Armenian ladies, at whom I occasionally stole a furtive glance. They were of very fair complexion, and one of them was pretty. Their head-dresses were a crown of leaf-gold, with long pendants behind, and the front was a mass of jewellery, as was also their whole foreview as they sate at table. Each carried, I was told, to the value of a lakh of rupees

(10,000*l.*) on their persons. Our own countrywomen were also arrayed in very rich attire; but their principal charms lay not in their apparel. The whole entertainment was magnificent and well-befitting the high station of the noble host, viz., that of majesty in all but the name. The party broke up reasonably early for so great an occasion, and I retired to my quiet and, I think I may comparatively say, humble apartment, and to bed, where I lay awake for some hours, ruminating on the, to me, novel and exciting events of the night.

On the following morning, whilst I was seriously studying Tattersall's Auction Catalogue for the current day, a buniya (cloth merchant) knocked at my door, and the durzee admitted him. "*Salam, Major Sahib,*" was the salutation of the buniya, with a deep Eastern reverence.

"What does he say, durzee?" exclaimed I.

"He say 'Good morning, Major Sahib.'"

The aid-de-camp's sneering remark came to my mind. "Kick the rascal out," said I, "he wants to cajole me out of a rupee—kick him out!"

The durzee rose to obey.

"*Duwaee Sahib,*" ejaculated the alarmed sinner, with hands joined, "*ghoolam ka koosoor. Ap ka mook genreil ka, is waste.*"

"What does he say, durzee?" again I exclaimed, interrupting.

"He say, he beg pardon: master's countenance like general's, therefore he make mistake. He wish to make compliment, *our koock nuheen*—nothing more."

The compliment, as he called it, was very equivocal, to say the best of it, and I was in the humour to put the worst construction upon it. I rose, therefore, in great wrath to perform the manual exercise myself (not with my foot). The buniya waited not, however, for the display, but sped from the room and along the passage with great alacrity, uttering these memorable words, "*Ahe! ahe! Sahib buhoot nuya!* I ignored his meaning; but a gentleman, who was standing by his own room door opposite, kindly enough informed me, that the man had said I was a great green-horn. He evidently enjoyed the joke. I thanked him for his pleasing politeness, and shrunk back like a turtle into my sanctuary.

Shortly afterwards the sircar came to pay his quotidian respects.

"*Salam Sahib.*"

"*Salam, Baboono.* Any news to-day?"

"O yes; news very bad to-day. Has master heard the *nong dee?*"

"Heard what, Baboo? The *nong dee!* What do you mean by that?"

"Ha, ha; master make joke with poor servant. How can I teach master English language? I heard very great beabee (lady) say to-day, there is *nong dee* that the Lord Sahib will soon go to Europe."

The baboo must surely mean an "*on dit,*" thought I; but I allowed him to proceed.

"Master, I have much sympathy because the Lord Sahib will go to Europe. He is very good gentleman, and has commensuration for all poor fellow of my country."

"He will indeed be a loss to all in this country, English and native, Baboo, when he goes; but I hope it will not be immediately."

"Very true, master, all people imprecate his departure; but other news I have got. One very great ship is arrived at Sangor from England."

"Ha! what's her name?"

"Name, I cannot tell, but plenty missy beabee on board. Sir, you will go to Chandpal Ghaut. I understand the young ladies are very pretty; well worth going to see, if you please. All English lady, very innocent, simple thing, master, when first come, same as young gentlemen; but after one two year, ha! they know as much as is good. Yes, yes, English ladies are very clever ladies, certainly; very soon make better bargain with sircar than master."

I remained about a month at the Presidency, at the end of which period Milden and I made preparations for our departure towards Berhampore, whither we were directed to repair and do duty until finally appointed to regiments. The sircar procured for us a comfortable budgerow of sixteen oars, and early in September we embarked. In the meantime our days passed remarkably pleasantly in Calcutta. All was new and interesting. Moreover, we had occasionally breakfasted and dined with some of the gentlemen of the civil service, to whom we had been casually introduced. The hospitality of British India is too well known to require emblazonment. In some points England might take excellent example from her Eastern sons and daughters. Shakspeare says,

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king."

But what do *I* say? Why I say, that in England there is such a sanctity doth hedge an uncut pie or tart, that few are daring enough to violate it. Now in India, on the contrary, the dissecting knife may on all occasions be lawfully applied.

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## EPIGRAM ON A HUSBANDMAN.

BY R. S. FISHER, ESQ.

"Γαια φιλη τον πρεσβυν Αμυντιχον ενθεο κολποις," &c.

Dear Earth! place old Amyntor in thy breast,
Calling to mind his many toils for thee—
On thee he taught the olive's trunk to rest,
And oft adorned thy slopes with Bacchus' tree:
To fertilize thy fields canals he led;
With corn and harvest fruits thy plains he crowned—
For which lie softly on his hoary head,
And with spring-flowers bedeck his tomb around!

*Auct. Incert.* ex. Anth. Stephani. fol. 210.

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# PROSE SKETCHES.

BY A POET.

When the Parisians showed no feeling for one of the operas of the divine Paesiello, Napoleon pettishly observed, that they had no *real* feeling for music; by which, no doubt, he meant to imply, that though they might have a correct and elegant taste for it (which they have) the depth and profundity of harmony was never fathomed by French ears; and never was a truer word spoken by that man of oracles. In our later days, indeed, one or two composers have been born to them who have emancipated themselves in a great degree from their artificial mannerism—the scientific leading strings to which they were bound: the names of Auber, Herold, and of several others, demand our respect and admiration. With the French, music is strictly an *art*, and must excite them by its energy or its scientific complications; with us it is a positive *feeling*—the only thing an Englishman talks of is expression. Music, with both of us, is in its infancy: but the French have far advanced in the scientific road; we, in fact, having no operas; yet we, in the end, have a better chance of reaching the heights, or rather of fathoming the depths of music, inasmuch as feeling, when it does create, will so infinitely excel the colder labours of art; the one will soar, the other can but creep. The French school of music, giving them ages in advance, will never even approach the Italian. We certainly have a better chance of approaching the Germans, and these are fair parallels, for the nations are analogous in their *kind* of genius and character. Fashionable life in London deadens all true feeling for music. Look at their morning concerts—indeed, all their concerts!—they are crowded, even with the highest prices; applauded to the very echo—why? Because it is the fashion. It would be death to many a one, who perhaps abhors the crash of an orchestra, not to have been there! for in England, no tyrant is half so observant, half so despotic and unrelenting, as Fashion!—"*Not* at ——'s benefit?—*how* extraordinary!" Go into the country: there you will hear morceaus, perhaps of foreign, perhaps of native airs, sung with often what exquisite taste and feeling!—music in its first simplicity, nothing more, no further pretension; but this is enough for the present—the seeds are laid. No people in the world are so alive to poetry as the English; and, I need hardly add, none have produced any poets to compare with theirs. Who then shall say what genius in music shall one day rise among them, inspired by the spirit of their poetry—by the summer harmonies of their landscapes—by the noble spur of emulation—and by having a stage open and free for every exertion? I confess that here I am strong in prophecy. But I speak only of music, not of painting—*that* has made its essay. The sun of painting rises and sets in Italy alone; cultivated elsewhere, it languishes and dies, chiefly, perhaps,

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from want of encouragement, the fiat having gone out against all aspirants. Hence the fate of our English list, past into a proverb—"Paint, and starve." If aught else were wanting, look at the encouragement given to Martin! Portrait-painters succeed everywhere: Vanity opens the strings of the purse where Imagination utterly fails.

But this is part of the truth only, not all. *Money*—money only is the Englishman's idol—the only thing of which he is really proud—the only thing of which he should be ashamed to boast. In England, all, even aristocracy itself, bows down to wealth. In London society, the man of talent holds no *real* place at all; he is sometimes admitted into the very *élite*, but it is always an admission—his ticket was his genius; and he either condescends to live with, or to hang on, some wealthy member of the elect, or he becomes, virtually, nothing. How easily could I illustrate this if I chose, for how often has not the sight disgusted me! It is this state of things which has derogated genius, until genius has derogated itself, crushing all its freer feelings by imitation. Does not the author write *to* the taste of the day, and not from himself—and *can* he thus ever produce a master-piece? I do not ask for an answer—he writes for money only. The painter: could he be great in England? can he devote the years to a subject which he should do, instead of hasty hours? Could he *afford* to do it? Does he not starve as it is? How rarely are his productions bought—how seldom are they ordered, except to cover sometimes the walls of dark dining-rooms? Read only the wretched histories of Barry, Bird, Wilson, Hogarth, &c. &c. They wanted a little—a very little *money* to keep starvation from the door, but starve they did. Contemplate France, who annually, and at her own expense, sends her *elevès* to Italy for a period, to study there the pieces which alone *create* a genius by looking on them. Are we indeed so wretchedly *poor* that we cannot do this? Look, again, at our musicians: not a song, not a note, will they write without their money guaranteed to them; it is money inspires them to write just such things as one might expect; enough to pay for the hour, and too execrable to be remembered. Those "who have not a name," (and what a name indeed!) may publish, if they choose, but, or rich or however miserably poor, no pampered singer will give them a chance, unless, at a fee of from five to twenty guineas for *once* singing it!—This I know: Surely "Reform" is wanted here!

French music, like their painting, walks still on stilts, and without even the desire of walking naturally. Their singers still quaver and gesticulate too much; and their operas, sometimes of a German, sometimes of an Italian cast, and sometimes wholly French, are too often overstrained. Their choruses are as harsh and nerve-rending, and their drums stand as much *out* from that keeping and reunion which makes, and *is*, harmony, as ever: they still merit, as heretofore, the anathema of Rousseau. If this be unjust, I will only turn to proof, and ask, if, in the nineteenth century, such melo-dramas (*operas*, I should have said,) as *Robert le Diable*, for example, be profusely applauded, what must we say of the purity of their general taste—of the character of their style? Why, the very en-

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durance of such pieces proves they have none, or one so unhealthy that its total decease were better. Only let us record the scene in this worthily-titled piece which draws the most breathless attention: a ruined abbey, where carved nuns are apparently reposing upon their tombs: the real devil (Robert's father, by a nun, who, however, reposes there in the odour of sanctity,) enters, and calls back their souls, (from his own kingdom of course,) which appear, hovering like tongues of flame over each body. "To hear is to obey:" they start up, and immediately recollecting their natures, commence pirouetting, and receive their lecture to do just as they did in life, to which indeed they seem nothing loth. Robert entering, they entice him to take a palm-branch from his dead mother's hand, which is to make him oblivious. They then wish him to play at dice with them on the tomb-stones—the stake his own soul: this Robert declines; and lastly, the chief dancer implores him to love her *par amour*, and to this temptation he yields. This delectable scene closes with the nuns throwing themselves about in the distance, with their dancing wildly under the cold blue moonlight, and with Robert descending among ghostly gibberings into her bridal bed—the coffin! The drop-scene falling on the stage, where indecency and profaneness contend together, represents the New Jerusalem, and an angel, or the Saviour —it might be either—sitting crowned above, being typical, as it appears, that poor Robert is to be saved, which he is, in fact, after a desperate struggle between his wife singing, or rather screaming to him on one side, and the devil on the other; over whom, at last, he prevails, and giving him a tremendous push, throws him into the place prepared for him, the church and sacrament-table forming the last scene, appearing as if intended to make amends for having exceeded all bounds in the former.

Dr. Johnson said there was no book so bad but showed something redeeming; and this may be said of all their pieces: unqualified praise is due to their precision in the dress of their characters. The costumes of all times and nations are given as faithfully as that of yesterday. I wish that our degraded stage, which so carefully transplants their worst defects, would imitate their excellence here! In this piece, for instance, one sees the Knight-Templars alive again, challenging the minutest investigation of a Guillaume or a Stebbing. As for me, I felt all my boyish enthusiasm revive in seeing the tall figures of the Norman men-at-arms, clad in their shirts of linked mail, hooded head-pieces, long spears, and triangular shields, stalking to and fro at the back of the scenes, and giving an air of perfect reality to the whole which the eye so well appreciates; when the *minutiæ* is thus attended to the illusion is really complete.

I cannot quit the subject of *diableries* without recalling that, as in *Robert*, everything iniquitous is done on earth, so, by way of attaining the *ne plus ultra* also in the things beyond this earth, in the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, the very inmost penetralia both of heaven and hell are portrayed with a fidelity which seems designed to leave nothing to the imagination of the spectator. The scene of hell is, indeed, made an excellent jest: the devils, with true French taste, all *en militaire*, are paraded round the stage in hundreds. They have

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their sappers and miners, drum-majors and corporals, and, like true soldiers, waltz and flirt to perfection, there being, of course, more women amongst them than men. A battle ensues between them and the angelic hosts for St. Anthony, whose body, between them, is nearly pulled to pieces; the devils, I could not help thinking, having the juster claim, for the saint is for ever inclining towards the sinner.

In *The Wandering Jew*, the last I shall touch on, one does not indeed *see* the Saviour, but one is made aware that he is passing by with his cross. The Jew prays that he may thus walk on for ever, whereupon Michael retorts, by condemning himself to that penalty; the last scene of this delectable affair being the final judgment, portrayed in all its details, in which are displayed the glory of the Ineffable Presence, the fallen angels, the saved, and the condemned!

And now for a word on the *moral* influence and effect which this must have on the multitudes who throng to the theatres. I would ask, when images the most sacred, when conceptions the most sublime are not only familiarized, (which is bad enough,) but openly ridiculed, daily and nightly, how can the French be expected to be religious? I blame *them* not, but their government, which suffers, nay, even fosters, such spectacles. They are taught thus from their childhood to ridicule everything held sacred, and how can the after man change his nature, when we know that

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,"

and always with an earthlier tendency? Such operas are the nightly incentives to vice in every form and in all its grossness. Talk of Voltaire, of Bayle, and of Rousseau—what cant, what folly! The mass of the French people seldom read, and rarely think, for all thought is effort, and painful; and what interest would they have to read, or to hear those who would only condemn the pleasures to which they cling? But they can see: their senses have acquired the most vitiated tastes, and well are they gratified nightly: they could desire no more, at least, in a public theatre. Books, among a reflective people, make but single converts; but a public theatre, always open, always crowded, always offering novelties which often outrage nature, and all the finer sentiments of our natures; where the very veil which Vice throws over her when in the presence of Virtue is torn off, and where she is shown in all her deformity, with nothing to soften, not even the show of sentiment or refinement to redeem her—what, I say, is such a theatre but a moral pestilence for ever increasing? I aver again, then, that the levity, and the vices, and the irreligion of the French, are not to be wondered at.

How totally changed both inwardly and outwardly is the French character! How gone—how annihilated are all those refined and delicate traits of address and manner which once distinguished them from all other nations. Where are now the most polite people of Europe? Where are those exquisite *petit maîtres* with their polished long curls, and far more polished address? Where is the easy, yet graceful elegance, the natural advance of politeness so ready, yet so easily checked by gaucherie, and shrugged back, as it were, into a

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most agreeable non-chalance, as exquisite as it was imperturbable, the aim only, but never the attainment, of our infinitely inferior race of modern dandies; their end, but never even remotely approached. So totally unlike indeed was the very organization of the two, that what was ease in the one became positive coarseness in the other; what was here a delicate reserve, was there a restrained coldness, or a pride, vulgar to the last degree when contrasted with the same, but more refined sentiment of the other, which, never appearing, but enshrined in themselves, prevented all approach, all hasty intrusion, by making the consciousness felt rather than expressed, of an immeasurable distance and distinction.

If there were any moderate share of inward substance to correspond with the outward shows of the young French artists who crowd the Louvre; if, like Hamlet, they had that within them "which passeth show;" if their Rubens, and Raphael hats, their loosely falling coats, their wildly flowing hair, and exquisitely nurtured moustaches, could inspire them, what a regeneration of the great Italian masters should we have in France! Some of them are quiet in their exterior, but very few; and during the days when I visited the gallery, I observed many of them drawing, and with excellent fidelity, from the master-pieces around them—it was not until they began to lay on their tea-tray colouring that every touch of real genius was effaced. I observed also several young women copying pictures, and apparently in profound contemplation of their subjects. I saw an English lady of the highest cultivation of mind address one of these on some question touching a painting of which she could not ascertain the master, and in the most courteous manner, when with that *froideur* (expressive word) which I do firmly believe runs in the veins of some French women instead of warm blood, and which always so revolts me, feeling it to be so unnatural, she did not even pretend to hear her, absorbed, no doubt, in the work she was employed on. For a moment, only a moment, I confess that I felt a very unqualified sentiment, and I was half inclined to repeat the question—but what could have moved her? I passed on. While on the subject, I must, while I remember it, illustrate this species of self-absorption. I was at the Luxembourg, one day, when there were an unusual number of young artists, all profoundly engaged in copying from those dreadfully *outré* productions which everywhere blaze along the walls: nothing was seen beyond themselves, or felt, or heard. I hardly dared to move, from the dread of breaking in on some incipient or full-formed conception. When lo, unfortunately, in the next apartment, or rather corridor, a slight tap of a drum was heard, announcing the breaking up of the Chamber of Deputies, a curtain only dividing the gallery between them. Instantly—presto-pass! away, right and left, flew every pencil and palate! up sprang my young Frenchmen, all rushing in one body to be the first to tear aside the curtain, and to watch the Deputies go down stairs. I could not help smiling, for the whole thing struck me as so irresistibly ludicrous—I felt satisfied as to the depth of their studies.

I devoted many hours of many days to the Louvre, that wilderness

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of weeds and flowers, absorbed in the contemplation of the art of which I am so passionately fond. I noted down, as I always do when standing before them, the first impressions which many of them conveyed to me, to preserve fresh the influences, or the associations, they impressed on me. The catalogue I always refer to, afterwards, and then I have a delightful occupation in seeing whose works I have chosen. I have lost many notes, which I regret, for I laid them up as hoards for the future, to which in turning, I could, at any moment, re-create them. Who has dwelt on all the pictures in that immense collection? how many—how very many are there for ever overlooked! Perhaps I may have noted one or two that may have escaped other eyes—at all events, the unguided impressions of every individual have always an interest, particularly if he catch anything of the enthusiasm of the art, that enthusiasm which is the nurse and parent of painting, as it is also of poetry and of music. For my own part, I confess that painting inspires me with a host of delicious ideas and associations. It creates for me, and often I endeavour to copy its creations. I see before me what I endeavour to paint in words—but that voiceless poet shows me what he feels—I borrow from him his silent feelings! his passion, his love, and his many perceptions of shades, of delicacy, which he so fervently expresses in hues, and which so often evaporate in language: for, even if one succeeds, only half the task is done; who can be sure if the reader's imagination will embody the writer's conceptions? and if he does not, he condemns you, but never himself. The imagination and the memory may toil and combine, and, at length, prove what we so often read, details dull, cold, and correct. Who can place a living beauty before the eyes of another? He must see her himself before him to feel the enthusiasm he wishes to impart; and from the same cause arises the tameness and vagueness of all local or particular descriptions unsketched from the spot, or from the vividness and the energy of first impressions. But the poet of colours describes to you his feelings—he cannot speak them: here he imitates nature herself: he lays before you his work, and is silent—but his work must be perfect, there is no medium. The painter's sphere, like that of the dumb, is much circumscribed. He has but one single scene to describe—but one moment of arrested time allowed him. He can but give the outward show—he calls on you for the inner feeling, which his touches are; often misunderstood, or rather, not understood at all. But the poet's empire is all time, all space, all place, and all expression through its every change. He may touch and retouch with fresh images—he may crowd similes, and sentiments, and analogies on each other—as profusely as nature herself by her thousand flowers and hues illustrates her own beauties—until he warm the very dullest of his readers with a portion of his own exalted enthusiasm. But the painter's entire fate—the labours of half a life, renewed and retouched, till hope almost sickens ere it be finished—depend, how often, on the caprice, the dullness, or the weariness of one single glance. If the subject does not happen to suit, or worse, if it does not happen to meet the idea of the connoisseur, painter and subject are forgotten alike, and for ever. But again, if he does succeed, how far more perfect is his triumph! all parts, all

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harmonies are felt and understood at a glance—all is seen: all that words vainly labour to express, and, with their highest triumph, to bring faintly before the fainter memory and perhaps duller imagination, is placed, at once, without an effort, before you. The man has embodied the passions of men, or the works of nature, so admirably, that you have only to stand before his works, and wonder and admire. He is the veritable Prometheus; he has re-created man and nature—not from cold clay, but from living colours.

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The characters of great poets are seldom marked in their works; that of great painters always: they cannot deceive you. Let us touch on some few for illustrations. Who does not in Raphael behold the Milton of painting? not Milton in Pandemonium, but in the opening of his third book, where, in his address to light, or God, the very fervent spirit of love seems to descend upon him, for never could man have written that most sublime apostrophe, and be uninspired! it is like an archangel speaking to his God. Now, such a spirit pervades, and breathes over the hues and creations of Raphael, in his divinest subjects. There is a holy glow, and a fervour of feeling hanging over them all; there is nothing earthly, nothing of our elementary particles about them. He sees, as Milton saw, visions of beatified light—he seized his pencil and threw them into creation, and there they are visually embodied, and the inspiration which he caught is upon them, and may be, and is felt, also by the "fit audience though few."

Then there is Guido: a spirit of the same, but of a softer order; his finest touches, and his ethereal creations of women, bear the same analogy to Raphael, as the paler twilight to the glories of the setting sun. Guido should have embodied the women of Shakspeare; I mean, his Miranda, his Perdita, his Juliet, his Imogen: he could have understood them—for his is the vestal-genius of painting. Turn, for strong contrast, to Titian: never did painter more revel in gorgeousness of tints and hues than he! never did one so stress himself, as it were, in the luxury, the abandonment of his own creations—and all to illustrate that one master-feeling which no one looking on his nymphs, or Venuses, can misunderstand. Even the very trees and shades around them seem to breathe voluptuousness of feeling: and what breadth and depth of tone in every form! how the very soul of the artist seems poured forth, to burn, as it were, in the rich and overpowering colouring in which he endeavours to develope his own over-mastering feelings! One feels, in looking at his landscapes only, all the nobly classical mind of the poet: nothing is little, nothing is cold, or mean; he seems to revel among the expansion of Grecian woods of old—to have caught the freshness of their streams while drawing them, and to have drawn inspiration from their azure hills. How different is he here from Poussin, so severely chaste, so purely, and ideally classic! He, too, seems to have trodden on the banks of Ilissus, not with Thais, but with Plato: all that is darkly pure and lovely, he has embodied; the immaterial and the intellectual are pervading every scene, and his spirit is poured over it all like the evening—but evening when she has "in her soberest livery all things clad."

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Yet another of these grand elements of mind—Claude, that spirit which bathed itself in sunsets, and caught all their inspiration. That heart, which was always pouring itself away to Italian skies—all love, all light, all sunniest enjoyment. I should imagine Claude to have been the happiest of all the painters—I trace through every page of his works one feeling—the spirit of joy. And great must have been his own mind, and of a high order—and why? was he not always endeavouring to throw off from it, the love, the feeling, and the adoration, which, magician like, he must have felt towards that sole apparent source of his inspiration—the greatest, grandest, visible object of all this glorious universe—the setting sun?

I would touch on the more solemn and impressive genius of Domenichino, and on all the human tenderness and purest passion of Correggio—but how far should I not be led? Even a Londoner may judge of the latter, for his two master-pieces are in the Angerstein gallery—his Venus and his Ecce homo. Every beauty which imagination can embody of beauty and of grace dwells in that figure: but there is somewhere a Venus of Titian which I can easily imagine possesses more expression, and more of the ideal.* It is of the Ecce homo alone I would speak: at first, one would judge the mother dead; but it is not so: her head is sunk back, her lips are livid and parted, but her half-closed eyes still rest on her son; his head is half turned away, (and what an immortal beauty is in every part of it!) his lips are depressed, and his arms prostrated; the languor of coming death is pervading every feature—he is evidently drinking the last drop of the vial which was *not* to pass from him—but the face is perfect and abstracted resignment. I should conceive that picture to be the most affecting ever embodied. One or two, I remember, when I saw it, seemed to be deeply impressed, (women, of course,) but most of them wondered why a piece of glass was put over it.

I will only speak of one more, darker spirit—Salvator; he who threw poetry over the most savage scenes of nature; a romantic, and almost a painful, interest over the gloomy passes, the craggy hills and wilds which he had so often seen; and which, when browsing upon as a robber, must have entered into his very soul! How valuable are his few undoubted pieces! for they are unique. Who but he could have drawn the harsh, sharp crags, and dashes of light glinting as sharply from them, half burying themselves in abysses as deep and black as Erebus, or flashed back again from the morions and steely cuirasses of lawless freebooters, who had been else unseen? Who but he could have thrown before us the dim blue smoke, the strife, and hurry of the battle in the distance—the falling chieftain, and the reinless and masterless horse—and the tall, martial-looking figures in the front ground—their wild gestures contending for the booty, among which, here and there, one discovers some fallen wretch, bleeding and struggling, unnoticed in his last agony? Who could have embodied these striking and exciting scenes so well as he who had witnessed, and who so well remembered, them!

And yet he, the *civilized* Salvator, would draw saints—would endeavour to describe the meek patience, and fervid resignation, of

* It is, I believe, in the Escurial.

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martyrs—he! Despising the works which cost him no effort, because they were natural to him, he would rival, too, Dominichino, &c.; and how the natural man would burst forth when his crude efforts were slighted, may be known by any one who will read Lady Morgan's interesting, but, I am afraid, somewhat too imaginary account of him.

I have lost almost all the hasty notes which I made when in the Louvre; yet I have a few, and will record, if only hereafter more easily to remember them.

Guerchino.—The Repentance of St. Peter: the Virgin's hands are sunk upon her knees, and her head is declined, immovable in her grief; St. Peter stands before her in the attitude of one comforting; but in endeavouring to alleviate her sufferings, he betrays his own. What a study for a head is his! Nothing can be more touching, more affecting, than this softly-finished picture.

Carrachi.—The Virgin imposing silence, by her finger, on the infant St. John—not to disturb the slumbers of Jesus. The Virgin's attitude, and her *maternal* air, if I may so say, is delicately graceful: one can hardly think the richness and depth of tone here emanated from the often harsh pencil of Carrachi.

Cigoli.—Of whose life I know nothing; but here is a striking picture of his whom no one can pass if they see it, however hurried they may be. St. François in Contemplation—what attenuation of features! what untold histories of inward mortifications and sufferings, and patient endurance, does the pale wasted page of that contrite face convey! Had that saint taken half the pains to exalt humanity which he gave to debase it, how great a *benefactor* might he have been to his fellow creatures; he cultivated every quality which most adorns the slave, neglecting every one which most supports the natural dignity of man!

Dominichino.—A dark and sublime landscape, lying, with all its mountains and shadowed valleys, under a fading Italian twilight. His mind was in a high mood when he poured his spirit over the canvass here—I notice it the more particularly, as I have just turned from his picture of God reproaching Adam and Eve for their disobedience. The Deity is represented as a hale, cheerful-looking old man, suspended in the air in a sort of red blanket, with five cherubs tucked up round him; the mortals holding up their hands most piteously, as if just going to be whipped. How unlike the mind which inspired itself over that landscape! the picture looks fresh, as if just finished.

Guido.—Virgin holding the sleeping child on her knees—exquisite, but quite faded.

Leonardo da Vinci.—Portrait of Monna Lisa, (there is music in the name,) but when you look at the face! She was a famous Florentine beauty—her face, indeed, breathes the very music and the soul of expression; and surely the smile that plays over all the features like a flood of sunlight, tells much. How many a quiet triumph, how many a joyous recollection, or anticipation, or a mixture of both or either, are written on that expansive forehead, are expressed in the dimpling of those parted lips, and are speaking in

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those long-fringed eyes! Francis the First gave four thousand crowns of gold for this picture, I would give forty—if I had them.

Portrait of Joan of Sicily.—As perfect a *material* beauty, or more so, as the other is imaginative. I only notice her to mark that in pictures, as in life, how little we are moved by mere impassive beauty.

TITIAN.—The Crown of Thorns—I only noted down this picture as being dreadfully fine, but too harrowing.

RAPHAEL.—Holy Family.—And the only picture to which he affixed his name! Of this picture I, designedly, say nothing—it is an epic picture of the whole, and must be seen. Yet I would note, that, after one has steeped one's imagination, as it were, in the sort of celestial beauty which is thrown over the front figures like a flood of sunlight, one always fixes, at last, on the head of Joseph, thoughtfully contemplating the scene from the dark back-ground. That head has been the theme of ten thousand studies, and will be so, until its latest outline be faded away! then only can it be forgotten with the host of mighty creations which have been forgotten before it!

The Virgin, and the Infants Jesus and John.—The former seems alive, just awakened, with its little arms open, the Virgin having just raised the veil which covered him. Her placid and maternal joy, while looking down on him, are exquisitely expressed—"tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus"—and the asking for an embrace, in the just opened eyes and in the outstretched arms of the child, speak themselves; and also of the heart of the man who could so divinely embody them; the tone and colouring is as if Raphael had left it yesterday.

GERARD DOW has here his best picture, and one of the most touching ever given—A Woman dying of a Dropsy. Never was the languor and the resignment of the patient more faithfully expressed, as the light falls on her countenance through the opened Gothic window: the grief of the attendant, the scrutinizing eye of the physician on his vial, are all taken from life. It has all the minuteness of Crabbe, and leaves, like him, a painful, yet useful impression: for painting, too, silently shows its moral. This is a scene of silent suffering, which is happening every moment of life; but this is made morally, as well as gently, beautiful, from the harmony which religion itself throws round the picture.

MURILLO.—Infant Jesus playing with a Chaplet.—All his rich and mellow tone is here diplayed; a depth of tone one sees in no other picture of his here.

CORREGGIO: 1,255.—Jupiter and Antiope.—A flowery and a magnificent picture. What a full and voluptuous development of the charms of Antiopè; sleeping, or feigning to sleep, one arm lies under, and the other arches around, her head; and kneeling at her feet is the Satyr, (Jupiter;) his imploring yet passionate regards while, half restrained, he touches the veil, are admirably rendered. The Grecian woods hang round; and all the naiads and nymphs which haunted them, are again before us.

ALBANO has near it a rich leafy landscape, with a recumbent Venus, and nymphs around—too faded, but exquisite to him who searches for its beauties.

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TITIAN.—Jupiter and Europa.—All his style; the full and flowing figure of the female, the expressiveness of the upturned eyes of Jove.

1,085.—Virgin and infant Jesus.—Attendant behind, looking down, and smiling—but how sweet and how *original* is that smile!

1,193.—A noble looking head.—How firm and massively cast—what a lordly forehead, and how much of intelligence in those dark eyes! So I wrote—and when I had the catalogue, I found that it was the head of—Raphael!

RAPHAEL.—Portrait of a fair-haired young man, his hand supporting his cheek: he is half turning towards you with a smile. How immortal has genius made that attitude of a moment! how little did the youth anticipate it.

CARRACHI.—Virgin and Jesus.—Joseph offering cherries; as softly and perfectly beautiful as 929. His picture of Diana and Calista is execrable in every point; but the landscape divine. I searched and found *that* was by Paul Brill.

SCHIAVONE.—Head of John the Baptist.—And if he really painted this, he might have risen to be the Raphael to whom it is *said* to belong!

VICTOIR: 457.—Of whom I know nothing: but there is a girl looking through a window more *alive* than almost anything I ever saw on canvass. Her lips are parted—she seems as if speaking to you—and I almost fancied I heard her voice!

SALVATOR has here one of his largest and most magnificent battle pieces—where every strife of light and shade—every human attitude of triumph and of despair—of effort and of agony—of life and death—are thrown forth with all his power.

DAVID I dislike, and all that is his: it is he who has made the French artists so extravagant, and the misfortune is, they think him perfection. What colouring—what theatrical, yet often clownish attitudes—what a meeting of long arms, and longer legs, as if they had flown from all quarters of the heavens by accident! Leonidas is preparing for a pirouette, the Horatii are measuring the length of their arms and legs, and Brutus—but enough.

GIRODET.—His sleeping Endymion is highly poetical in the design; the glittering light of the moon, falling on his face, and steeping him, as it were, in a flood of light, is beautifully conceived. It was some time before I discovered the sad disproportion of the limbs. Girodet's character was a noble one: he ever spoke highly of all artists but himself: his vain attempts to excel himself ruined his health. It was his habit to spring from his bed sometimes, light all the chandeliers, place an enormous hat on his head, and cover it with candles, and so paint for hours; hence the peculiarity of his colouring. This fact is related by the authoress of the "Memoires of Josephine," who knew him well. From her I have learned to admire the man: yet one might easily hint, that *nature* cannot be found in such mad efforts: had he been more patient she would have found him, as she visited the mightier masters, at her own good time.

The Hall of Sculpture has two originals, than which the world has nothing finer—the Creugas and the Diana. There he stands, his

attitude developing every muscle, every fibre of the human form: his head, eyes, lips, all intently fixed—his arms, one thrown wildly forward, the other, behind, ready to second its effort—and all, for one point, one aim, one absorbing feeling—to guard life and to attack it! There is a fierceness in the very air of the head which is wonderfully striking—there is a compression of will about the lips which one almost answers, as if the Gladiator were alive! One almost looks forward to see the adversary who is to break through the guard of that iron arm! What a mind must he have had who could have wrought all this nerve, this material intensity of passion, from a mass of shapeless marble!

Diana is guarding her favourite fawn with one hand, and drawing the avenging shaft with the other, and raising indignantly and haughtily her head, and turning round her neck, where pride is stamped in every line. There is an immortality breathing round that head, and the proud curve of that arching neck, which one feels can never be excelled.

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O the rich, glorious, golden plains of Burgundy! the many-shadowed, many-hued, and everywhere boundless landscape—at whose extremities meet earth and heaven, as if in love. The lands around me are lying fallow, clad in soft grey, or green, or pink, or russet clothing, dotted with slender poplars, lessening in the distance, up to that low far range of azure hills: patches of wood scattered here and there, and cattle in every picturesque attitude, demanding a second Paul Potter in vain. And then the revivifying breezes, awakening all the unconsciousness and the confidence of existence! the very vitality of life—its blessing, its hope, and its joy. I have seen, and dwelt delightedly on the richest plains of England, but I never saw the earth so profusely covered as here, so crowded with such vegetation—as if nature had poured out in one heap, all the treasures of her lap. And what a change of hues! the dark-green fields of Indian corn, whole plains of vines loaded with the weight of their treasures, rich fields of melons lying carelessly about everywhere, and showing their golden backs above the vegetation they riot in, realizing to the eye and fancy, all the fabled dreams of the gardens of the Hesperides! And then the joyous blue of the high free sky above! and the breeze, whose every breath was health. No, nowhere does one feel a prouder consciousness of life, of the full enjoyment and blessing of existence, than when being borne thus rapidly over a plain, apparently as boundless as our imaginations!

My ecstacies stopped only at the good town of Dijon. . . . I knew that I should find something here to interest me. The neat place has a look of intelligence about it; and here, too, as everywhere, they have their museum and gallery. When shall we be like them in England? I always leave the known to the Savans, and search into nooks and corners of galleries for the unknown; and here I have been rewarded to my heart's content. In the gallery was a very odd picture —the ghost of Charles the Bold appearing to the Duke of Lorraine. The town of Nancy (near which the duke fell) lies in deep shadow in

the back ground. In the front, on one side, stands a grey tower in full light; a stream flows to the bank beneath it, from which the Duke of Lorraine and his esquire, a fine martial figure, are just landed, meeting, on the descent of the slight acclivity, Charles on his war-horse, armed cap-a-pie, and motioning to the duke his thanks for having found and buried his body. All the figures are well grouped, and the fear and astonishment of the living are well portrayed. The left of the picture shows a large stone cross raised in the stream, which was built by the Duke of Lorraine in commemoration of his ghostly visitant, and there it still stands, as fresh as yesterday. My only comment or reflection on this wild story is, that if ever a human being could burst the iron bands, and revisit the day, I should imagine it to be the inindignant and fiery Charles of Burgundy. I can imagine him as restless in death as he was in life. This was a picture and subject that interested me deeply.

There, too, is the very hall, the presence chamber where this fiery yet noble spirit met Louis the Eleventh; and here are preserved many reliques from the Church of Chartreux, which was nearly annihilated during the revolution. A colossal chimney-piece, with figures under it in armour, I hardly looked at, for all my senses were employed in the contemplation of two most superb and unique tombs of the Dukes of Burgundy, there deposited from the Chartreux; one of Philip le Hardi, and one of John, sans Peur his father, and Marguerite of Bavaria, his wife: both were similar, but the latter I will endeavour most fully to describe, drawing from my notes of the moment.

They lie on a highly elevated and colossal tomb of polished black marble. The duke is fully armed, the ducal robe being thrown loosely over his coat of mail; the figure of the duchess also is enveloped in the ermine. Angels, finely carved, are bending with unfolded wings at their heads, and at their feet are lions couchant, the effect being solemn and impressive. But the four sides of the tomb arrested my eye: they are entirely filled up, or rather formed of long-extending ranges of Gothic arches, forming double ranges of cloisters, each divided by pillars; the outer ranges containing under them two figures, the inner only one. They are carved from the very whitest marble, and with the most exquisite beauty and grace of proportion; the Gothic traceries no needlework could rival, so fine has been the chisel here!—it is a model-work of cathedrals. Figures of bishops and of monks, in groups of two, appear emerging from under every archway, one being behind in the inner cloister, each figure carved to the minutest perfection. At first sight it appears as if they were issuing from the very jaws of the tomb, for, in stooping a little, to examine more narrowly, one perceives the black marble of the tomb, far within or through the arches, admirably throwing them out by relief.

But it was the mysterious sort of commune which each groupe seemed absorbed in which so deeply rivetted me; and the expression of each figure was so admirably done that it could be read at once. Here were two figures cowled and mantled; the one had made some confession which had inspired the other with horror: there again was

a bishop, proffering the holy Bible to one who was turning offendedly and haughtily away!—each figure wrought up to the last perfection. Here was one in profoundest penitence, the confessor turning sadly away, and offering no hope—what inexhaustible food for imagination to dwell on was here!

And then, there were female figures absorbed in profoundest grief: now consoling, now being consoled; and now consolation offered to them in vain! Under one archway were two muffled wholly, both faces and figures; perhaps they were intended to note that all was over—that there the tale ended; that the history, developed around, of the crimes and headstrong passions of those who slept within was finished. This was merely a conjecture of my own. Each figure, and round the tomb there must have been at least an hundred, was the very *acmé* of art of the chisel. The features of the holy men were all different; guilty and guiltless, all wore a different expression, marked through every change; and nothing could be more awakening to curiosity than the cowls drawn over the faces of those who confessed. I stooped a little to look under, into the hollow of the cowl, and there was revealed the darkened face in all its penitency or obduracy, to the very life!

Since writing this, I have read a little tract giving an account of the House of Burgundy. There were only four dukes of the second branch; the last of the first was Philippe de Rouvre; when, falling into the crown, King John of France gave it to Philip le Hardi, his fourth son, in the year 1363; he married Margaret of Flanders, and died in 1404: he was made regent to the weak Charles VI. in 1384. The second duke was John sans Peur, who lies on the tomb described above—a very monster of fraud and cruelty; he caused the Duke of Orleans to be stabbed at Orthonville, and bought the priests, by good wine and red gold, to sanctify the deed. After a host of crimes, he, in 1419, appointed a meeting with Charles VII., and when in the very act of seizing him, he received the stroke of a dagger from one of the king's knights which laid him dead.

The third duke was Philip the Good; he it was who allied with the English against Joan of Arc, seceded from them, and died suddenly in 1467.

The fourth and last duke was the famous Charles the Bold: after losing the battles of Grandson in 1746 against the Swiss, he died, valiantly fighting, before Nancy, and, as it is supposed, by treachery. Louis XI. then seized on the duchy, Marie, the duke's only daughter, passing over to Flanders, and marrying Maximilian of Austria.

The sculpturing round the tomb of John sans Peur alludes, no doubt, to the fearful details of his own life.

Indolent as I am, I would go a hundred miles to see those tombs, so unique must they necessarily be; for what time, and art, and immense cost, must their finish have demanded!

I awoke at three o'clock in the morning, and was aware of the carriage toiling up a heavy ascent—it was the Jura. I looked through the window, but the gorges shut out everything; and instantly alighting, I beheld a scene I shall never forget. The road, like a gallery, wound upwards, and was overhung by the mountain-ridge; on the

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other side yawned an immense ravine, whose depths were totally lost in darkness; long ranges of mountains feathered, or rather plumed, to their summit entirely with pines, rose solemnly and silently up from the abysses beneath; and those trees, which always give a deep character to the hills, increased it now tenfold by their dubious light, and by their motionless silence. The air was thin, and chill, and cold, but exquisitely fresh. The first pale grey light was faintly defining the crisped edges of the topmost pines on the mountains, and fading away downwards, just enough to show the darkness massed and palpable—where far, far beneath, the sound of a falling torrent rose up, and making the silence *felt*, completed the sublimity of the time and of the scene. As I looked down into the dark abyss, yawning like futurity, I thought of that finest couplet of Gray—

> " Hark! how each *giant* oak and *desert* cave
> *Sighs* to the torrent's *awful* voice beneath!"

And yet, it answered not here. I weighed the very sound, so intently fixed were my senses on the scene: it was low and hoarse, and sepulchral, and while above, around, and below, the motionless firs rose above each other in solemn grandeur, the impression I felt was that it more resembled a dirge of the monks of old rising from among the nodding pomp and grandeur of a funeral procession.

And then the starlight above—the soft, delicious starlight! The cold black sky of night was each moment softening away, and the stars beaming more pale and liquid; I forgot the almost oppressive grandeur round me while gazing upwards and blessing them, those Cyclades of heaven! floating in their own blue profound—all happy, and all revelling under their own lovely suns; and, each moment, melting away in a softer and richer light, as they became enveloped in the radiance of ours!

Why should I dwell on the remaining passes of the Jura? I have described all in one—a long succession of gorges opening on their girding hills, on ground for ever rising, where every extension and form of prospect is unclouded. Long, rich, delicious sweeps of valleys, where the eye loves to lose itself, sometimes entombed in mountains like the romantic village of Morey—" *Jam, jam, lapsura cadentique immuriet assimilis.*"

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

It so happens that this particular day of the year is, to me, sacred to pleasant remembrances; and therefore, gentle reader, I will endeavour to note down a few of them, as they pass in review before me; and for this reason, more especially, that I have not just now anything better to offer you. My mind is at present like the still lake famed in story, over which my thoughts fly, (as the birds do over that torpid stream,) to fall lifeless. I believe it is not my own sapient discovery, that summer is unfriendly to the exercise of thought. The mind seems to become as dry, during the dog-days, as "the remainder biscuit;" and there are others, as well as myself, who complain that they cannot comfortably compose themselves to anything but sleep, in hot summer weather. Certain it is, that Burns wrote best in autumn, and Hafez in spring, two seasons most congenial to mind,—anticipation and retrospection forming the main links in the strong chain that unites us to earth. Winter, with all its chilling attributes and influences, seems to freeze up the genial current of our thoughts at the fountain-head: and summer, like the fruition of our hopes, makes us lazy, and dream away those sunny hours, so longingly looked for over the blue distance of the wintry hills.

But to return. It was on this day, that some few years ago, in company with two or three highly valued friends, I paid a visit to Moor Park, a place which is intimately associated with many royal and noble names, and historical recollections. There is nothing to me more interesting, than to ramble over scenes, sanctified and hallowed by the past-away glories of our country. A voice seems to speak from the very walls of mansions, once inhabited by the brave and the renowned of former times,—men who stand out in bold relief, as models for their descendants to copy from, and grow great, by inheriting, not merely noble names, but natures.

It was on just such a morning as this, that I set off, with my friends, on an excursion to Moor Park; and the drive was all the more delightful for our prudent precaution, in leaving home at an early hour. We carried provisions with us, intending to banquet in nature's dining-room, in true gipsy fashion. By the time we reached Rickmansworth, the king of day had finished his toilet, and arrayed himself in all his regal splendor, so that our eyes were fain to repose on the quiet colour of nature's carpet, as we entered the park, and strolled under the shade of those majestic trees, that still seem, in their extended hospitality to strangers, to represent the olden worthies of the land. After having wandered for some time amongst the delightful and embowering woods, and made choice of an inviting and sequestered spot, for afterwards enjoying our rustic repast, we proceeded to take a view of the interior of the mansion; in which,

[1] Continued from p. 89.

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though not equal in extent to many others of greater fame and pretension, we found quite enough to gratify and repay us for our visit.

On entering "the marble hall," which forms, I believe, a regular cube of forty feet, I was particularly struck with its rich yet chastely elegant appearance. The door-cases are all of fine white marble, as well as the floor; and a wide open gallery, with a beautiful gilt balustrade, runs round the hall, throwing over the whole the witchery of romance, by recalling the days when beauty watched in the one, and chivalry banqueted in the other. The sides are decorated and enriched with four large paintings by Sir James Thornhill, of which the subjects are taken from the heathen mythology, and represent the story of Jupiter and Io. I confess there is something to me so uninteresting (classic though they be) in these absurd and monstrous fables, that I am always sorry to see genius thrown away upon them. It is very true that the female deities of Thornhill are not equal in grace and delicacy to the celestials of Titian: but Thornhill has left behind him, in various places, records enough of his skill and talent, to make his country proud of him: and if his female figures be occasionally somewhat coarse, they are at any rate more in character with the gross animal attributes, with which our admired ancients endowed the objects of their disgusting worship.

Almost all the rooms at Moor Park were thickly hung with paintings; but those in the "long drawing-room" were the more select, being chiefly by the more celebrated of the old masters. This is an extremely handsome, but not very well proportioned apartment, being from its great length better adapted for a picture gallery, but at the same time not the less suited for the reception of the beautiful and costly works of art, which decorated its lengthened walls. I profess no sort of skill or judgment in these matters: but amongst those paintings which here more particularly struck my fancy, were the Flight into Egypt, by Claude—a Sleeping Cupid, by Guido—a Holy Family, by Raphael—and a very beautiful portrait of the unfortunate Don Carlos of Spain, by Titian.

After having fully satisfied our curiosity in the interior of the mansion, we next visited the gardens and pleasure grounds; where the gay profusion of flowers, deep emerald of the velvet turf, and varied foliage of the mingled shrubs and forest trees, formed altogether a scene as delightful as the dreams of the poet, in his inspired nightcap. After wandering about, till fatigue made rest desirable, we sate us down under the deliciously cool shade of a venerable oak in the park; and there, like the merry exiles in the forest of Arden, spread our cates beneath the greenwood tree. Nor did any of us, I believe, require the invocation of the melancholy Jaques, to call us to partake of Heaven's bounty to unworthy man. Then and there we were all a merry and a happy group; and the memory of that day is still pleasant, and still dear to me.

The fate of Moor Park has been somewhat singular. Its ownership, from the period of its first erection, has been remarkably tran-nt and unsettled. It is not merely that, like the Shrewsbury title, ch I formerly alluded to, it has not often descended from father to

son; but it has not long remained in any one hand, nor grown venerable along with the name and renown of any one family. It has been sold and resold, forfeited and regranted, from time to time, and has thus been the subject and the scene of never-ending changes and vicissitudes.

Moor Park was originally built in the year 1473, by George Neville, Archbishop of York, brother of the famous Earl of Warwick; to whom, in those troublesome and unsettled times, appertained the dangerous distinction of making and unmaking kings. The archbishop had a grant from the crown of the manor of *the moor*, from which the park had its name. Immediately after the completion of the mansion, the princely prelate entertained there King Edward IV., together with many of the great men of the day, at a splendid banquet, or "house-warming." Some idea may be formed of the splendor with which Moor Park was thrown open, on this occasion, to the hospitalities of the time, from the following account, taken from the original in the Tower, of a great entertainment given by the same prelate about three years before, but which does not appear to have been graced by royal presence. "George Neville, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, in the year 1470 made a feast for the nobility, gentry, and clergy, wherein were employed one hundred cooks, sixty-two kitcheners, five hundred and fifteen scullions. At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward, the Earl of Bedford treasurer, and the Lord Hastings comptroller, together with many noble officers and servitors." This archbishop, however, did not long enjoy Moor Park, dying, just three years after its erection, of excessive grief, induced (as is supposed) by his confinement in the Tower, to which he was committed upon the open rebellion of the ever-restless Warwick.

After Neville's death, the "Manse of the Moor" reverted to the crown, and so remained till Henry VII. *sold* it to the brave Earl of Oxford, who led the van of the army at the battle of Bosworth. One would suppose that, for this service, it would have been granted to Oxford as a free gift: but as this king was notoriously very economical, if he really did (as is alleged) *sell* it on this occasion, he probably sold it to the earl a *bargain!* From Lord Oxford it again came into the king's hands; was subsequently granted to the English cardinal, the princely Wolsey; and on his falling into disgrace, it once more reverted to the crown. King James I. granted Moor Park to the Earl of Bedford; after whom it was successively enjoyed by the Earls of Pembroke, of Monmouth, and of Ossory, which latter nobleman was summoned to parliament by the title of Baron Butler of Moor Park. His son sold it in 1665, probably about the period that the great plague was committing its most direful ravages in London, to the gallant but ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II., by Lucy Waters. After the Duke was beheaded, his lovely and disconsolate widow still retained possession of Moor Park for some years, but ultimately disposed of it to a Mr. Stiles, who realised a very large fortune by the memorable South Sea scheme, which, in bringing wealth to a few, brought ruin on thousands. Mr. Stiles cased the entire house with stone, brought from London at an enormous expense; and he likewise erected two wings, which were afterwards

pulled down by a subsequent proprietor. Mr. Stiles's alterations and other improvements, both about the mansion and in the park and gardens, were very extensive, and are said to have amounted, in the whole, to about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. If so, it would appear that he was willing to let a part of his immense wealth go as easily as it came. Certainly if any such sum as this were expended by Mr. Stiles, in addition to all the other expenditure of other owners, a good deal of it must have been very injudiciously absorbed, or thrown away, for we might now look for the traces of it in vain. Of course the two abortive wings will in part account for this. After the decease of Mr. Stiles, Moor Park (fulfilling apparently its migratory destiny) passed through several intermediate hands, before it fell into those of its present possessor, the Marquis of Westminster, a nobleman of acknowledged taste and munificence in all that relates to the fine arts, and in whose behalf I sincerely hope the spell that has so long attached to this interesting place may now be broken, and that it may long remain in the possession of his lordship and his descendants. The person, however, to whom it immediately came, by purchase, on Mr. Stiles's death, was no other than the gallant Lord Anson. Here, after circumnavigating the globe, the brave old admiral cast anchor at last. Here, amongst these quiet shades, he found his heart's haven; and doffing his laurels for Pomona's peaceful garland, he planted the celebrated apricot, still called the Moor Park apricot. Lord Anson likewise formed the kitchen garden, and made many other improvements at Moor Park. There is something gratifying and ennobling in the contemplation of the character of one who can retire from public into private life with ease and dignity. The man who can contentedly exchange the laurels of the warrior for the laurels that grow in his own garden, proves, (as some of the best heroes of Rome did of old,) that he possesses a truly great and noble mind; that he does not absolutely exist on the rank breath of popular applause; but that he can both live and enjoy life without it. And if, having the advantage of being born in a christian age and country, he can likewise employ the peaceful residue of his days in labouring in the great christian vineyard, and cultivating and improving that foul and weedy garden, or rather wilderness, of *self*,—then indeed he proves himself the finished hero, and all the rays of his earlier glory are lost and absorbed in that brighter halo that gilds his passage from time to eternity.

These sentiments are unfortunately not very popular; and it is because they are *not* popular that I have here ventured to give them a passing notice. It so happens, that the lesson they convey was forcibly imprinted on my own mind at a very early period. I can just remember my being, when a child, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, when the heroic Nelson paid a visit to that city, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and the circumstance I am about to relate became, at the time, the subject of very general conversation and remark. Soon after their arrival, the illustrious hero (for illustrious, as a hero, he undoubtedly was) paraded the streets, with Lady Hamilton on his arm; while Sir William, lost in his antiquarian abstractions, trudged with his hands behind him, as was his wont, in the

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rear. In the evening, the distinguished strangers visited the assembly-rooms; and it cannot be doubted that there was not a single individual present who was not fully prepared to pay to the gallant Nelson, the glory of his country and the terror of her foes, all the honour and respect that were so justly due to him. But when his lordship, forgetting unhappily the distinction between his own claims on his country and the claims of society on all her members, stood up with Lady Hamilton to open the dance, several of the ladies immediately sate down again. Lady Hamilton resented this marked affront, by emphatically repeating, "Nothing but glovers! nothing but glovers!"

It always struck me that this was an admirable moral lesson, which did infinite honour to the inhabitants of Worcester. Glovers or not, they evidently knew how to throw down the glove, even to the hero of a hundred fights, when his conduct challenged them to a moral combat. These are, in truth, the lessons which improve individuals, and the combats which confer a lasting benefit on countries. Perhaps a few more such might have served to open the hero's eyes to the glaring impropriety of his conduct. But the long-accustomed popularity that attended his steps, and the deafening thunders of applause that greeted his ear from all quarters, had no doubt drowned that "still small voice," that alone utters the words of *truth*. Nelson could conquer the foes of his country; but, like many other heroes, he could not conquer himself. In all that regarded his *penchant* for Lady Hamilton his conduct was worse than imbecile. For her he was contented to sully his brightest laurels, by the hurried and disgraceful death (without trial) of a brave and aged prince, whose silver hairs might have moved even a heathen foe to pity. Let it not be supposed, however, for a moment, that I would willingly dim the glory that enshrines the grave of Nelson, a man that indisputably achieved great things for his country. But as the facts I have alluded to are now matter of history, they may be legitimately adduced, for the purpose of enforcing a great moral truth. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that this hero performed many kind and beneficent acts, of which there is now no record. An anecdote of this nature, which is by this time probably quite forgotten, but which I happened to transcribe years ago, I will now relate, as I then noted it down. The circumstance occurred at Plymouth, shortly after the death of the lamented hero, whose last legacy to his country was the brilliant victory, dearly purchased by the blood of him who achieved it.

As Colonel Tyrwhitt was, in company with two other gentlemen, looking through a telescope at the French prizes going up the harbour, he observed a fine little boy cheering with his playfellows, and heard him several times called Nelson. This raised the brave officer's curiosity to know who the boy was. Colonel Tyrwhitt accordingly went to his father's cottage, who was a quarry-man, and lived at "Rusty Anchor." By this time the boy was returned. He first appeared shy; but on a little conversation, this wore off, and he evinced a considerable share of intelligence. The boy said Lord Nelson was his godfather, "but he was killed the other day, in a great battle," said he. The colonel then entered the hut, and found the father, (who had lost a limb in the Minotaur, in the battle of the Nile,) and

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his wife, and four children, clean, though poorly dressed. Colonel Tyrwhitt then asked, if the circumstance of Lord Nelson's being godfather to the little boy was true; and was answered by both parents, "yes." The mother produced the certificate of his baptism, at the British Factory Chapel, Leghorn, July 1800, attested by the clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Cummins, and signed Emma Hamilton, William Hamilton, Nelson and Bronte. The boy was named Horatio Nelson. His mother was washerwoman on board the Minotaur. When the child was born, in the bay of Leghorn, his lordship, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, said they would stand sponsors for this little "king's own." Lord Nelson had promised, when the boy grew old enough, to put him to sea, and give him a nautical education. But after the peace of Amiens, these poor people, through ignorance, forgot (though desired by his lordship when he sailed for England) to write to him where they were settled. The Minotaur was paid off at Plymouth Port, and the father of the boy, with his small pension, and by hard work, had contrived to maintain his family ever since.

After talking over the circumstance of the intended kindness of Lord Nelson to this poor little boy, Colonel Tyrwhitt generously determined to follow up his lordship's good intentions. He took the boy as his protegée, had him directly clothed, and put him to a good school, meaning to give him a regular nautical education.

What ultimately became of Lord Nelson's little godson, I never heard. Probably he is long since dead; or perhaps the intervention of peace has prevented us from having heard of his rising into fame, and doing honour to the illustrious name he bore. Lord Nelson himself is one of the most remarkable instances on record, of an individual having raised himself from obscurity by extraordinary public services, to that distinguished order, which some liberals of the present very liberal times tell us ought not to exist, or if existing at all, ought not to be hereditary. How this may be, I cannot pretend to determine. Such a discussion does not come within the province of a female pen: but one fact is generally worth a thousand arguments. We know that in former times, the hereditary nobles of the land have won their fair portion of renown as warriors. And now that the fields of literature are so extensively cultivated, it is impossible to look on what is passing around us, and not to admit, that the nobility can establish their claim to a full share of the luxuriant harvest; and that the aristocracy of rank, and the aristocracy of talent, so far from being incompatible, are by no means unfrequently blended in a happy and dignified union. I can remember when Lord Strangford stood almost alone, as a nobleman of literary pretensions. Byron had not at that time established his lofty pre-eminence in the "Bardic craft," of whom I recollect to have seen it somewhere elegantly observed, that the coronet on his lordship's brow was completely hidden from view by the luxuriance of the laurel which surrounded it. At the period I saw Lord Strangford, though he was then extremely young, he was in the very zenith of his fame. His classical and poetical translation of Camoens, the Portuguese poet, was greatly admired by competent judges; while many lighter effusions of his lordship's own muse—

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elegant and touching songs and stanzas—were sang and recited in the drawing-rooms of the fashionable. Why his lordship has so long deserted his place amongst the minstrels of the land, is a question which regret for his absence has no doubt prompted many to ask. I happened to be well acquainted with a lovely girl, a Miss C———, of whom his lordship was deeply enamoured: but unfortunately there were some obstacles at the time in the way of their union. The young lady's mother was more devoted to fortune than rank; and Lord Strangford had not then been employed on these high diplomatic missions, to the country of his favourite Camoens, and elsewhere, which he afterwards discharged with so much honour to himself. Maria C——— was precisely of that style of beauty, which, as it is rare, so as I have been told by a gentleman who resided some years in Portugal, is also very much admired there, a circumstance which favoured his lordship's wish to perpetuate the charms of his lady love, in the person of Camoens' mistress. Miss C———'s skin was richly beautiful, the white brilliantly contrasting with the finest tint of that bright rose, that belongs to high health and youth. With a full blue eye, she had features finely shaped, and a profusion of light auburn hair, which, when unbound, reached nearly to her feet. Her figure too was plump, and extremely well-proportioned. When seated at her harp, as I have seen her, with her fine long hair almost covering her white dress, she was certainly a most romantic looking object, and a dangerous one, too, for a poet to contemplate. Maria and her sister, Miss C———, were the daughters of Mrs. Smith, by a former husband. General Smith was the uncle of Sir Sydney. I remember the gallant "hero of Acre" coming one evening to the general's, and condescendingly pinning on a turban for Maria, who was going to a fancy ball. It was certainly a very stylish affair: and it was agreed amongst the ladies, without a dissenting voice, that a man like Sir Sydney Smith, crowned with his own fresh laurels, might (without derogating in the least from his high fame) do that for a "faire ladye," which a mere simpering dandy could not put his fingers to, without rendering himself ridiculous. Sir Sydney was considered to excel in the construction of a genuine Turkish turban. When I was at Clifton some years afterwards, I remember Miss Monk, who was staying with her aunt, Lady Frances Flood, and who had a beautiful Hebe face, was honoured with one of the hero's best sultanas. Sir Sydney, after having folded and refolded a handkerchief on the head of the young lady, until it had assumed the proper shape, told her she only wanted a little rouge to complete the effect; upon which he gallantly saluted the fair cheek of Miss Monk, which was immediately rosy with nature's best carmine.

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*Ernest Maltravers.* By the Author of "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. &c. 3 vols.

THIS Novel is more like "Pelham" than any other of Mr. Bulwer's productions, but there are many and strong shades of difference between the two works; and the leading adventures and the construction of the plot bear no resemblance. "Maltravers" is the work of a more matured mind: it is marked with a more enlarged philosophy, and a truer appreciation of men and things. The sallies are less frequent—the sarcasms more subdued and more fairly directed, than in "Pelham," whose sparkling, but, in some respects, wicked witticisms, made an impression which will not be soon effaced. In that description of writing, which may be called the novel of passion, and which characterised portions of Mr. Bulwer's first novel, and stamped him at once as a writer of rare spirit and originality, there is a manifest improvement in the volumes before us, and there is also more, in quantity, of what we consider his more peculiar excellence—or the power of agitating the passions and moving the heart. "Pelham" was the work of a young man who, in many respects, described the world rather as he fancied it than as he had seen it. But "Maltravers" bears in every page the sober evidence of experience. The personages—the dialogues—the incidents, are less romantic than *real:* they evince a keen and deep knowledge of human nature—an acquaintance with men and women, too, as they *are*, and the spirit and animation with which this knowledge is embodied; and the greater impressiveness of the pathetic scenes, more than make amends for the diminution of wildly romantic incidents and characters. The author is perfectly well aware of this difference, and warns the reader not to expect in "a novel of the present day," which is in great part a transcript of real life, the excitement, the bustle, the pomp, and the stage effect, which belong to romance. He hopes to interest equally by different means, and he will not be disappointed. Fielding's or Smollett's pictures of everyday life are as absorbing as the most gorgeous of romances—to most people of a certain age they are far more attractive. "Maltravers" is strictly a tale of the times; and all the characters bear clear and distinctive impressions of the age and country we live in. The hero is a young Englishman of fortune—one of the untitled but true aristocracy of England. After some searing adventures in early youth he devotes himself passionately to the pursuits of literature, and not finding this species of fame and excitement sufficient to satisfy the cravings of his heart, he embarks on the stormy and trying sea of politics. He is ambitious, restless, proud—in some respects *vain*, but high-minded, generous, and single-hearted. His sayings and doings correspond to the concise description with which he is first introduced to the reader's notice.

"In the hero of this tale thou wilt find neither a majestic demigod, nor a fascinating demon. He is a man with the weaknesses derived from humanity, with the strength that we inherit from the soul; not often obstinate in error, more often irresolute in virtue; sometimes too aspiring,

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sometimes too despondent; influenced by the circumstances to which he yet struggles to be superior, and changing in character with the changes of time and fate; but never wantonly rejecting those great principles by which alone we can work out the Science of Life—a desire for the Good, a passion for the Honest, a yearning after the True. From such principles, Experience, that severe teacher, learns us, at length, the safe and practical philosophy which consists of Fortitude to bear, Serenity to enjoy, and Faith to look beyond!"

The passage which immediately follows the words we have just quoted contains a confession which will excite the curiosity of many readers. We pretend to give no key to secrets touching which we ourselves can only speculate and surmise; but, from an attentive perusal, we can say that the characters have a very life-like flesh-and-blood appearance; and that most of the events related look exceedingly like real occurrences.

"It would have led, perhaps, to more striking incidents and have furnished an interest more intense, if I had cast Maltravers the Man of Genius, amidst those fierce but ennobling struggles with poverty and want to which genius is so often condemned. But wealth and lassitude have their temptations as well as penury and toil. And for the rest—I have taken much of my tale and many of my characters from real life, and would not unnecessarily seek other fountains when the Well of Truth was in my reach."

We always find an insuperable difficulty in reviewing a novel. Without entering into the plot and story, no very correct notion can be given of it; and by pursuing the contrary course, the author is unfairly and disadvantageously forestalled, and the reader cheated out of half his enjoyment. It has been well said, that the skeletons which reviewers make of the plots of books are anything but *anatomies vivantes*, and that all they effect is to spoil our pleasure when we turn to the books themselves. From want of space and of proper detail, such things are always hard and dry—harsh and crabbed even when done by the best hands. In fact, we hardly know anything so bad, except the newspaper epitomes of plays that have been acted the over night. The nature of the present work relieves us from all anxiety on this head. The interest of it lies as much in detached scenes as in the plot—sparkling little essays which sometimes remind us of the introductory chapters in Tom Jones are scattered with a liberal hand through the volumes, which also abound in other matter, particularly well suited for extract. Our only difficulty is in making such selections as will come within our limits. We fear spoiling what is delicately told in the original, but in order to give some degree of intelligibility to the striking scenes which follow, we must mention, that Alice, the daughter of a desperate ruffian, had saved Maltravers from being robbed and murdered by her own father; that, flying from that monster's violence, she accidentally encountered our hero, who, with the best intentions, extended to her that protection which she had no relative, no being on the face of the wide world to give her. The unlucky girl had been brought up in the darkest ignorance, but she was as innocent as she was ignorant. Maltravers, deep in Plato and the German philosophers, bestowed her in a sweet little cottage

covered all over with woodbine and roses, and he undertook the delightful task of instructing her in all virtues and accomplishments. What followed was inevitable, although it did not enter into Maltravers' philosophy. The pupil was beautiful, and little more than fifteen—the tutor was—what shall we say of him? he was eighteen. Marmontel in one of those stories so oddly called contes-moraux, tells the rest. "*Les pauvres innocens! ils ne savaient pas ce qu'ils faisaient. C'etait un enfant*"—for so it turned out in due course of time. Imperative circumstances had called Maltravers away from the love-cottage, and Alice was alone there, when an old woman, the only servant, returned one evening from the neighbouring market town, pale and agitated, or, as she expressed it, "in a terrible fit of the shakes."

"'What is the matter, Mrs. Jones?' said Alice, 'no news of him—of—of my—of your master?'

"'Dear heart, miss!—no,' answered Mrs. Jones; 'how should I? But I'm sure I don't wish to frighten you; there has been two sitch robberies in the neighbourhood.'

"'O thank Heaven that's all!' exclaimed Alice.

"'O don't go for to thank Heaven for that, miss; it's a shocking thing for two lone females like us, and them ere windows all open to the ground. You sees, as I was taking the note to be changed, at Mr. Harris's, the great grocer's shop, where all the poor folk was a buying agin to-morrow' (for it was Saturday night, the second Saturday after Ernest's departure; from that Hegira, Alice dated her chronology)—'and everybody was a-talking about the robberies last night. La, miss, they bound old Betty—you know Betty—a most respectable 'oman, who has known sorrows, and drinks tea with me once a-week, Well, miss, they (only think!) bound Betty to the bed-post, with nothing on but her shift—poor old soul! and as Mr. Harris gave me the change—(please to see, miss, it's all right)—and I asked for half gould, miss, it's more convenient,—sitch an ill-looking fellow was by me, a buying o' baccy, and he did so stare at the money, that I vows I thought he'd have rin away with it from the counter—so I grabbed it up, and went away. But would you believe, miss, just as I got into the lane, afore you turns through the gate, I chanced to look back, and there, sure enough, was that ugly fellow close behind me, a running like mad. O I set up such a skreetch; and young Dobbins was a taking his cow out of the field, and he perked up over the hedge when he heard me; and the cow too, with her horns, Lord bless her! So the fellow stopped, and I bustled through the gate, and got home. But la, miss, if we are all robbed and murdered!'

"Alice had not heard much of this harangue; but what she did hear very slightly affected her strong, peasant-born nerves; not half so much, indeed, as the noise Mrs. Jones made in double-locking all the doors, and barring, as well as a peg and a rusty inch of chain would allow, all the windows,—which operation occupied at least an hour and a-half.

"All at last was still. Mrs. Jones had gone to bed—in the arms of sleep she had forgotten her terrors—and Alice had crept up stairs, and undressed, and said her prayers, and wept a little; and, with the tears yet moist upon her dark eye-lashes, had glided into dreams of Ernest. Midnight was past—one o'clock sounded unheard from the clock at the foot of the stairs. The moon was gone—a slow, drizzling rain was falling upon the flowers, and cloud and darkness gathered fast and thick around the sky.

"About this time, a low, regular, grating sound commenced at the thin shutters of the sitting-room below, preceded by a very faint noise, like the tinkling of small fragments of glass on the gravel without. At length it

ceased, and the cautious and partial gleam of a lanthorn fell along the floor; another moment, and two men stood in the room.

"'Hush, Jack!' whispered one; 'hang out the glim, and let's look about us.'

"The dark lanthorn, now fairly unmuffled, presented to the gaze of the robbers nothing that could gratify their cupidity. Books and music, chairs, tables, carpet and fire-irons, though valuable enough in a house-agent's inventory, are worthless to the eyes of a house-breaker. They muttered a mutual curse.

"'Jack,' said the former speaker, 'we must make a dash at the spoons and forks, and then hey for the money. The old girl had thirty shillers, besides flimsies.'

"The accomplice nodded consent; the lanthorn was again partially shaded, and with noiseless and stealthy steps the men quitted the apartment. Several minutes elapsed, when Alice was awakened from her slumber by a loud scream; she started, all was again silent; she must have dreamt it: her little heart beat violently at first, but gradually regained its tenor. She rose, however, and, the kindness of her nature being more susceptible than her fear—she imagined Mrs. Jones might be ill—she would go to her. With this idea she began partially dressing herself, when she distinctly heard heavy footsteps and a strange voice in the room beyond. She was now thoroughly alarmed—her first impulse was to escape from the house—her next to bolt the door, and call aloud for assistance. But who would hear her cries? Between the two purposes she halted irresolute, and remained, pale and trembling, seated on the foot of the bed, when a broad light streamed through the chinks of the door—an instant more and a rude hand seized her.

"'Come, mem; don't be fritted, we won't harm you; but where's the gold-dust—where's the money?—the old girl says you've got it. Fork it over.'

"'O mercy, mercy! John Walters, is that you?'

"'Damnation!' muttered the man, staggering back, 'so you knows me then; but you sha'n't peach; you sha'n't scrag me, b—t you.'

"While he spoke he again seized Alice, held her forcibly down with one hand, while with the other he deliberately drew from a side pouch a long case-knife. In that moment of deadly peril, the second ruffian, who had been a moment delayed in securing the servant, rushed forward. He had heard the exclamation of Alice, he heard the threat of his comrade; he darted to the bed-side, cast a hurried gaze upon Alice, and hurled the intended murderer to the other side of the room.

"'What, man, art mad?' he growled between his teeth. 'Don't you know her? it is Alice; it is my daughter.'

"Alice had sprung up when released from the murderer's knife, and now, with eyes strained and starting with horror, gazed upon the dark and evil face of her deliverer.

"'O God, it is—it is my father!' she muttered, and fell senseless.

"'Daughter or no daughter,' said John Walters, 'I shall not put my scrag in her power; recollect how she fritted us before, when she run away.'

"Darvil stood thoughtful and perplexed; and his associate approached doggedly with a look of such settled ferocity as it was impossible for even Darvil to contemplate without a shudder.

"'You say right,' muttered the father, after a pause; but fixing his strong gripe on his comrade's shoulder,—'the girl must not be left here—the cart has a covering. We are leaving the country; I have a right to my daughter—she shall go with us. There, man, grab the money—it's on the table; you've got the spoons. Now then.' As Darvil spoke he seized his daughter in his arms; threw over her a shawl and a cloak that lay at hand, and was already on the threshold.

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" 'I don't half like it,' said Walters, grumblingly; 'it been't safe.'

" 'At least it is safe as murder!' answered Darvil, turning round with a ghastly grin; 'make haste.'

" When Alice recovered her senses, the dawn was breaking slowly along desolate and sullen hills. She was lying upon rough straw—the cart was jolting over the ruts of a precipitous, lonely road,—and by her side scowled the face of that dreadful father."

Several years had passed: Alice had rescued herself from infamy, by again flying from her brutal father. While living with Maltravers she had, by means which must have been almost miraculous, considering the shortness of the time, made herself an accomplished musician, and that talent, assisted by a kind patronage, now enabled her to gain a respectable living in a provincial town. Of Maltravers, whose real name and condition she had ever remained ignorant of, she had entirely lost sight, owing to no fault of his, but to the way in which she had been carried off from the cottage, and kept in strange and lawless places. She, however, was living on, in the comforting hope, that he would one day discover her, and be, at least, a father to his little one. While in this condition her beauty excites the desires of a sanctimonious country banker, but she, as yet, is happily ignorant of what is passing in his breast. The following scene is dramatic, and something more.

" A summer's evening in a retired country town has something melancholy in it. You have the streets of a metropolis without their animated bustle—you have the stillness of the country, without its birds and flowers. The reader will please to bring before him a quiet street, in the quiet country town of C * * * * *, in a quiet evening in a quiet June. the picture is not mirthful—two young dogs are playing in the street, one old dog is watching by a newly painted door. A few ladies of middle age move noiselessly along the pavement, returning home to tea: they wear white muslin dresses, green spensers a little faded, straw poke bonnets, with green or coffee-coloured gauze veils. By twos and threes they have disappeared within the thresholds of small neat houses, with little railings, enclosing little green spots. Threshold, house, railing, and plot, each as like to the other, as are those small commodities called 'nest tables,' which 'even as a broken mirror multiplies,' summon to the bewildered eye countless iterations, of one four-legged individual. Paradise Place was a set of nest houses.

" A cow had passed through the street with a milkwoman behind; two young and gay shopmen, 'looking after the gals,' had reconnoitred the street, and vanished in despair. The gloaming advanced—but gently; and though a star or two was up, the air was still clear. At the open window of one of the tenements in this street sate Alice Darvil. She had been working, (that pretty excuse to women for thinking,) and as the thoughts grew upon her, and the evening waned, the work had fallen upon her knee, and the pretty hands drooped mechanically upon her lap. Her profile was turned towards the street; but without moving her head or changing her attitude, her eyes glanced from time to time to her little girl, who, nestled on the ground beside her, tired with play, and wondering, perhaps, why she was not already in bed, seemed as tranquil as the young mother herself. And sometimes Alice's eyes filled with tears—and then she sighed, as if to sigh the tears away. But, poor Alice, if she grieved, hers was now a silent and a patient grief!

" The street was deserted of all other passengers, when a man passed along the pavement on the opposite side of the way to that on which

Alice's house was located. His garb was rude and homely, between that of a labourer and a farmer: but still there was an affectation of tawdry show about the bright scarlet silk hankerchief, tied in a sailor or smuggler fashion round the sinewy throat—the hat was set jauntily on one side, and, dangling many an inch from the gaily striped waistcoat, glittered a watch-chain and seals, which appeared suspiciously out of character with the rest of the attire. The passenger was covered with dust—and as the street was in a suburb communicating with the high road, and formed one of the entrances into the town, he had probably, after a long day's journey, reached his evening's destination. The looks of this stranger were anxious, restless, and perturbed. In his gait and swagger there was the recklessness of the professional blackguard; but in his vigilant, prying, suspicious eyes, there was a hand-dog expression of apprehension and fear. He was a man upon whom vice seemed to have set her significant brand—and who saw a purse with one eye and a gibbet with the other. Alice did not note the stranger, until she herself had attracted and centred all his attentions. He halted abruptly as he caught a view of her face—shaded his eyes with his hand as if to gaze more intently—and at length burst into an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. At that instant Alice turned, and her gaze met that of the stranger. The fascination of the basilisk can scarcely more stun and paralyze its victim than the look of this stranger charmed, with the appalling glamoury of horror, the eye and soul of Alice Darvil. Her face became suddenly locked and rigid, her lips as white as marble, her eyes almost started from their sockets—she pressed her hands convulsively together, and shuddered—but still she did not move. The man nodded and grinned, and then, deliberately crossing the street, gained the door, and knocked loudly. Still Alice did not stir—her senses seemed to have forsaken her—presently the stranger's loud rough voice was heard below, in answer to the accents of the solitary woman servant, whom Alice kept in her employ; and his strong heavy tread made the slight staircase creak and tremble. Then Alice rose as by an instinct, caught her child in her arms, and stood erect and motionless, facing the door. It opened—and the FATHER and DAUGHTER were once more face to face within the same walls.

"'Well, Ally, how are you, my blowen?—glad to see your old dad again, I'll be sworn. No ceremony, sit down. Ha, ha! snug here—very snug—we shall live together charmingly. Trade on your own account—eh! sly;—well, can't desert your poor old father. Let's have something to eat and drink.'

"So saying, Darvil threw himself at length upon the neat, prim, little chintz sofa, with the air of a man resolved to make himself perfectly at home.

"Alice gazed and trembled violently, but still said nothing—the power of voice had indeed left her.

"'Come, why don't you stir your stumps? I suppose I must wait on myself—fine manners!—But ho, ho—a bell, by gosh—mighty grand—never mind—I am used to call for my own wants.'

"A hearty tug at the frail bell-rope sent a shrill alarum half-way through the long lath-and-plaster row of Paradise Place, and left the instrument of the sound in the hand of its creator.

"Up came the maid-servant, a formal old woman, most respectable.

"'Harkye, old girl!' said Darvil, 'bring up the best you have to eat—not particular—let there be plenty. And I say—a bottle of brandy. Come, don't stand there staring like a stuck pig. Budge. Hell and furies, don't you hear me?'

"The servant retreated, as if a pistol had been put to her head, and Darvil, laughing loud, threw himself again upon the sofa. Alice looked

at him, and, still without saying a word, glided from the room—her child in her arms. She hurried down stairs, and in the hall met her servant. The latter, who was much attached to her mistress, was alarmed to see her about to leave the house.

"'Why, marm, where be you going? Dear heart, you have no bonnet on. What is the matter? Who is this?'

"'O God! O God!' cried Alice, in agony; 'what shall I do?—where shall I fly?' The door above opened. Alice heard, started, and the next moment was in the street. She ran on breathlessly, and like one insane. Her mind was indeed, for the time, gone, and had a river flowed before her way, she would have plunged into an escape from a world that seemed too narrow to hold a father and his child.

"But just as she turned the corner of a street that led into the more public thoroughfares, she felt her arm grasped, and a voice called out her name in surprised and startled accents.

"'Heavens, Mrs. Butler! Alice! What do I see? What is the matter?'

"'Oh, sir, save me!—you are a good man—a great man—save me—he is returned!'

"'He! who?—Mr. Butler?' said the banker, (for that gentleman it was,) in a changed and trembling voice.

"'No, no—ah, not he!—I did not say *he*—I said my father—my, my—ah—look behind—look behind—*is* he coming?'

"'Calm yourself, my dear young friend—no one is near. I will go and reason with your father. No one shall harm you—I will protect you. Go back, go back, I will follow—we must not be seen together.' And the tall banker seemed trying to shrink into a nutshell.

"'No, no,' said Alice, growing yet paler, 'I cannot go back.'

"'Well, then, just follow me to the door—your servant shall get you your bonnet, and accompany you to my house, where you can wait till I return. Meanwhile I will see your father, and rid you, I trust, of his presence.'

"The banker, who spoke in a very hurried and even impatient voice, waited for no reply, but took his way to Alice's house. Alice herself did not follow, but remained in the very place where she was left, till joined by her servant, who then conducted her to the rich man's residence . . . But Alice's mind was touched, and her thoughts wandered alarmingly."

* * * * * * *

"Oh! what a picture of human nature it was when the banker and the vagabond sate together in the little drawing-room, facing each other,—one in the arm-chair, one on the sofa! Darvil was still employed on some cold meat, and was making wry faces at the very indifferent brandy which he had frightened the formal old servant into buying at the nearest public-house; and opposite sate the respectable, highly respectable, man of forms and ceremonies, of decencies and quackeries, gazing gravely upon this low dare-devil ruffian: the well-to-do hypocrite—the penniless villain:—the man who had everything to lose—the man who had nothing in the wide world but his own mischievous rascally life, a gold watch, chain, and seals, which he had stolen the day before, and thirteen shillings and threepence halfpenny in his left breeches-pocket!

"The man of wealth was by no means well-acquainted with the nature of the beast before him. He had heard from Mrs. Leslie (as we remember) the outline of Alice's history, and ascertained that their joint protegé's father was a great blackguard; but he expected to find Mr. Darvil a mere dull, brutish villain, a peasant ruffian—a blunt serf, without brains, or their substitute, effrontery. But Luke Darvil was a clever, half-educated fellow: he did not sin from ignorance, but had wit enough

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to have bad principles, and he was as impudent as if he had lived all his life in the best society. He was not frightened at the banker's drab breeches and imposing air—not he! The Duke of Wellington would not have frightened Luke Darvil, unless his grace had had the constables for his *aides-de-camp*.

"The banker, to use a homely phrase, was 'taken aback.'

"'Look you here, mister what's your name?' said Darvil, swallowing a glass of the raw alcohol as if it had been water—'look you now—you can't humbug me. What the devil do you care about my daughter's respectability or comfort, or anything else—grave old dog as you are!—it is my daughter herself you are licking your brown old chaps at!—and faith, my Alley is a very pretty girl—very—but queer as moonshine. You'll drive a much better bargain with me than with her.'

"The banker coloured scarlet—he bit his lips, and measured his companion from head to foot, while the latter lolled on the sofa, as if he were meditating the possibility of kicking him down stairs. But Luke Darvil would have thrashed the banker, and all his clerks into the bargain. His frame was like a trunk of thews and muscles, packed up by that careful dame, Nature, as tightly as possible; and a prize-fighter would have thought twice before he had entered the ring with so awkward a customer. The banker was a man prudent to a fault, and he pushed his chair six inches back, as he concluded his survey.

"'Sir,' then said he, very quietly, 'do not let us misunderstand each other. Your daughter is safe from your control—if you molest her, the law will protect——'

"'She is not of age,' said Darvil. 'Your health, old boy.'

"'Whether she is of age or not,' returned the banker, unheeding the courtesy conveyed in the last sentence, 'I do not care three straws—I know enough of the law to know, that if she have rich friends in this town, and you have none, she will be protected, and you will go to the tread-mill.'

"'That is spoken like a sensible man,' said Darvil, for the first time with a show of respect in his manner; 'you now take a practical view of matters, as we used to say at the spouting-club.'

"'If I were in your situation, Mr. Darvil, I tell you what I would do. I would leave my daughter and this town to-morrow morning, and I would promise never to return, and never to molest her, on condition she allowed me a certain sum from her earnings, paid quarterly.'

"'And if I preferred living with her?'

"'In that case, I, as a magistrate of this town, would have you sent away as a vagrant, or apprehended.'

"'Ha!'

"'Apprehended on suspicion of stealing that gold chain and seals which you wear so ostentatiously.'

"'By goles, but you're a clever fellow,' said Darvil involuntarily; 'you know human natur.'

"The banker smiled: strange to say, he was pleased with the compliment.

"'But,' resumed Darvil, helping himself to another slice of beef, 'you are in the wrong box—planted in Queer Street, as *we* say in London; for if you care a d——n about my daughter's respectability, you will never muzzle her father on supicion of theft—and so there's tit for tat, my old gentleman!'

"'I shall deny that you are her father, Mr. Darvil; and I think you will find it hard to prove the fact in any town where I am a magistrate.'

"'By goles, what a good prig you would have made! you are as sharp as a gimlet. Surely you were brought up at the Old Bailey?'

"'Mr. Darvil, be ruled. You seem a man not deaf to reason, and I

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ask you whether, in any town in this country, a poor man in suspicious circumstances can do anything against a rich man, whose character is established? Perhaps you are right in the main; I have nothing to do with that. But I tell you that you shall quit this house in half an hour—that you shall never enter it again but at your peril; and if you do—within ten minutes from that time you shall be in the town jail. It is no longer a contest between you and your defenceless daughter; it is a contest between——'

"'A tramper in fustian and a gemman as drives a coach,' interrupted Darvil, laughing bitterly, yet heartily; 'good, good!'

"The banker rose. 'I think you have made a very clever definition,' said he. 'Half an hour—you recollect—good evening.'

"'Stay,' said Darvil; 'you are the first man I have seen for many a year that I can take a fancy to. Sit down; sit down, I say, and talk a bit, and we shall come to terms soon, I dare say:—that's right. Lord! how I should like to have you on the road-side instead of within these four gimcrack walls. Ha, ha! The argufying would be all in *my* favour then.'

"The banker was not a brave man, and his colour changed slightly at the intimation of this obliging wish. Darvil eyed him grimly and chucklingly.

"The rich man resumed: 'That may or may not be, Mr. Darvil, according as I might happen or not to have pistols about me. But, to the point. Quit this house without further debate, without noise, without mentioning to any one else your claim upon its owner——'

"'Well, and the return?'

"'Ten guineas now, and the same sum quarterly, as long as the young lady lives in this town, and you never persecute her by word or letter.'

"'That is forty guineas a year. I can't live upon it.'

"'You will cost less in the House of Correction, Mr. Darvil.'

"'Come, make it a hundred: Alley is cheap at that.'

"'Not a farthing more,' said the banker, buttoning up his breeches-pockets with a determined air.

"'Well, out with the shiners.'

"'Do you promise or not?'

"'I promise.'

"'There are your ten guineas. If in half an hour you are not gone—why then——'

"'Then?'

"'Why then you have robbed me of ten guineas, and must take the usual consequences of robbery.'

"Darvil started to his feet—his eyes glared—he grasped the carving-knife before him.

"'You are bold fellow,' said the banker quietly; 'but it won't do. It is not worth your while to murder me; and I am a man sure to be missed.'

"Darvil sank down, sullen and foiled. The respectable man was more than a match for the villain.

"'Had you been as poor as I,—God! what a rogue you would have been!'

"'I think not,' said the banker; 'I believe roguery to be a very bad policy. Perhaps once I *was* almost as poor as you are, but I never turned rogue.'

"'You never were in my circumstances,' replied Darvil, gloomily. 'I was a gentleman's son. Come, you shall hear my story. My father was well-born, but married a maid-servant when he was at college; his family disowned him, and left him to starve. He died in the struggle against a poverty he was not brought up to, and my dam went into ser-

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vice again; became housekeeper to an old bachelor—sent me to school—but mother had a family by the old bachelor, and I was taken from school and put to trade. All hated me—for I was ugly! damn them! Mother cut me—wanted money—robbed the old bachelor—was sent to jail, and learnt a lesson or two how to rob better in future. Mother died,—was adrift on the world. The world was my foe—could not make it up with the world, so we went to war;—you understand, old boy! Married a poor woman and pretty;—wife made me jealous—had learned to suspect every one. Alice born—did not believe her mine: not like me—perhaps a gentleman's child. I hate—I loathe gentlemen. Got drunk one night—kicked my wife in the stomach three weeks after her confinement. Wife died—tried for my life—got off. Went to another county—having had good education, and being sharp eno', got work as a mechanic. Hated work just as I hated gentlemen—for was I not by blood a gentleman? There was the curse. Alice grew up; never looked on her as my flesh and blood. Her mother was a w——! why should not *she* be one? There, that's enough. Plenty of excuse, I think, for all I have ever done. Curse the world—curse the rich—curse the handsome—curse—curse all!'

"'You have been a very foolish man,' said the banker, 'and seem to me to have had very good cards, if you had known how to play them. However, that is your look-out. It is not yet too late to repent;—age is creeping on you.—Man, there is another world!'

"The banker said the last words with a tone of solemn and even dignified adjuration.

"'You think so—do you?' said Darvil, staring at him.

"'From my soul I do.'

"'Then you are not the sensible man I took you for,' replied Darvil, drily; 'and I should like to talk to you on that subject.'

"But our Dives, however sincere a believer, was by no means one

> . . . . . 'At whose control
> Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul.'

He had words of comfort for the pious, but he had none for the sceptic—he could soothe, but he could not convert. It was not in his way; besides, he saw no credit in making a convert of Luke Darvil. Accordingly, he again rose with some quickness, and said,

"'No, sir; that is useless, I fear, and I have no time to spare; and so once more, good night to you.'

"'But you have not arranged where my allowance is to be sent.'

"'Ah! true; I will guarantee it. You will find my name sufficient security.'

"'At least it is the best I can get,' returned Darvil, carelessly, 'and after all, it is not a bad chance day's work. But I'm sure I can't say where the money shall be sent. I don't know a man who would not grab it.'

"'Very well, then—the best thing (I speak as a man of business) will be to draw on me for ten guineas, quarterly. Wherever you are staying, any banker can effect this for you. But mind, if ever you overdraw, the account stops.

"'I understand,' said Darvil; 'and when I have finished the bottle I shall be off.'

"'You had better,' replied the banker, as he opened the door.

"The rich man returned home hurriedly. 'So Alice, after all, has some gentle blood in her veins,' thought he. 'But that father,—no! it will never do. I wish he were hanged, and nobody the wiser. I should very much like to arrange the matter without marrying; but then—scandal—scandal—scandal. After all, I had better give up all thoughts of her. She is monstrous handsome, and so—humph—I shall never grow an old man.'"

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For the remainder of the eventful course of the fair Alice, we must refer to the volumes; and, were Mr. Bulwer a stranger to novel readers instead of being their general and long tried favourite, we feel confident that the brief extracts we have given would excite in them an impatient desire to obtain the book. We have given precedence to poor Alice, because, with the deduction of some slight blemishes, we think that this part of the book is beautiful and exceedingly original. If we mistake not, this particular part is also a favourite with the author. It ought at least to be so on account of those pleasant sensations we derive from a great difficulty overcome; and the difficulty was great, to keep Alice interesting, pure, and innocent, in the circumstances her fortune throws her into. A little more, or a little less, and she would be a common-place victim of the vices and severities of society; but, from the delicacy of the artist's handling, she stands forth at once a lovely and a dignified portrait.

There is another full-length portrait, (the book is unusually rich in such things,) as different as possible and less interesting, but painted with equal still. It is that of Valerie de St. Ventadour, a French woman of the highest rank and fashion—a beauty and a wit. We regret that we can do nothing more than give a glimpse of the brilliant Valerie as she appeared in an hour of triumph. In later scenes we see her proud crest lowered—her heart laid bare, and a deep study does the sight of it suggest. The effect produced by an interview between her and Maltravers, some years later, is absolutely startling, from the truth of the delineation. All is true! alas! sadly true! but happy the man, and happier still the woman, to whose bosom the conviction of such truths has never been carried; and it is only by our own experience that the desolating facts can be made apparent to us.

"It was a brilliant ball at the Palazzo of the Austrian embassy at Naples; and a crowd of those loungers, whether young or old, who attach themselves to the reigning beauty, was gathered round Madame de St. Ventadour. Generally speaking, there is more caprice than taste in the election of a beauty to the Idalian throne. Nothing disappoints a stranger more than to see for the first time the woman to whom the world has given the golden apple. Yet he usually falls at last into the popular idolatry, and passes with inconceivable rapidity from indignant scepticism into superstitious veneration. In fact, a thousand things besides mere symmetry of feature go to make up the Cytherea of the hour . . . tact in society—the charm of manner—a nameless and piquant brilliancy. Where the world find the Graces they proclaim the Venus. Few persons attain pre-eminent celebrity for anything, without some adventitious and extraneous circumstances which have nothing to do with the thing celebrated. Some qualities or some circumstances throw a mysterious or personal charm about them.——'Is Mr. So-and-So really such a genius?'—'Is Mrs. Such-a-One really such a beauty?' you ask incredulously. 'Oh, yes,' is the answer. 'Do you know all *about* him or her? Such a thing is said, or such a thing has happened.' The idol is interesting in itself, and therefore its leading and popular attribute is worshipped.

"Now Madame de St. Ventadour was at this time the beauty of Naples; and though fifty women in the room were handsomer, no one would have dared to say so. Even the women confessed her pre-eminence—for she was the most perfect dresser that even France could ex-

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hibit. And to no pretensions do ladies ever concede with so little demur, as those which depend upon that feminine art which all study, and in which few excel. Women never allow beauty in a face that has an odd-looking bonnet above it, nor will they readily allow any one to be ugly whose caps are unexceptionable. Madame de St. Ventadour had also the magic that results from intuitive high breeding, polished by habit to the utmost. She looked and moved the *grande dame*, as if Nature had been employed by Rank to make her so. She was descended from one of the most illustrious houses of France; had married at sixteen a man of equal birth, but old, dull, and pompous—a caricature rather than a portrait of that great French *noblesse*, now almost if not wholly extinct. But her virtue was without a blemish—some said from pride, some said from coldness. Her wit was keen and court-like—lively, yet subdued; for her French high-breeding was very different from the lethargic and taciturn imperturbability of the English. All silent people can seem conventionally elegant. A groom married a rich lady; he dreaded the ridicule of the guests whom his new rank assembled at the table—an Oxford clergyman gave him this piece of advice, 'Wear a black coat and hold your tongue!' The groom took the hint, and is always considered one of the most gentlemanlike fellows in the county. Conversation is the touchstone of the true delicacy and subtle grace which make the ideal of the moral mannerism of a court. And there sate Madame de St. Ventadour, a little apart from the dancers, with the silent English dandy Lord Taunton, exquisitely dressed, and superbly tall, bolt upright behind her hair; and the sentimental German Baron Von Schomberg, covered with orders, whiskered and wigged to the last hair of perfection, sighing at her left hand; and the French minister, shrewd, bland, and eloquent, in the chair at her right, and round on all sides pressed, and bowed, and complimented, a crowd of diplomatic secretaries and Italian princes, whose bank is at the gaming-table, whose estates are in their galleries, and who sell a picture, as English gentlemen cut down a wood, whenever the cards grow gloomy. The charming St. Ventadour! she had attraction for them all! smiles for the silent, badinage for the gay, politics for the Frenchman, poetry for the German—the eloquence of loveliness for all! She was looking her best; the slightest possible tinge of rouge gave a glow to her transparent complexion, and lighted up those large dark sparkling eyes, (with a latent softness beneath the sparkle,) seldom seen but in the French, and widely distinct from the unintellectual languish of the Spaniard, or the full and majestic fierceness of the Italian gaze. Her dress of black velvet, and graceful hat with its princely plume, contrasted the alabaster whiteness of her arms and neck. And what with the eyes, the skin, the rich colouring of the complexion, the rosy lips, and the small ivory teeth, no one would have had the cold hypercriticism to observe that the chin was too pointed, the mouth too wide, and the nose, so beautiful in the front face, was far from perfect in the profile.

"'Pray was madame in the Strada Nuova, to-day?' asked the German, with as much sweetness in his voice as if he had been vowing eternal love.

"'What else have we to do with our mornings, we women?' replied Madame de St. Ventadour. 'Our life is a lounge from the cradle to the grave, and our afternoons are but the type of our career. A promenade and a crowd, *voila tout!* We never see the world except in an open carriage.'

"'It is the pleasantest way of seeing it,' said the Frenchman, drily.

"'*J'en doute*; the worst fatigue is that which comes without exercise.'

"'Will you do me the honour to waltz?' said the tall English lord, who had a vague idea that Madame de St. Ventadour meant she would rather dance than sit still. The Frenchman smiled.

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" ' Lord Taunton enforces your own philosophy,' said the minister.

" Lord Taunton smiled because every one else smiled; and besides he had beautiful teeth; but he looked anxious for an answer.

" ' Not to night, my lord; I seldom dance. Who is that very pretty woman? What lovely complexions the English have! and who,' continued Madame de St. Ventadour, without waiting for an answer to the first question, ' who is that gentleman, the young one I mean, leaning against the door?'

" ' What with the dark moustache?' said Lord Taunton; he is a cousin of mine.'

" ' Oh no—not Colonel Bellfield—I know him, how amusing he is!—no, the gentleman I mean wears no moustache.'

" ' Oh, the tall Englishman with the bright eyes and high forehead,' said the French minister. ' He is just arrived—from the East, I believe.'

" ' It is a striking countenance,' said Madame de St. Ventadour, ' there is something chivalrous in the turn of the head. Without doubt, Lord Taunton, he is ' *noble.*' '

" ' He is what you call ' *noble,*' replied Lord Taunton; ' that is, what we call a ' gentleman;' his name is Maltravers; Mr. Maltravers. He lately came of age; and has, I believe, rather a good property.'

" ' Monsieur Maltravers, only Monsieur!' repeated Madame de St. Ventadour.

" ' Why,' said the French minister, ' you understand that the English *gentilhomme* does not require a De or a title to distinguish him from the *Roturier.*'

" ' I know that, but he has an air above a simple *gentilhomme.* There is something *great* in his look—but it is not, I must own, the conventional greatness of rank—perhaps he would have looked the same had he been born a peasant.'

" ' You don't think him handsome?' said Lord Taunton, almost angrily, (for he was one of the Beauty-men, and Beauty-men are sometimes jealous.)

" ' Handsome! I did not say that,' replied Madame de St. Ventadour, smiling; ' it is rather a fine head than a handsome face. Is he clever, I wonder—but all you English, milord, are well educated.'

" ' Yes, profound—profound, we are profound, not superficial,' replied Lord Taunton, drawing down his wristbands.

" ' Will Madame de St. Ventadour allow me to present to her one of my countrymen?' said the English minister, approaching—' Mr. Maltravers.'

" Madame de St. Ventadour half smiled and half blushed, as she looked up, and saw bent admiringly upon her, the proud and earnest countenance she had remarked.

" The introduction was made—a few monosyllables exchanged. The French diplomatist rose and walked away with the English one. Maltravers succeeded to the vacant chair.

" ' Have you been long abroad?' asked Madame de St. Ventadour.

" ' Only four years—yet long enough to ask whether I should not be most abroad in England.'

" ' You have been in the East—I envy you. And Greece, and Egypt, —all the associations!—you have travelled back into the Past—you have escaped, as Madame D'Epinay wished, out of civilisation and into romance.'

" ' Yet Madame D'Epinay passed her own life in making pretty romances out of a very agreeable civilisation,' said Maltravers, smiling."

After this the conversation becomes rather *blue*, a colour we dislike whether in books or in *viva voce* intercourse. It must be an inadventure—a mere slip of the pen—for Mr. Bulwer knows life too well to imagine for a moment that any gentleman on a first introduction to a

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beautiful and spirited woman, would deliver such a lecture about books as Maltravers propounds to Madame de St. Ventadour.

Another pearl, a diamond, a picture without price, in this gallery of female portraits, is the high-born, the beautiful, the proud, but noble and tender-hearted, Lady Florence Lascelles. It is full of character, abounding with master-touches, delicately, but most distinctly, put in. It is such a picture as Rembrandt would have painted, if that painter had had a purer conception of female beauty and dignity. The sudden transition from the haughty Lady Florence, the coquette, the sarcastic beauty, who disdains the homage that every heart pays her, to the gentle, domestic Florence, (made gentle by her love for Maltravers,) and then, to the poor, afflicted Florence, broken in health and heart by the treacherous dealings of her intriguing cousin, (Lumley Ferrers,) and lying on her death-bed, is impressive and heart-rending—if anything, indeed, rather too much so. We extract the last scene of all, which is not the most painful.

"Maltravers entered the room adjoining that which contained the sufferer,—the same room, still gay and cheerful, in which had been his first interview with Florence since their reconciliation.

"Here he found the physician dozing in a fauteuil. Lady Florence had fallen asleep during the last two or three hours. Lord Saxingham was in his own apartment, deeply and noisily affected, for it was not thought that Florence could survive the night.

"Maltravers sate himself quietly down. Before him, on a table, lay several manuscript books gaily and gorgeously bound; he mechanically opened them. Florence's fair, noble Italian characters met his eye in every page. Her rich and active mind—her love for poetry—her thirst for knowledge—her indulgence of deep thought—spake from those pages like the ghosts of herself. Often, underscored with the marks of her approbation, he chanced upon extracts from his own works, sometimes upon reflections by the writer herself, not inferior in truth and depth to his own;—snatches of wild verse never completed, but of a power and energy beyond the delicate grace of lady-poets; brief, vigorous criticisms on books above the common holiday studies of the sex; indignant and sarcastic aphorisms on the real world, with high and sad bursts of feeling upon the ideal one; all, chequering and enriching the varied volumes, told of the rare gifts with which this singular girl was endowed—a herbal, as it were, of withered blossoms that might have borne Hesperian fruits. And sometimes in these outpourings of the full mind and laden heart, were allusions to himself, so tender and so touching—the pencilled outline of his features traced by memory in a thousand aspects—the reference to former interviews and conversations—the dates and hours marked with a woman's minute and treasuring care!—all these tokens of genius and of love spoke to him with a voice that said:—'And this creature is lost to you for ever: you never appreciated her till the time for her departure was irrevocably fixed!'

"Maltravers uttered a deep groan; all the past rushed over him. Her romantic and imaginative passion for one yet unknown—her interest in his glory—her zeal for his life of life,—his spotless and haughty name. It was as if with her, Fame and Ambition were dying also, and henceforth, nothing but common clay and sordid motives were to be left on earth.

"How sudden—how awfully sudden—had been the blow! True, there had been an absence of some months in which the change had operated But absence is a blank—a nonentity. He had left her in

apparent health—in the tide of prosperity and pride. He saw her again—stricken down in body and temper—chastened—humbled—dying. And this being, so bright and lofty, how had she loved him! Never had he been so loved, except in that morning dream haunted by the vision of the lost and dim-remembered Alice. Never on earth could he be so loved again. The air and aspect of the whole chamber grew to him painful and oppressive. It was full of her—the owner! There the harp, which so well became her muse-like form, that it was associated with her like a part of herself! There the pictures, fresh and glowing from her hand,—the grace—the harmony—the classic and simple taste everywhere displayed!

"Rousseau has left to us an immortal portrait of the lover waiting for the first embraces of his mistress. But to wait with a pulse as feverish, a brain as dizzy, for her last look—to await the moment of despair, not rapture—to feel the slow and dull time as palpable a load upon the heart, yet to shrink from your own impatience, and wish that the agony of suspence might endure for ever—this, oh this, is a picture of intense passion—of flesh and blood reality—of the rare and solemn epochs of our mysterious life—which had been worthier the genius of that 'Apostle of Affliction!'

"At length the door opened; the favourite attendant of Florence looked in.

"'Is Mr. Maltravers there? O sir, my lady is awake and would see you.'

"Maltravers rose, but his feet were glued to the ground, his sinking heart stood still—it was a mortal terror that possessed him. With a deep sigh he shook off the numbing spell, and passed to the bedside of Florence.

"She sate up, propped by pillows, and as he sank beside her, and clasped her wan, transparent hand, she looked at him with a smile of pitying love.

"'You have been very, very kind to me,' she said, after a pause, and with a voice which had altered even since the last time he heard it, "and you will be rewarded. You have made that part of life from which human nature shrinks with dread, the happiest and the brightest of all my short and vain existence. My own adored Ernest—God bless you!'

"A few grateful tears dropped from her eyes, and they fell on the hand which she bent her lips to kiss.

"'It was not here—not amidst streets and the noisy abodes of anxious, worldly men—nor was it in this harsh and dreary season of the year, that I could have wished to look my last on earth. Could I have seen the face of Nature—could I have watched once more with the summer sun amidst those gentle scenes we loved so well, Death would have had no difference from sleep. But what matters it? With you there is summer and Nature everywhere.'

"Maltravers raised his face, and their eyes met in silence—it was a long, fixed gaze which spoke more than all words could. Her head dropped on his shoulder, and there it lay, passive and motionless, for some moments. A soft step glided into the room—it was the unhappy father's. He came to the other side of his daughter, and sobbed convulsively.

"She then raised herself, and even in the shades of death, a faint blush passed over her cheek.

"'My good, dear father, what comfort will it give you hereafter to think how fondly you spoiled your Florence!'

"Lord Saxingham could not answer; he clasped her in his arms and wept over her. Then he broke away—looked on her with a shudder——

"'O God!' he cried, 'she is dead—she is dead!'

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"Maltravers started, and waved aside the poor old man impatiently. The physician kindly approached, and taking Lord Saxingham's hand, led him from the room—he went mute and obedient like a child.

"But the struggle was not yet past. Florence once more opened her eyes, and Maltravers uttered a cry of joy. But [illegible] eyes the film was darkening rapidly, as still, through the mist and shadow, they sought the beloved countenance which hung over her, as if to breathe life into waning life. Twice her lips moved, but her voice failed her, she shook her head sadly.

"Maltravers hastily held to her mouth a cordial which lay ready on the table near her, but scarce had it moistened her lips, when her whole frame grew heavier and heavier in his clasp. Her head once more sank upon his bosom—she thrice gasped wildly for breath—and at length, raising her hand on high, life struggled into its expiring ray.

"'*There*—above!—Ernest—that name—Ernest!'

"Yes, that name was the last she uttered; she was evidently conscious of that thought, for a smile, as her voice again faltered—a smile sweet and serene—that smile never seen but on the faces of the dying and the dead—borrowed from a light that is not of this world—settled slowly on her brow, her lips, her whole countenance; still she breathed, but the breath grew fainter; at length, without murmur, sound, or struggle, it passed away—the head dropped from his bosom—the form fell from his arms—all was over!"

If Lumley Ferrers, who produces all this mischief, and who is in other essentials a most accomplished scoundrel, be a character drawn from "real life," and if there be a possibility of identifying him with his portrait, why then, and in that case, the only advice we can give to Master Lumley, or Lord Vargrave, (for he obtains a peerage at the end of the story,) is to go hang himself—for not his coronet, not his craft, not his *savoir faire*, not all his sublimity of impudence, will save him from infamy and universal scorn. We suspect, however, that in this particular case, at least, the vices and adventures of several villains have been condensed to make one significant whole. The character is consistent throughout, be this as it may. He is a rogue upon system.

"It was just when Maltravers was so bad, that he could not be worse, that a young man visited Temple Grove. His name was Lumley Ferrers, his age about twenty-six—his fortune about eight hundred a-year—he followed no profession. Lumley Ferrers had not what is usually called genius; that is, he had no enthusiasm; and if the word talent be properly interpreted as meaning the talent of doing something better than others, Ferrers had not much to boast of on that score. He had no talent for writing, nor for public speaking, nor for music nor painting, nor the ordinary round of accomplishments; neither at present had he displayed much of the hard and useful talent for action and business. But Ferrers had what is often better than either genius or talent; he had a powerful and most acute mind. He had, moreover, great animation of manner, high physical spirits, a witty, odd, racy vein of conversation, determined assurance, and profound confidence in his own resources. He was fond of schemes, stratagems, and plots—they amused and excited him—his power of sarcasm and of argument, too, was great, and he usually obtained an astonishing influence over those with whom he was brought in contact. His high spirits and a most happy frankness of bearing carried off and disguised his leading vices of character, which were an extraordinary callousness of affection, and an insensibility to moral principles. Though less learned than Maltravers, he was on the whole a very in-

structed man. He mastered the surface of many sciences, became satisfied of their general principles, and threw the study aside never to be forgotten, (for his memory was like a vice,) but never to be prosecuted any farther. To this he added a general acquaintance with whatever is most generally acknowledged as standard in extant or modern literature. What is admired only by a few, Lumley never took the trouble to read. Living amongst trifles, he made them interesting and novel by his mode of viewing and treating them. And here indeed was *a* talent—it was the talent of social life—the talent of enjoyment to the utmost with the least degree of trouble to himself. Lumley Ferrers was thus exactly one of those men whom everybody calls exceedingly clever, and yet it would puzzle one to say in what he was so clever. It was, indeed, that nameless power which belongs to ability, and which makes one man superior, on the whole, to another, though in many details by no means remarkable. I think it is Goëthe who says somewhere, that in reading the life of the greatest genius, we always find that he was acquainted with some men superior to himself, who yet never attained to general distinction. To the class of these mystical superior men, Lumley Ferrers might have belonged; for though an ordinary journalist would have beaten him in the arts of composition, few men of genius, however eminent, could have felt themselves above Ferrers in the ready grasp and plastic vigour of natural intellect. It only remains to be said of this singular young man, whose character as yet was but half developed, that he had seen a great deal of the world, and could live at ease and in content with all tempers and ranks; fox-hunters or scholars, lawyers or poets, patricians or *parvenus*, it was all one to Lumley Ferrers."

Soon after their first acquaintance, Lumley Ferrers and Ernest Maltravers leave England together. The following *epanchement*, which takes place on the road to Dover, will still further aid the reader in forming a conception of a character which is anything but a common-place one.

"'How glad I am to get out of England,' said Ferrers: 'it is a famous country for the rich; but here eight hundred a-year, without a profession, save that of pleasure, goes upon pepper and salt: it is a luxurious competence abroad.'

"'I think I have heard Cleveland say that you will be rich some day or other.'

"'O yes! I have what is called expectations! You must know that I have a kind of settlement on two stools—you recollect the proverb! The present Lord Saxingham, once plain Frank Lascelles, and my father, Mr. Ferrers, were first cousins. Two or three relations good-naturedly died, and Frank Lascelles became an earl; the lands did not go with the coronet; he was poor, and married an heiress. The lady died; the estate was settled on her only child, the handsomest little girl you ever saw. Pretty Florence, I often wish I could look up to you! Her fortune will be nearly all at her own disposal too when she comes of age: now she's in the nursery, 'eating bread and honey.' My father, less lucky and less wise than his cousin, thought fit to marry a Miss Templeton—a nobody. The Saxingham branch of the family politely dropped the acquaintance. Now my mother had a brother, a clever, plodding fellow, in what is called 'business:' he became rich and richer; but my father and mother died, and were never the better for it. And I came of age, and *worth* (I like that expression) not a farthing more or less than this often-quoted eight hundred pounds a-year. My rich uncle is married, but has no children. I am, therefore, the heir presumptive—but he is a saint, and close, though ostentatious. The quarrel between uncle Templeton and the Saxinghams still continues. Templeton is angry if I see

the Saxinghams—and the Saxinghams—my Lord, at least—is by no means so sure that I shall be Templeton's heir as not to feel a doubt lest I should some day or other sponge upon his lordship for a place. Lord Saxingham is in the administration, you know. Somehow or other, I have an equivocal amphibious kind of place in London society, which I don't like: on one side I am a patrician connexion whom the parvenu branches always incline lovingly to—and on the other side I am a half dependent cadet whom the noble relations look civilly shy at. Some day, when I grow tired of travel and idleness, I shall come back and wrestle with these little difficulties, conciliate my methodistical uncle, and grapple with my noble cousin. But now I am fit for something better than getting on in the world. Dry chips, not green wood, are the things for making a blaze! How slow this fellow drives! Hollo, you sir! get on! mind, twelve miles to the hour! you shall have sixpence a mile! Give me your purse, Maltravers; I may as well be cashier, being the elder and the wiser man; we can settle accounts at the end of the journey. By Jove, what a pretty girl!'"

But it is when time has steeled his heart and changed his pursuit from selfish pleasures to a still more selfish ambition, that Lumley becomes a striking personage. He stays abroad a good many years—much longer than Cleveland, who left him in Italy. At last he returns to London.

"'It is astonishing how this city is improved,' said he to himself 'Everything gets on in this world with a little energy and bustle—and every body as well as everything. My old cronies, fellows not half so clever as I am, are all doing well. There's Tom Stevens, my very fag at Eton—snivelling little dog he was too!—just made under secretary of state. Pearson, whose longs and shorts I always wrote, is now head master to the human longs and shorts of a public school—editing Greek plays, and booked for a bishoprick. Collier, I see, by the papers, is leading his circuit—and Ernest Maltravers (but he had some talent!) has made a name in the world. Here am I, worth them all put together, who have done nothing but spend half my little fortune in spite of all my economy. Egad, this must have an end. I must look to the main chance; and yet, just when I want his help the most, my worthy uncle thinks fit to marry again. Humph—I'm too good for this world.'

"While thus musing, the soliloquist came in direct personal contact with a tall gentleman who carried his head very high in the air, and did not appear to see that he had nearly thrown our abstracted philosopher off his legs.

"'Zounds, sir, what do you mean?' cried the latter.

"'I beg your par—' began the other, meekly, when his arm was seized, and the injured man exclaimed, 'Bless me, sir, is it indeed *you* whom I see?'

"'Ha!—Lumley?'

"'The same, and how fares it, my dear uncle? I did not know you were in London. I only arrived last night. How well you are looking!'

"'Why, yes, heaven be praised, I am pretty well.'

"'And happy in your new ties—you must present me to Mrs. Templeton.'

"'Ehem,' said Mr. Templeton, clearing his throat, and with a slight but embarrassed smile, 'I never thought I should marry again.'

"'*L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*,' observed Lumley Ferrers, for it was he.

"'Gently, my dear nephew,' replied Mr. Templeton, gravely; 'those phrases are somewhat sacrilegious—I am an old-fashioned person, you know.'

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"'Ten thousand apologies.'

"'*One* apology will suffice—these hyperboles of phrase are almost sinful.'

"'Confounded old prig!' thought Ferrers; but he bowed sanctimoniously.

"'My dear uncle, I have been a wild fellow in my day, but with years comes reflection, and, under your guidance, if I may hope for it, I trust to grow a wiser and a better man.'

"'It is well, Lumley,' returned the uncle, 'and I am very glad to see you returned to your own country. Will you dine with me to-morrow? I am living near Fulham. You had better bring your carpet-bag, and stay with me some days—you will be heartily welcome, especially if you can shift without a foreign servant. I have a great compassion for papists, but. . .'

"'Oh, my dear uncle, do not fear; I am not rich enough to have a foreign servant, and have not travelled over three quarters of the globe without learning that it is possible to dispense with a valet.'

"'As to being rich enough,' observed Mr. Templeton, with a calculating air, 'seven hundred and ninety-five pounds ten shillings a-year will allow a man to keep *two* servants, if he pleases; but I am glad to find you economical, at all events. We meet to-morrow, then, at six o'clock.'

"'*Au revoir*—I mean, God bless you.'

"'Tiresome old gentleman, that,' muttered Ferrers, 'and not so cordial as formerly: perhaps his wife is *enceinte*, and he is going to do me the injustice of having another heir. I must look to this, for without riches I had better go back and live *au cinquième* at Paris.'

"With this conclusion, Lumley quickened his pace, and soon arrived in Seamore Place. In a few moments more he was in the library, well stored with books, and decorated with marble busts and images from the studios of Canova and Flaxman.

"'My master, sir, will be down immediately,' said the servant who admitted him; and Ferrers threw himself into a sofa, and contemplated the apartment with an air half envious and half cynical.

"Presently the door opened, and 'My dear Ferrers!' 'Well, *mon cher*, how are you?' were the salutations hastily exchanged.

"After the first sentences of inquiry, gratulation, and welcome, had cleared the way for more general conversation, 'Well, Maltravers,' said Ferrers, so here we are together again, and after a lapse of so many years! both older, certainly, and you, I suppose, wiser. At all events, people think you so, and that's all that's important in the question. Why man, you are looking as young as ever, only a little paler and thinner; but look at me, I am not very *much* past thirty, and I am almost an old man—bald at the temples—crows' feet too, eh! Idleness *ages* one damnably.'

"'Pooh, Lumley, I never saw you look better. And are you really come to settle in England?'

"'Yes, if I can afford it. But at my age, and after having seen so much, the life of an idle, obscure garçon, does not content me. I feel that the world's opinion, which I used to despise, is growing necessary to me. I want to be something. What can I be? Don't look alarmed, I won't rival you. I dare say literary reputation is a fine thing, but I desire some distinction more substantial and worldly. You know your own country—give me a map of the roads to Power.'

"'To Power! Oh, nothing but law, politics, and riches.'

"'For law, I am too old; politics, perhaps, might suit me; but riches, my dear Ernest—ah, how I long for a good account with my banker!'

"'Well, patience and hope—are you not a rich uncle's heir?'

"'I don't know,' said Ferrers, very dolorously; 'the old gentleman has married again, and may have a family.'

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"'Married—to whom?'

"'A widow, I hear; I know nothing more, except that she has a child already. So you see she has got into a cursed way of having children. And, perhaps, by the time I'm forty, I shall see a whole covey of cherubs flying away with the great Templeton property.'

"'Ha, ha! your despair sharpens your wit, Lumley; but why not take a leaf out of your uncle's book, and marry yourself. Find an heiress, if you must give up the heritage.'

"'Sensibly said—more sensibly than I could have fancied any suggestion coming from a man who writes books, especially poetry; and your advice is not to be despised. For rich I will be, and as the fathers, (I don't mean of the church, but in Horace,) told the rising generation, the first thing is to resolve to be rich—and it is only the second thing to consider how.'

"'Meanwhile, Ferrers, you will be my guest.'

"'I'll dine with you to-day; but to-morrow I am off to Fulham to be introduced to my aunt. Can't you fancy her!—grey gros de Naples gown, gold chain with an eye-glass—rather fat—two pugs and a parrot! 'Start not, this is fancy's sketch!' I have not yet seen the respectable relative with my physical optics. What shall we have for dinner? Let *me* choose, you were always a bad caterer.'

"As Ferrers thus rattled on, Maltravers felt himself growing younger—old times and old adventures crowded fast upon him; and the two friends spent a most agreeable day together. It was only the next morning that Maltravers, in thinking over the various conversations that had passed between them, was forced reluctantly to acknowledge that the inert selfishness of Lumley Ferrers seemed now to have hardened into a resolute and systematic want of principle, which might, perhaps, make him a dangerous and designing man, if urged by circumstances into action."

A few mornings after this interview the following dialogue takes place between Ferrers and Maltravers.

"'Why, Ernest, how ill you are looking!'

"'I have not been well, but I am now recovering. As physicians recommend change of air to ordinary patients—so I am about to try change of habit. Active I must be—action is the condition of my being; but I must have done with books for the present. You see me in a new character.'

"'How?'

"'That of a public man—I have entered Parliament.'

"'You astonish me!—I have read the papers this morning. I see not even a vacancy, must less an election.'

"'It is all managed by the lawyer and the banker. In other words, my seat is a close borough.'

"'No bore of constituents. I congratulate you, and envy. I wish I were in parliament myself.'

"'You! I never fancied you bitten by the political mania.'

"'Political—no. But it is the most respectable way, with luck, of living on the public. Better than swindling.'

"'A candid way of viewing the question. But I thought at one time you were half a Benthamite, and that your motto was, 'The greatest happiness of the greatest number.'"

"'The greatest number to me is number *one*. I agree with the Pythagoreans,—unity is the perfect principle of creation? Seriously, how can you mistake the principles of opinion for the principles of conduct? I am a Benthamite, a benevolist, as a logician—but the moment I leave the closet for the world, I lay aside speculation for others, and act for myself.'

" ' You are at least more frank than prudent in these confessions.'

" ' There you are wrong. It is by affecting to be worse than we are that we become popular—and we get credit for being both honest and practical fellows. My uncle's mistake is to be a hypocrite in words: it rarely answers. Be frank in words, nobody will suspect hypocrisy in your designs.'

" Maltravers gazed hard at Ferrers—something revolted and displeased his high-wrought platonism, in the easy wisdom of his old friend. But he felt, almost for the first time, that Ferrers was a man to get on in the world—and he sighed:—I hope it was for the world's sake!"

Ferrers proceeds to settle himself in town, and the way he does this is most happily told. With so much wisdom and forethought he could hardly go wrong. No wonder he became a lord!

" Lumley Ferrers was one of the few men in the world who act upon a profound, deliberate, and organised system—he had done so even from a boy. When he was twenty-one, he had said to himself, ' Youth is the season for enjoyment: the triumphs of manhood, the wealth of age, do not compensate for a youth wasted in unpleasurable toils.' Agreeably to this maxim, he had resolved not to adopt any profession; and being fond of travel, and of a restless temper, he had indulged abroad in all the gratifications that his moderate income could afford him: that income went farther on the continent than at home, which was another reason for the prolongation of his travels. Now, when the whims and passions of youth were sated; and, ripened by a consummate and various knowledge of mankind, his harder capacities of mind became developed and centred into such ambition as it was his nature to conceive, he acted no less upon a regular and methodical plan of conduct, which he carried into details. He had little or nothing within himself to cross his cold theories by contradictory practice; for he was curbed by no principles, and impelled but by few tastes: and our tastes are often checks as powerful as our principles. Looking round the English world, Ferrers saw, that at his age, and with an equivocal position as to chances to throw away, it was necessary that, he should cast off the attributes of the character of the wanderer and the *garçon*.

" ' There is nothing respectable in lodgings and a cab,' said Ferrers to himself—(that ' *self*' was his grand confidant!) ' nothing stationary. Such are the appliances of a here-to-day-gone-to-morrow kind of life. One never looks substantial till one pays rates and taxes, and has a bill with one's butcher!' "

" Accordingly, without saying a word to anybody, Ferrers took a long lease of a large house in one of those quiet streets, that proclaim the owners do not wish to be made by fashionable situations—streets in which, if you have a large house, it is supposed to be because you can afford one. He was very particular in its being a respectable street—Great George Street, Westminster, was the one he selected.

" No frippery or baubles, common to the mansion of young bachelors—no buhl, and marquetrie, and Sevre china, and cabinet pictures, distinguished the large dingy-drawing-rooms of Lumley Ferrers. He bought all the old furniture a bargain of the late tenant—tea-coloured chintz curtains, and chairs and sofas that were venerable and solemn with the accumulated dust of twenty-five years. The only things about which he was particular, were a very long dining-table that would hold forty, and a new mahogany sideboard. Somebody asked him why he cared about such articles. ' I don't know,' said he, ' but I observe all respectable family men do—there must be something in it—I shall discover the secret by-and-by.'

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"In this house did Mr. Ferrers ensconce himself with two middle-aged maid-servants, and a man out of livery, whom he chose from a multitude of candidates, because the man looked especially well-fed.

"Having thus settled himself, and told every one that the lease of his house was for sixty-three years, Lumley Ferrers made a little calculation of his probable expenditure, which he found with good management might amount to about one-fourth more than his income.

"'I shall take the surplus out of my capital,' said he, and try the experiment for five years; if it don't do, and pay me profitably, why then either men are not to be lived upon, or Lumley Ferrers is a much duller dog than he thinks himself!'

"Mr. Ferrers had deeply studied the character of his uncle, as a prudent speculator studies the qualities of a mine in which he means to invest his capital, and much of his present proceedings was intended to act upon the uncle as well as upon the world. He saw that the more he could obtain for himself, not a noisy, social, fashionable reputation, but a good, sober, substantial one, the more highly Mr. Templeton would consider him, and the more likely he was to be made his uncle's heir,—— that is, provided Mrs. Templeton did not supersede the nepotal parasite by indigenous olive-branches. This last apprehension died away as time passed, and no signs of fertility appeared. And, accordingly, Ferrers thought he might prudently hazard more upon the game on which he now ventured to rely."

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"His plan for winning Templeton's esteem and deference was, however, completely triumphant. He took care that nothing in his *ménage* should appear '*extravagant*;' all was sober, quiet, and well-regulated. He declared that he had so managed as to live within his income; and Templeton, receiving no hint for money, nor aware that Ferrers had on the continent consumed a considerable portion of his means, believed him. Ferrers gave a great many dinners, but he did not go on that foolish plan which has been laid down by persons who pretend to know life, as a means of popularity—he did not profess to give dinners better than other people. He knew that, unless you are a very rich or a very great man, no folly is equal to that of thinking that you soften the hearts of your friends, by soups *à la bisque*, and *Vermuth* wine at a guinea a bottle! They all go away, saying, "What right has that d——d fellow to give a better dinner than we do?—What horrid taste—what ridiculous presumption!'

"No; though Ferrers himself was a most scientific epicure, and held the luxury of the palate at the highest possible price, he dieted his friends on what he termed '*respectable* fare.' His cook put plenty of flour into the oyster sauce; cods'-head and shoulders made his invariable fish; and four *entrés*, without flavour or pretence, were duly supplied by the pastrycook, and carefully eschewed by the host. Neither did Mr. Ferrers affect to bring about him gay wits and brilliant talkers. He confined himself to men of substantial consideration, and generally took care to be himself the cleverest person present; while he turned the conversation on serious matters crammed for the occasion—politics, stocks, commerce, and the criminal code. Pruning his gaiety, though he retained his frankness, he sought to be known as a highly-informed, pains-taking man, who would be sure to rise. His connexions, and a certain nameless charm about him, consisting chiefly in a pleasant countenance, a bold yet winning candour, and the absence of all *hauteur* or pretence, enabled him to assemble round this plain table, which, if it gratified no taste, wounded no self-love, a sufficient number of public men of rank, and eminent men of business, to answer his purpose. The situation he had chosen, so near the Houses of Parliament, was convenient to politicians, and, by degrees,

the large dingy drawing-rooms became a frequent resort for public men to talk over those thousand under-plots, by which a party is served or attacked. Thus, though not in parliament himself, Ferrers became insensibly associated with parliamentary men and things; and the ministerial party, whose politics he espoused, praised him highly, made use of him, and meant, some day or other, to do something for him."

Here we must close our notice of Ernest Maltravers. We have been obliged to omit many passages which we had marked for extract, but the reader will detect them in the volumes themselves. The occasional short essays, or series of reflections to which we have alluded, command attention by their originality, and the importance of the subjects they embrace. As the work will, however, speedily be in the hands of all our readers, we need only express, in conclusion, our high sense of the skill displayed by Mr. Bulwer in this, which we consider the best, even of the many admirable works he has written.

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## ASPIRATION.

O FOR the thoughts, which unexpress'd
Awake and die within the breast:
The fount of joyful feeling stirred,
The music of the soul, unheard.

O! for the flowers which die unseen,
Where never human foot has been:
In stilly cave, and woodland gloom,
With angel-purity that bloom.

O! for some isle far in the sea,
From turmoil of all traffic free:
Where never keel has touched the sand,
Some breezy, bloomy summer land.

My spirit pines to dwell apart;
To live alone for mind and heart:
To feel and think—but not the less
To love, and beautify, and bless.

O! to be something more than fair:
More than the secret and the rare:
To be, what God's own creature should,
Sweet fountain of perpetual good!

RICHARD HOWITT.

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# THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.[1]

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

I had often, on being overtaken by the shades of night, resolved in my own mind for the future, only to travel through the woods by daylight; for even at noon-day the still and gloomy forest is sufficiently lonesome and melancholy for the most ardent admirers of solitude. The road which I was travelling was new to me, and in fact it was altogether a new road that had been opened only the preceding year. Two friends of mine, who had essayed to travel it the past autumn, had supplied me with a sketch of the route, containing the names of the few settlers found along it, and the computed distances between the respective houses. I therefore, as a matter of course, marked off the different places where I was to halt, and if anything occurred to prevent me from stopping at the destined places my whole plan would become disarranged. So far I had been able to keep to my previously-arranged plan; and just as the shades of evening were beginning to unshroud the deep valley that reposes at the foot of the wild and lofty Pochono mountain, I approached the lone cottage which was marked out on my travelling chart as the place for me to pass the night in. Although I had never been in that part of the country, yet the building of squared logs or "blocks" that now presented itself was in some measure an old acquaintance—since poor, and lonely, and cheerless as it seemed, it had acquired a name in the history of that part of the country with which it was connected. Its wooden walls were blackened with the tempests of half a century, and the traditionary tales connected with it were familiar to every child in the distant settlement. A person of the name of Larner had been induced to settle here long before any of the valleys in the southern district of country (now full of people) contained one white inhabitant. What induced this hardy man to bury himself and a young family in the wilderness, so far from all the pale-faces, as the Indians called the white people in those days, is difficult to conceive. On his way to this secluded dell he must have passed through many a valley which presented a fertile soil and a more serene climate; but induced by some feeling which must now for ever remain a secret, Larner, with a wife and four or five children, accompanied by a younger brother, took possession of the extreme head of a mountain valley, and there built the sombre-looking building now before me. It has been surmised by many, that the contiguity to the adjoining mountain was his chief inducement to settle here, for he was a remarkably keen hunter. There certainly were more wolves and panthers in that vicinity than in any other part of the state, besides an abundance of elk and deer, with a great variety of game of smaller note. They did not devote their time exclusively to hunting; for when they had resided here some half score of years, they had managed to clear away the forest trees

[1] Continued from p. 67.

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from a few acres of land, sufficient to grow more grain than the family could consume. About this period they were waited on by two Indian warriors of the six nations, who informed the Larners that, if they valued their own safety, they must immediately fly from the abode they had so long inhabited. This piece of intelligence, which was delivered with much apparent sincerity, was at the time but little heeded, for although they had never before been actually threatened by the Indians who had occasionally visited them, they had sometimes used a little caution when they suspected a party of Indians were anywhere in the vicinity. One day, shortly after the visit of the two warriors, the younger of the brothers returned from an excursion on the mountain, with the somewhat startling intelligence that he had crossed, in his way down, the trail of an Indian party; and he should judge from its appearance that the number was something considerable. He further stated that he had, from the summit of the adjoining hill, carefully surveyed the forests all around, but no curling smoke rose above the green foliage (for it was summer) to denote their hunting fires, neither had he heard the report of firearms during the whole day. To those acquainted with the subtilty of the Indian character, this report was somewhat alarming, and the lone family determined to be circumspect in all their movements. Their arms consisted of three rifles, one used by each of the brothers, and the remaining one by the eldest son, a stout youth of nineteen. It was agreed that they should keep watch during the night, the brothers and the son taking it by turns, and the fire was extinguished before it became quite dark. Some hours after midnight, and while the father of the family was keeping watch, he thought he perceived a bright spark of fire advancing slowly across the small piece of meadow, in the direction of the house, and as it came nearer he distinctly saw part of the body of a naked Indian. There was no mistaking the intention of the incendiary; and as all was parched and dry with the scorching suns of July, a fire once kindled against the time-seasoned log-walls of their dwelling, the whole building would be in a blaze in a few minutes. Larner was in the upper story, at an opening in one end of the building; but as the Indian came nearer he changed his course a little as if he intended to make his fire in the rear of the house. It was a moment of extreme anxiety with Larner. If he permitted the villain to pass the rear of the building they were all in a short time to be burnt out, and most probably massacred by the merciless beings no doubt in ambush close by. If he fired and shot him, retribution would certainly await them all, and in either case he considered them a doomed family. But he did fire; and long before the reverberations were silent in the adjoining mountains, the Indian had given one lofty bound and shrieked the shriek of death. The report of his rifle brought the whole family to his side, and he related to them all that had taken place; and it seemed a matter of uncertainty whether the Indians would attack them under cover of the yet remaining darkness, or postpone their onset until the return of day. It seems they *did* wait for daylight, and when it returned they commenced firing at the different windows or openings, wherever they imagined they might reach the inmates. This plan, however, had not

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much effect. One of the younger children received its death-wound; but the rest escaped unharmed for the present. As I before stated, in the back part of the building there was no opening. The Indians finding the plan of firing at the windows not likely to produce much effect, determined upon making a circuit through the neighbouring woods, and thereby gain the defenceless rear of the dwelling. This plan, however, was anticipated by the besieged; for when the firing ceased the Larners suspected they would be making this movement. The two brothers therefore, without much difficulty, contrived to make two small openings in the shingled roof; and when the assailants emerged from the woods behind the building, the two leaders were instantly shot down. The rest unappalled rushed forward; and before the brothers could reload their pieces there were a score of the savages under the shelter of the building. The son, too, had not been idle; for by thrusting one half of his person through the end window, he had been enabled to fire upon them as they rushed for the house, and had made one of them bite the dust. Yet, after all, what availed it? The Indians would instantly set fire to the house, and they should all be burnt alive. The brothers, therefore, immediately resolved upon the family quitting the premises and making for the woods. But this plan was nearly fatal to the whole party; for before they had crossed the slight hollow in front of the woods, the two brothers and three of the children fell to rise no more. The eldest son was singled out by a tall powerful Indian, who pursued him across a field of growing rye. They were each armed with a rifle, but neither of them stopped to fire. Young Larner, perceiving that the Indian gained rapidly upon him, for his knee had been slightly injured by a ball, bethought himself of a stratagem which ultimately saved him. Some of the party near the house were yet occasionally firing at the fugitives that made for the woods, so young Larner, as if he had received a death-wound, fell amongst the tall grain. The Indian instantly squatted in the rye also, being apparently suspicious of some trick in his intended victim; but in a short time he raised himself upon his knees, in order to scrutinise the place where young Lardner lay; when the young fellow, who had been arranging his piece for such an occasion, fired at the Indian, and shot him through the brain. He did not wait to re-load; but, in spite of the soreness of his knee, pushed for the woods, which were but at a short distance. Once behind a sheltering tree, he reloaded his rifle, and having done so, had the satisfaction to find that none of the surviving Indians pursued him; they were many of them engaged in scalping his father, and uncle, and a younger brother, and two sisters; while others were in pursuit of his mother and eldest sister, who had succeeded in reaching the woods. For two nights he continued to wander in the forest; but during the day he remained hidden in some hollow tree. At last, hungered and weary, he reached a distant settlement on the river Delaware, the inhabitants of which immediately formed themselves into an armed party, and set off for the scene of slaughter. On reaching the place they presently discovered the dead bodies of nine Indians, the two Larners, and the remainder of the family, except the eldest daughter and Mrs. L. The two last-mentioned, it was evident, had been carried off by the

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surviving Indians, for their bodies were nowhere to be found. This party remained three or four days in the vicinity of these late scenes of blood; but the mother and daughter returned not. From this period the place was deserted for some years; but the surviving young Larner marrying, he and his wife took possession of the lone and blood-stained dwelling. The tribe of Indians had removed far away to the vicinity of the Seneca and Ciaaga Lakes; so that there was no longer any danger to be apprehended from such rude and barbarous neighbours. Years rolled on and brought with them a new generation of that devoted family; but more than twenty years passed away without any tidings of the missing females. About this period some settlers from the part of the country where the Larners originally resided, located themselves in the vicinity of the before-mentioned lakes, where they lived in peace and good-will with their neighbours the Indians; and from whom they learned the fate of the missing mother and daughter. They stated that they were pursued and soon captured in the woods; and although they would only submit to be dragged along by force, in that manner they proceeded for a portion of two days. But this mode of proceeding was found so inconvenient to the party, that when they reached the caves in the Moose Mountain, a council was held on their prisoners, when they were adjudged to die. They were then tomahawked according to the custom of those barbarians; and they had no doubt but their skeletons might be found there still. This information was some time afterwards imparted to the son and brother of the deceased, who, embracing the first opportunity, accompanied by three friends, repaired to Moose Mountain, sought out the caves that were almost entirely unknown to white men, and found the two skeletons—in the very position they had fallen beneath the tomahawks of their murderers. They were then removed with much care and labour to the residence of the son; who, with true filial affection, interred them in the same grave with the mouldering bodies of their departed kindred. At the time I visited this lone dwelling, the son who had escaped the family massacre was still occupying it. He was now old and grey-headed; but he still occasionally took his rifle into the woods in pursuit of game. He, too, had been the father of a family of sons and daughters, now all grown up, and all except one, I believe, married and settled, one or two in his own district, but the others had been induced to wander away to the Far West. He is still looked upon with a sort of veneration; and scarce a lone traveller ever visits him to whom he does not relate the lamentable fate of his family.

Before I reached his remote dwelling my thoughts had been intensely occupied by the events I have just recited. It is true, I had only heard the story at second-hand; but I calculated to hear it that night "from him who alone had been left to tell it." Having alighted at the door, and thrown the bridle of my horse over a stake in the fence, I entered a dark and melancholy-looking room, in which I found Larner, and a married daughter (as I supposed) and two or three of her children. But these were not all, for on one side of a large black stove sat three immense-sized negroes, blacker than the stove itself, and as ugly as the imagination can possibly conceive a human being!

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They were drinking whiskey, and smoking tobacco, which, I presume, they had stolen from their masters in Virginia—for they were run-away slaves. I had entered the house with the full determination of taking up my night's quarters there; but when I saw the company I was likely to have, (for the house contained but one room above and another below,) I felt sick at the idea of being lodged with such a villainous-looking party. I therefore asked the old man if he would step out to the door with me, as I wished to speak to him; and having done so, I inquired if the black fellows were going to remain all night with him. He replied they were, but if I wished to stay I should be accommodated with a bed—"all to myself;" "for," said he, "there are three beds up-stairs in the chamber. But the idea of sleeping in the same room with those strolling vagabonds was very disagreeable to me, so desiring him to let me have a handful of hay for my horse, I was resolved to continue my journey although the long distance I had already travelled that day—the rapid approach of night—and the certainty of finding wretched accommodations at the next house, which was nine miles distant, might have deterred me; for I had got this next stopping place noted on my travelling chart, marked out as only the hut of a hunter, and from its exceedingly poor accommodations, to be avoided if possible. But I was determined to try it rather than lodge with such inmates. So as soon as my faithful companion had finished its handful of hay, I bade adieu to this once scene of savage slaughter, and mounted my palfrey just as night closed around the summit of the neighbouring mountain, and pushed my way into the dark and desolate forest. There is one thing in favour of travelling by night in the American forests—and that is, the absence of all danger from robbers or highwaymen. By *day* some few *accidents* of this sort occur in the backwoods, but by *night*, never. Letting the bridle hang on my horse's neck, I jogged on just at its own speed; which, having already travelled over between forty and fifty miles of bad roads, was not a rapid one. I might have proceeded in this way some three or four miles—when, on climbing a considerable ascent, I indistinctly perceived something moving in the road before me. My horse not appearing frightened, I judged that it could be nothing very alarming, when on coming close up to it, I perceived a horse with two or three white bags on its back, and a tall fellow walking by the side of it. It immediately occurred to me that the man must have been at some grist-mill, and judging from probabilities, (there being no other house within twelve miles beyond my proposed stopping-place,) I calculated that it must be the hunter to whose hut I was bound; and I therefore addressed him accordingly, "Good evening to you," said I, "Mr. Acres, I presume."

"I guess my name is Acres," he answered, in a harsh, disagreeable voice, and for some time we were again both silent.

Being anxious to conciliate his good opinion, I entered again into conversation with him, telling him among the rest that I had been calculating upon staying all night with him, provided he had no objection. "I *might* stay," he replied, "but he guessed that I should be but poorly entertained; for," continued he, "I have not yet set about building a new house, which I calculate upon doing as soon as there gets much travel on the road."

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After we had been in company for some time, he became a little more sociable, and before we reached his cabin, he had told me many a hunting adventure that he had had, during a residence of fourteen years in this wild forest. He said that he was now on his way home from the grist-mill; that formerly it was a rather toilsome excursion; for it sometimes happened, before the mountain creeks were bridged, that rains swelled them so much, between his going and returning, that it was nothing uncommon to have to wait a day or two until the water had subsided. "But now," said he, "the journey is nothing—only twenty-five miles on a good road—so that allowing that one may have to wait some time at the mill, one always contrives to get home the second day."

After a pause he continued with a sigh, "When I first settled up here, I had then a wife and four young children; I used to think that a trip to mill was about the most wearisome job that I undertook. For in those days I had no horse—and if I had had one, there would have been no getting it along through the swamps and the wind-falls, so that I had *to back* our grists, which was no very pleasant matter. To be sure, I had not to carry them both ways, for we had no grain of our own—but I had either to take skins with me to barter for grain among the farmers in the Big valley, or else I had to take a couple of haunches of venison, or two or three bear's hams dried and smoked, to trade away in like manner."

Indeed, thought I, your trips must have been something more than "wearisome," for the nearest grist-mill at the time he settled on "The Barrens" was full thirty miles off. I inquired of him what had first induced him to settle in so out-of-the-way a situation, when there was such a choice of settlements throughout the country. "One reason was," he replied, "the great abundance of bears and panthers, (*painters* the hunters call them,) that was to be found in that neighbourhood. As we passed along he pointed out a tree in the adjoining woods on which he had one morning shot three panthers, adding that, on one of his lucky day's hunting, he had killed two panthers, two bears, a wolf, six or seven deer, besides some other smaller animals with which he had not thought it worth his while to burden his memory. As he waxed warm in "fighting his battles o'er again," he became more generally communicative; and long before we reached his miserable abode, I was in a manner master of Mr. Acres' history. It seemed he had been born and brought up in the state of Virginia, where he had married; and being marvellously fond of hunting, (*i. e.* shooting with a rifle,) settled in the wild and western part of that state. It being customary for the male inhabitants of the states to assemble occasionally for the purpose of "training," or being taught the military exercise, my new acquaintance was called upon to join the militia of the county or district in which he resided. Although "training" might be naturally considered quite the thing for a hunter so much accustomed to fire-arms; yet, for some reason or other, my acquaintance but seldom saw fit to attend. In consequence of this non-attendance a fine was levied upon him, and not being provided with the means of paying it, some of his goods were seized and sold by the proper authorities. This he was determined

to revenge. The commandant of the district was the person who had caused the penalty of the law to be inflicted on him, and this individual he was determined to punish. Another year brought with it the day set apart for the militia to meet and "train." Acres then made his appearance amongst the men of his section, and had to encounter sundry gibes and jeers among his acquaintances, for having been "scared into attendance" as they asserted. These were gall and wormwood to him, and he only awaited an opportunity of proving to them that he set all law at defiance. When the militia-men of the backwoods assemble on those occasions, they are not provided with muskets by the government, but each person that possesses anything in the shape of a rifle, a fowling-piece, or a rusty carbine, brings it with him. Such being the case, on the day appointed Acres proceeded to the ground with his rifle, the companion of his laborious and frequent hunting excursions; and when the men fell in with their respective companies, he took his proper and appointed place. On those occasions the fire-arms are seldom examined as to their being loaded or unloaded; for among a parcel of old and rusty fire-locks, it would be a work of some difficulty. The men, before they fall into their respective places, are generally desired to fire such of their pieces as are loaded, and no further notice is taken of the matter. Acres, whose rifle had been loaded with more than ordinary care, paid no regard to this injunction, but took his station in the ranks, resolved on his purpose if an opportunity should offer. As they were performing their evolutions, marching and counter-marching, &c., it was remarked that he appeared far more than usually awkward and obstinate; and when the whole regiment formed into line, he took care by his apparent stupidity to break it, by thrusting himself some feet in advance of the rest, which so provoked his superior officer, that without calculating on the consequences he came up to where Acres was, and applied some severe epithet to him, at the same time striking him with the flat of his sabre. As soon as he turned from him, Acres stepped boldly forward in front of the line, levelled his murderous rifle, and shot the officer dead on the spot. In spite of this cold-blooded murder he was suffered to escape, although from his own confession he found it convenient to leave his native Virginia. "Ours is a free country," said he to me, after narrating the above murder, "and whoever strikes or lifts his hand at me, shall not escape with impunity." I cannot say that I felt very much gratified with the story of "shooting the general," for there was something exceedingly distasteful in having a confessed murderer for one's fellow-traveller, at such a time, and in such a place. I was by no means afraid of his offering me personal violence, for I was armed with a brace of loaded pistols, which I could command at a moment's warning. I therefore tried to rally my flagging spirits, and to affect an amiable affability towards him, but, I believe, in both I succeeded but very indifferently; for the half-dozen miles we travelled in company seemed to me at least double that distance.

At last we reached a small shed, near to a small lake, and a more extensive marsh, and I was informed that it was his "barn," in which I should leave my horse. Across the opening was placed a long pole,

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instead of doors, and the interior presented a quantity of wretched hay, cut from the adjoining swamp. He gave me to understand that my horse might eat what it pleased, and make its bed of the rest. My saddle-bags had better be left at the barn, he told me, as "the house" was nearly a mile farther on. However, I declined this, for they contained some valuables, which I preferred keeping in my possession. Having introduced my faithful quadruped into its miserable stable, with nothing to eat but this reedy hay, although it had toiled through nearly sixty miles of indifferent road; and having "fixed" the pole across the opening, with a considerable feeling of pity, I left it to make the best of a bad business. We then pursued our journey; and in a small opening to the left we came in sight of a dim and dubious light, which my companion announced to issue from his dwelling. I could not distinctly mark its outlines, but it struck me as being somewhat ruder and more wretched than I had expected. I followed my conductor into his hovel, and without the ceremony of an introduction, took a seat where I could find one, for I felt very much fatigued. When I had cast my eye around the place, I found that there was no likelihood of my being lonely, for the inhabitants consisted of no fewer than fifteen human beings, besides a couple of large wolf-dogs! There were ten children, of different sizes and sexes, their father and mother, two rough-looking fellows come there to pass the night, and myself.

I had before seen many strange and miserable groups; but I could not help thinking that the present surpassed all I had ever met with. Acres, now that I could get a distinct view of him, was a tall, athletic, finely-shaped fellow; but he had a most horridly-savage countenance. His wife was not tall, but stout and masculine; and her face—if one could have had a clear view of it through the accumulations of soot and charcoal—would have afforded a fine study for the "sullen and morose." Their sons and daughters, from the age of twenty downwards, were perfect specimens of unsophisticated nature. The two strangers were just such as I should have selected to cut a man's throat without ceremony; and one of them wore at his girdle (as the American hunters frequently do) a large knife suited to such an occasion. It might be nearly ten o'clock when we arrived; so that my hostess probably felt a little disturbed at being called upon to prepare supper at so late an hour; for when her husband told her that he wished for some tea, I observed that she was not over amiable on the occasion. However, some water was made hot, and an infusion of something that was a native of the woods, was placed, unadulterated by cream or sugar, before him. Bread they had had none of late, I understood; and although they now had the meal in the bags, it was no hour for baking. But a frying-pan was put over the fire, and a parcel of cold potatoes, not regularly *mashed*, but broken into small lumps, was thrown into it. From the dark colour the mass exhibited, it struck me that it had frequently undergone this same operation; for I could not see how the adding a moderate quantity of bear's grease, which our landlady did, could turn potatoes, originally white, to the colour of charcoal. Acres was not slow to commence an attack upon the homely preparation; and although I saw nothing that

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I could eat, I felt a little dissatisfied at not being invited to do so. I therefore, by way of revenge, observed that I should like to have supper; and Mrs. A——, without being at all discomposed, poured me out into a small jug, about half a pint of the aforesaid nameless infusion. Acres then invited me to partake of the black potatoe mess, which, however, I declined; and after I had sipped a part of the contents of my small jug, which I found neither very palatable nor yet very disagreeable, I inquired if I could be accommodated with a gill of whiskey, which was soon brought, but it was of the very worst character. I drank a little of it, and presented the remainder to my host, which, to my surprise, he declined; for he and I had had some conversation previously on the utility of "bitters,"—the name the Americans use for spirits generally.

The two strangers had all this time sat silent in the corner; but when *supper* was over, Acres entered into conversation with them, and I discovered they were old acquaintances. I could not help surmising that they, too, might be murderers; and like the father of this large family around me, had probably fled from justice to those wild and almost unfrequented regions. But what was that to me? They could not possibly have known of my unexpected arrival, and therefore could have formed no plans against me. But although I acquitted them of premeditated villainy, yet my feelings—my nerves perhaps I should have said—were so disordered, that I candidly confess I would have given anything to any one who would have insured my safety for the next twenty-four hours. The cabin, to my surprise, was divided into two parts; one just large enough to hold two small beds—the other the place of both work and rest for the numerous family. But the partition between the rooms was not solid, only a sort of rude wicker-work; and the opening, or entrance, was not encumbered with a door.

Having, as the night wore late, signified my wish to retire, but without the hope or wish to sleep, I was told by *Mr.* Acres (for *Mrs.* A. seldom took the trouble to open her lips) that I might occupy one of the two beds "in there," and he pointed his finger towards the opening into the ante-room. I therefore entered the place without any light, save what was admitted through the doorway and the interstices of the partition, from a tolerably bright wood fire; and having cast my eyes to the right and left, I took possession of one of the two beds, arranging everything in the best manner to repel an attack, should any be attempted. The two strangers, I knew, were to occupy the other bed; and I therefore resolved to remain awake until they had taken possession, and if I could, to keep awake myself all night. I placed my loaded pistols where I could instantly put a hand on each; and having recommended myself to the protection of heaven, crept between a pair of harsh and strange-looking blankets. I kept my head in such a position that I could perceive, from where I lay, all that was going on in the family apartment. I observed the two strangers eagerly engaged in conversation with Acres; they were on opposite sides of the fire-place, but they spoke in an under tone, so that I could not hear a single word they uttered. I, of course, imagined they were planning the simplest manner of dis-

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posing of me; for I fancied that Acres, who sat on the opposite of the fire, cast many a look in the direction of my sleeping berth. I do not know how long they plotted on "future deeds of blood," or how long I continued to watch their every look and motion, for in spite of all my terrors I had fallen fast asleep. When I awoke the day was just dawning, but the stars (for I could see many through the openings in the roof from where I lay) were yet bright and sparkling. There lay a pistol untouched on each side of me, and the fellows, who might have shot me with my own weapon, or have cut my throat with their knives, had they preferred it, were sleeping soundly in the other bed within a few feet of me. I immediately arose, and on entering the other apartment I had an opportunity of seeing how a hunter's family is accommodated with lodging in the backwoods. In the bed in the corner of the room were Acres, his wife, and three or four of the youngest children; while on the floor immediately adjoining, were the young folks huddled together, on an old mattrass stuffed with hay or straw, with very little covering, the necessity for which was obviated by their keeping a large fire burning during the whole night. Without disturbing any of them, I sought the open air, and went to see to my horse. He could not tell me how *he* had fared or rested; but to judge from his appearance, our suppers had been equally sparing. On returning to the cabin I again entered it, for I had left my saddle bags until I returned, and also had my bill to settle, for what I had had, or rather, for what I *might have* had. Addressing myself therefore to Acres, who was still in bed, I wished him to inform me how much I had to pay. After a yawn or two he replied thus:—"There will be six cents for your supper—six cents for whiskey—six cents for your bed—and six cents for your horse—in all, twenty-four cents." I cheerfully paid him his demand, (about an English shilling,) although I could not help thinking that I had paid the full value for the comfort I had experienced. I mounted my horse, feeling exceedingly thankful to that all-sufficient Providence that had preserved me through the night past, from, as I had conceived, the hands of notoriously wicked men.

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## A FRAGMENT FROM ALCÆUS.

"Ειθε λυρα καλη γενοιμην ελεφαντινη."—κ. τ. λ.

Would that I were a beauteous lyre,
A lyre of polished ivory,
That to the Dionysean choir
Beauteous boys might carry me!

Would that I were a vase of gold,
Of gold not yet by fire refined,
That beauteous, spotless maids might hold
An emblem of their virgin mind.

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# THE METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

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# THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. III.

RICHARD SHEIL.

"Quid enim est tam admirabile quam ex infinità multitudine hominum unum existere, qui id quod omnibus naturâ sit datum, facere possit? Aut tam jucundum cognitu atque auditu, quam sapientibus sententiis, splendidisque verbis ornata oratio et polita? Aut tam potens atque magnificum quam populi motus, judicum religiones, senatus gravitatem unius Oratione converti."

De Oratore, Book i. chap. viii.

Although the Irish bar is still pregnant with interest, and profuse materials abound for delineation, unsurpassed in the richness and variety of their character, we deemed it a paramount duty—obligatory on us as a judgment-debt—to attempt a portraiture of that distinguished Irishman who first sprung that splendid mine from which he extracted such sterling bullion, and where we are now busily employed, searching for a few neglected grains. His Sketches were plump and glowing—exquisite in life, shape, and colour—the hand of the master was traceable at a glance, and the painting was not less vivid than the portrait true. Who could peruse his graphic animation, and not perceive, through the brilliant veil of sentiment, metaphor, dazzling phraseology, and stinging sarcasm, the subject of his memoir revealed physically, morally, intellectually? Plunkett, the young advocate of independence, in the full flush of his fiery patriotism and glory—and Plunkett again setting in the mild and sober light of a liberal old age—Bushe, the memorable member for Callan, rousing the sinking energies of Ireland to another moment of virtue, and irradiating the bench with his deep knowledge and unaffected elegance—the muscular form and massive mind of O'Connell standing out from his page in all the tangible reality of a bas-relief—Manners, the hag and the bigot, dispensing partial ignorance in a silk gown and flowing peruke—Blackburne, with his falcon eye and prim figure, exhibiting the keen astuteness and subtlety which found such ample vent during his official career—O'Loughlin, with his constitutional vivacity and that good-natured mirth, which, at present, make a paradise of the Rolls Court, contrasted with what it had been. The distinct qualities and habits of many others, started into life under the vigorous colouring of his skilful pencil, we must now pass over. It would be a task of no inconsiderable difficulty to do adequate justice to the power and skill of so admirable a delineator of character; and when to this is annexed the task of analysing his poetic and dramatic character, the danger is doubly arduous. These departments of his intellect we must decline, and consider him only in the relations of a patriot, politician, and orator, who has taken so distinguished a part in one of the most brilliant and tumultuous periods of our history, raising the whirlwind of national passion by his spirit-stirring oratory, until the general excitement was spent in the tranquil realisation of liberty.

At the close of the winter of 1828, being my first visit to Dublin, I strolled into the rooms of the Catholic Association, with whose

efforts of splendid oratory and exalted patriotism Ireland then rang from the centre to the extremities. In a remote country town, far from the scene of glory, I listened with youthful enthusiasm and an intensity of feeling, which the judgment and experience of nine years has not very considerably abated, to reports of that energetic eloquence and manly remonstrance exercised by the leaders of that memorable body, and which passed like an electric flash through the solid heart of the land. I looked on that spot as classic ground—a kind of moral Marathon—where a bloodless struggle was maintained against the energies, the power, and prejudices of the greatest empire on the earth. I associated it with the great resting-points in the past on which the heart loves to repose after contemplating the scenes of blood and desolation which thicken round the history of man, and nowhere were his rights more cruelly scorned than in Ireland. Infected with such feelings, I took my stand on an elevated bench, behind the chair, so as to command a full view of the actors. The proceedings had not yet commenced—the great informing spirit, who wielded at will that fiery mass, was engaged in a heavy record in the Four Courts; but a distant, tumultuary cry, gave intimation of his approach, for Mr. O'Connell was always accompanied with a garde national of the most motley character, perpetually stunning his ears with their wild and boisterous applause. He entered, and, as usual, was welcomed with fervid acclamation—he spoke for an hour and a half in all the prodigality of eloquent anger and fierce disdain, yet through the luxuriance of the foliage, you beheld the strength and stateliness of the tree—he was fanciful, but a rapid, close argumentation, ran parallel with his imaginative aspirations—he was humorous, but the points of humour on which he seized were beautifully fused into his subject, playing round and through it like a purple light, without which its force could not be developed—he indulged occasionally in digression, but the digressive spirit in him was not the effect of mere wantonness, but the very form and vehicle of his genius—a digression whose inaptitude could not create regret, for it was always seasoned with pleasure or excitement, pungent anecdote, piquant sarcasm, or the vital air of liberty, bursting from intense compressure. I never felt time more apparently rapid. When Mr. O'Connell had concluded, there were loud calls for Mr. Sheil. A little man started up to the right of the chair with a low, prominent brow—hair rather inelegantly arranged—small but sharp features—the mouth strongly expressive of passion—and an eye, meteoric and instinct with life. There is in every human countenance a history or prophecy which the thinking observer may read—the eye particularly is the symbol of the spirit, and none could have looked a moment on the deep and troubled lustre of his, burning with

> "That fierce vivacity, which fires the orb
> Of genius fancy-crazed,"

without a conviction that there was a power within which kindled and animated it for high and daring purposes. What I before deemed only a beautiful metaphor in the language of Hector to Achilles,

> "Why dost thou so *oppress* me with thine eye?"

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changed into a literal truth; for I felt, or imagined I felt, all the suspended respiration which the power of an incumbent weight would produce. He commenced in tones intended to be slow, but they resembled more the curvatures of a reined-in blood-horse than the gentle hesitation, which the most eloquent must occasionally adopt, until the mind, heated in its progress, stretches forward on the course —his tongue seemed impatient of the imposed restraint, and glowing for a full sweep round the Hippodrome;—and, indeed, he did not remain long under the yoke of the irritating repression; for before half a dozen periods were exhausted, he was off at the full bent of his speed. His eye kindled, dilated, burned—his gesture, before adapted to the elegant and dignified gracefulness of the stage, increased in irregular vehemence—his words went forth in a tornado—and when the action was suited to the word, the reader may form an estimate of the unsteady energy of the former—his whole frame shook with terrible convulsions. I read of the inspired priestesses of antiquity. Mr. Sheil alone gave me a notion of the impressive reality. No orator, living or dead, ever had a more omnipotent command over an audience. Demosthenes on the Bēma, surrounded by all the noble intellect of Greece, and turning his eyes from the plain of Marathon to the bay of Salamis, as he delivered that immortal adjuration which called forth many a dream of unforgotten glory, must have inflamed the heart of Athens almost to bursting—Cicero, invoking the indignation of Rome against the sacrilegious Pretor of Sicily who dared to scourge a soldier and citizen, must have been overwhelming—Mirabeau, on the tribune of the Convention, must have swept the heart of revolutionary France with him like a tropical storm—O'Connell, at intervals, produced a thrilling effect—but from the moment Sheil rose, until he resumed his seat, the audience appeared to be touched with frenzy—reason or judgment was nowhere—no man had the power of thought, all were hurried away in the rapid torrent of his oratory; and the universal inflammation he excited, attested the maddening influence of an eloquence rarely surpassed in the intensity of its effects. I was, of course, one of the infected Thracians, and the alternating emotions which vibrated through me, left impressions on my youthful mind, which the utmost stretch of imagination could scarcely have reached: his harsh, but not unmusical tones, penetrated like lightning, and his strong passion, robed in a beautiful phraseology, pleased while it absorbed me. Sometimes his fiery energy slackened, and then he indulged in the diamond coruscations of a playful and pungent wit that covered the enemies of liberty with cutting scorn. He could not boast of the merciful humanity of Uncle Toby, when he lifted up the sash, and sent the fly that tickled his nose into the world with a gentle farewell—he rather resembled the spider, who never quits the intruder until he has sucked out his blood. Such were the impressions I received on hearing, for the first time, the impassioned oratory of Mr. Sheil.

Mr. Sheil was born in Waterford—his father at one time possessed very considerable property, but his circumstances became subsequently embarrassed from a failure in some commercial speculations, in which he was tempted to embark. Mr. S. was originally intended

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for the church; and, to promote that object, he was, at a very early age, put under the superintendence of M. le Prince de Broglio, conductor of a Jesuit establishment at Kensington, of which he has given a very interesting description in one of his Sketches. After having terminated his boyish discipline among the followers of Loyola, he was removed to Stoneyhurst, at that time an institution of distinguished celebrity, where the young Catholic nobles of England, and the most aristocratic of that persuasion in Ireland, completed their due course of philosophy and philology. There he formed an acquaintance with many eminent Catholics of the sister-kingdom, among whom, in his graphic and half-sarcastic description of that establishment, he makes honourable mention of John Talbot, who, at that early age, exhibited all the true aristocratic gentleness of disposition which characterises the amiable and accomplished Earl of Shrewsbury. Even then Mr. S. displayed emanations of that splendor and originality which his more mature years exhibited—his reputation had no slow dawning, celebrity gathered round him from the beginning—his boyhood was a brilliant anticipation of his distinguished career; and that energy, which is the master element of a commanding genius, broke out in all his juvenile acts. To him, at least, Johnson's remark on Goldsmith, cannot be well applied, "that he was a plant that flowered late, and that there was nothing remarkable about him when young." An early longing for distinction saved him from that mental inactivity, which is the general accompaniment of a brilliant and precocious intellect—his days were not spent in the indulgence of those boyish sports, to which youth, in the heyday of a sanguine temperament, is habitually prone: he saw before him a long race of glory, and made preparations for the splendid career. He accordingly devoted himself, with a laudable voracity, to the accumulation of the materiel which afterwards nurtured the prodigal blaze of his genius. Every encouragement was given to the developement of the imaginative faculty—poetry, romance, romantic history, were swallowed with enthusiastic avidity. A beautiful period was transposed from Cicero—a passionate sentiment from Virgil—a muscle was torn from an orator—an arrow from a satirist—a plume from the shoulder of a poet—a mould for metaphors was stolen from the rhetorician—the magnificent eloquence of the Irish senate and the bar hurried before his youthful eye, and took full possession of his heart. He was absorbed in the ardour of his imagination—that quality reigned paramount to all; and, however altered by experience or modified by circumstances, he still continues true to the youthful habitudes of his mind. Various anecdotes are told of him while at Stoneyhurst. His great rival in composition was a Mr. Beaumont, whose style was more cold and correct, than strong and impassioned, and consequently more pleasing to the balanced regularity of Jesuitical judgment. On one occasion, when the prize had been awarded to his adversary, he seized his own composition, tore it in pieces, and gave vent to his anguish in a flood of indignant and bitter tears. Age never altered that feeling. The fountain of tears is dried; but the same irritable impatience of opposition—the

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same headlong precipitancy—the same sallies of acid indignation stamp and individualize his character.

Mr. Sheil entered Trinity College as fellow commoner, and, of course, took an active part in the debates of the Historical Society, which, after a glorious existence of near half a century, was then in the last state of exhaustion. Few and faint as were the sounds of its distinguished eloquence—for a mortal blow was aimed at its existence by circumscribing its independence—there was still a magic in the echoes of that dome which would have evoked a spirit from a soul less sensitive than his; and true to his temperament, he was among the few who then frequented that magnificent arena, where the struggle for eloquence, patriotism, and glory, was so long and generously maintained. Plunkett had given way to Philipps—Bushe to North—and Curran to Sheil; but though the grand and solid energies of Plunkett found a poor representative in the spiritless and inflated rhetoric of Philipps, and though North had caught up little of the accomplished eloquence of Bushe save the gracefulness of his manner, yet the inspired robe of Curran hung with no unbecoming grace from the shoulders of Shiel. He was far more attentive to the cultivation of his oratorical and literary abilities than of the syllogisms of Aristotle, or the unimaginative diagrams of Euclid; and he found more stirring grandeur in the wild harmony of a chorus of Euripides or Sophocles, than in all the complex calculations of the binomial theorem, of which his tutor, Dr. Wall, bears ample testimony. He was often a successful competitor for the annual compositions; and though the tough ears of the judges were not very sensible of the graces of refined philology, they yet had sufficient good taste to appreciate original thought sheathed in nervous, figurative language. He has ever retained a lively disregard for the virtues of the "bountiful mother,"—a vice which he shares in common with many of her disobedient children. It has been a part of her consummate wisdom to alienate by severity or neglect all the genius and worth whose names could alone redeem her dismal character from the general indignation, which has been long thickening around it. Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Curran, Moore, Sheil, and a host of others, testified their disapprobation of a system which has always been prompt to throw a cloud over real illumination of mind, preferring to worth the contemptible advocate of party, or the unrefined smatterer of scientific jargon. Mr. Sheil became a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1811, and while preparing for the bar, composed his first tragedy, "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," which was produced in Covent Garden during the dynasty of the Kembles with great success. Tragedy was then, as now, in a slow fever from thorough inanition. Milman's "Fazio," and a production or two of Barry Cornwall, alone redeemed the sinking fortunes of the drama, so that the lovers of the buskin welcomed the advent of Mr. Sheil with exceedingly great joy. In "Adelaide" there was much to admire and condemn; but our duty lies not in dramatic criticism: we may however remark, without violating our canon, that it contained the seeds of a power which, if ripened into maturity by proper cultivation, might justify the remark of the late Mr. North, "that Mr. Sheil erred in the choice of a profession; for had he applied

himself to the study of the drama, he would have ranked with the great tragic writers of England." During this period he spoke at many public meetings, and rendered himself remarkable, even at that early age, by his splendid and energetic eloquence. Such power and brilliancy from the lips of a boy gathered round him admiration and applause, so that the exquisite compliment paid by Cicero to the genius of his rival Hortensius, on his first oratorical appearance before the republic, may be applied to the subject of our memoir, when, emerging from boyhood, he shared the acclamations of the Catholic Convention with the most experienced of its orators and politicians. "The genius of Quintus Hortensius when a very young man, like a statue of Phidias, was no sooner seen than stamped with approbation. He was then only nineteen years old, and burned with a love of country such as I had never seen more intense in any other person. He was elegant in the splendor of his diction—skilful in composition—affluent in matter; and he attained these qualities by an exalted genius, perfected by the most severe study and discipline." But the first great distinction he attained, and which put him prominently before the public gaze, was his celebrated reply to Doctor Dromgoole. The Catholic body was at that time divided into two great parties—the supporters of the veto, and the advocates of unrestricted emancipation. Mr. Grattan introduced a bill, in 1813, for the emancidation of Roman Catholics—it was carried by a majority of forty-five in the Commons; but the almost unanimous opinion of the house was in favour of vesting in the crown a restricting power in the selection of Irish bishops. The hierarchy took the alarm—the great majority of the Catholics were in a state of consternation—the vetoists were powerful in rank; but their opponents numbered the prelates, the inferior clergy, many of the landed aristocracy, and the great mass of the middle and lower classes. Cardinal Quarantotti, secretary to the Pope, sent a long epistle from Rome to Doctor Poynder, giving the influence and sanction of the Conclave to the securities demanded by England. The hierarchy remonstrated; and, on the question of the veto, daringly declared their independence of the Conclave. His Holiness trembled for his authority, and yielded; the people shouted "no veto!" through the length and breadth of the land. Mr. Grattan grew angry. Catholic liberty was lost for sixteen years, and the Roman Catholic church remained independent of the crown. In that memorable struggle Mr. Sheil gave his ardent aid to the vetoists, or moderate party: he panted strongly for liberty—he was too well aware of its deep vitality to Ireland not to make any sacrifice to secure it, and accordingly he was one of the most fervent, as he was the most brilliant, supporter of the veto. The Catholic Board at that time, as the Association afterwards, was the great vivifying centre which fed and sustained the national hope. At a great meeting of that body, held on the 10th of December 1813, Dr. Dromgoole, the most violent opponent of the securities, in a speech of great power and argument, submitted the following resolution, which was passed without a division.

"Resolved—That we think it necessary, at this particular time, to re-adopt our resolution of the year 1810; that, as Irishmen and Ca-

tholics, we never can or will consent to any interference on the part of the crown, or the servants of the crown, in the appointment of our bishops; and that, with every disposition to meet, as far as it can be done, the wishes of every part of our parliamentary friends and Protestant fellow-subjects, we yet feel ourselves bound to declare, that no settlement can be final or satisfactory, which has for its basis, or at all involves any innovation or alteration, to be made by *authority of parliament*, in the doctrine or discipline of the Catholic church in Ireland—that this declaration is not lightly made, but is grounded upon the concurrence of this Board with the prelates, and in the sentiments of the Catholic body at large, as publicly and repeatedly expressed at the several meetings, held for the last three years in every part of the kingdom."

Mr. Sheil opposed it in a speech,* which, even in those days of eloquence when Grattan, Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, Burroughs, occa-

* It may be proper to remark, that the following extracts have been taken from the commencement of his speech: the remainder, which appeared in a subsequent publication, the writer has been unable to obtain; and as Mr. Sheil generally reserves his ablest and most impressive efforts for the close, it is not unreasonable to assume that the entire oration was on a scale sufficiently sublime to warrant the acclamations with which the country received this noble emanation of youthful intellect.

"He (Dr. Dromgoole) has come forward with a powerful array of assertion and exaggeration—he has marshalled all our religious fears upon his side, and those fears are the most easily excited, for which men are apt to give themselves credit. It is an undertaking of no small hazard, to venture upon an encounter with the learned Doctor. He is clothed in a celestial panopoly, and is carefully equipped with weapons from the armory of Heaven; yet, great as his advantages are, actuated by a sense of public duty, I stand up to meet this formidable gentleman, although I have but a faint hope of success, and it may be but too aptly said,

Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli.

I am not, however, afraid to encounter the learned Doctor, even upon his own ground. If he could prove that his apprehensions for the security of religion were well-founded, well might he call upon us, in the name of our reverence for that religion, to adopt his resolution; but if his fears are imaginary—if they are the creatures of a troubled imagination, well may I call upon him, in the name of that religion, not to convert it into a purpose. There is, besides, another sentiment which, I think, will be a powerful confederate in the cause of reason. The learned Doctor bids me remember that I have a religion to preserve—I hope that I never shall forget it; but does the Doctor remember that he has a country to obtain? It is, my Lord, with great reluctance that I enter upon the unfortunate topics which this resolution embraces. But let not the fault be imputed to me—let all the consequences which may result from this discussion, rest upon the head of him who has introduced the debate. It is he who breaks our unanimity. There are many who have assented to the general tenor of our measures, because they thought it better to sacrifice their individual opinions than to dissolve our union. But there is an extreme to which they ought not to be driven. If Reason be hunted down by the learned Doctor, Reason will turn back and defend herself. Why has he roused this disastrous subject from that sepulchre of oblivion where it had enjoyed repose? Why has he, in place of staunching the bleeding of the ulcered wound, why has he torn away its bandages, and, in the spirit of experimental adventure, probed it to the bottom? Why, instead of allowing the arrow to extricate itself, has he poisoned it with new resentments, barbed it with new jealousies, and driven it deeper into the heart?

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"Concession will disarm prejudice—it will take away fear from the fool, and pretext from the knave. The learned Doctor says, that securities are but a pretext—

sionally revived the recollections of their ancient glory, called forth the following eulogy from the "Dublin Evening Post" of that day. "We shall not pronounce upon, certainly one of the most brilliant harangues ever delivered in a public assembly—it is a proud honour to his country, although we cannot help thinking it directed against his country's dearest interests." Mr. O'Connell replied: from that day they harangued bitterly and earnestly against each other—invective was lavished with no sparing hand—recrimination and rebuke were reciprocated in speeches and letters, but Mr. O'Connell triumphed. Sheil took fire, and he and his party ever after absented themselves from the meetings of the Board. But though his tongue ceased to be employed, his pen was not inactive. He planned and produced, in rapid succession, "Bellamira," the "Apostate," and "Evadne." In 1814 he was called to the bar.

An ineffectual struggle for half a century had produced the usual consequences on the spirit of the Irish Catholics. The universal fervour of an oppressed people is of limited duration. When the object sought is long withheld, the national mind becomes exhausted, unless there be a directing power—a great controlling centre to collect the ebb of the popular spirit, and keep its energies alive until the occasion of a more successful assertion. Religious liberty stood the quiet and shackled victim of ministerial policy and fanaticism of party. The government of England acted somewhat on the novel principle of the Carlovingians, who treated the Merovingians as beasts, and then assigned their unworthiness as a satisfactory reason for their dethronement; while Ireland had not yet learned that the best mode of disarming oppression is not to crouch under its power but grapple with its baseness; that a nation should not walk tamely under its thick darkness, but disperse it by the light of knowledge and the combination of scattered power. Her people had now sunk from the quickening animation engendered by a sense of freedom into the cold and

deprive them of it—concession, upon our part, will pluck out the roots of the antipathies of England. The English are a nation pampered with glory, and their pride must be flattered. The hinges upon which the gates of the constitution are suspended, are encrustuted with prejudice and bigotry, and concession must be employed to remove their rust, before they are expanded to us The constitution, like the castles of necromancers in romance, is guarded with phantoms and chimeras—that ideal monster, the Church and State, has stationed its sentinel—and those phantoms must be dispelled, and that monster must be discomfited, before we can attain that seat of happiness and of freedom. The question is thus reduced to a simple form of practical utility; we are to investigate, not whether it is absurd of them to ask, but whether it is wise of us to refuse.

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"What are our clergy to gain by emancipation? Nothing—and is it to be supposed that they will open the door to corruption—become panders to the lust of power, and yield the pure and lovely form of religion to political prostitution? And does the learned Doctor accuse his bishops of this gratuitous kind of quiet—that depravity, which is the spontaneous produce of a malignant nature, and grows from the heart like a weed flourishing upon the rottenness of the grave, without blossom and without fruit. Let me remind the Doctor of his own argument. 'What right has Parliament to interfere with religion?' And what right has he to interfere with it? Even if it was exposed to all the perils which he apprehends, there are those whose office is its preservation. Let him remember that he who laid an unconsecrated hand upon the ark (though it was to prevent its fall) was struck dead."

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dishonourable repose of servitude. The Catholic Committee was dissolved in 1814; and for nine years—a large segment in the existence of a suffering people—no national effort had been made to infuse life into the stagnant masses, and put their conquering energies in motion. Ireland sat weeping on the threshold of the constitution—with the mien of a mourner she supplicated admittance, but her supplications were scorned. Pity is but a poor weapon in the hands of the oppressed to mitigate the resentment or overcome the sullen resistance of the oppressor—tears in the weak create scorn in the strong, and the lamentations of Ireland only sledged the rivets deeper in her chains. The warblings of her lyre, touched by the exquisite hand of the first of her bards, awoke a passing sigh, or excited a generous sympathy in the breasts of a few; but the drawing-room or boudoir was not the stern battle-ground, where the liberties of a people were to be fought for and won—the beautiful lyrics of Moore kindled commiseration and melted many a heart, but the songs of a nation also attest the weak or warlike spirit that animates it, and Ireland was believed to be content with her slavery and tears. It was not till suffering taught her to look with the bitterness of self-contempt on her own indolence, and she learned to connect her claims with the unalterable principles of justice, rather than to trust for her liberty to the fluctuation of time and circumstances, that she got a glimpse of her reanimation, and the mode of its final accomplishment. When she appealed with a firm voice and fearless brow to violated honour and broken treaties, on whose sacredness and faith she had generously confided, and was unblushingly betrayed—when her indignant cry drowned the calumny and ferocity of faction, then the brilliancy of British genius illumined and ennobled her cause—the steady support of British character elevated and adorned it, and the still sweet voice of British humanity—a soothing balsam to the oppressed of all nations under heaven—whispered consolation and victory. "When a nation," said Grattan, "wills to be free, who dares withstand her resurrection?" Here is the key to free institutions throughout all ages, and throughout the earth—let that noble conviction take root in the hearts of persecuted nations, and the terrors of despotism cannot extinguish it, nor the violence of armed men prevent the seed from producing the wholesome fruit of popular liberty,—a truth fully exemplified in the extraordinary history of the Catholic Association.

Since the struggle on the veto question, O'Connell and Sheil, though not enemies, had been habitually cool in their demeanour to each other. In 1823 they met by accident at the residence of a mutual friend in the county of Wicklow, and were reconciled. The contemptible torpor of the Irish Catholics was the theme of their discussion—the Lords Kenmure, Fingal, and the rest of the aristocracy seceded from the popular ranks, which at all times they but feebly upheld—the natural leaders of the people, no effort had been made by them since the dismemberment of the Board to collect the dispersed rays of national power, and from a grand centre to prosecute their claims with success. They determined to make the experiment—the occasion was favourable; violent murmurs were heard from large masses of the people assembled in different parts of the island. They

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knew that the raven must be sent out before the dove, that agitation and controversy must precede liberty and peace. They immediately wrote an address, full of fire and spirit, and directed it to the most powerful and influential of the Catholic body. Some received the call for resuscitation with ridicule, others with contempt, and all with apathy. At length Mr. O'Connell brought half a dozen individuals together in the house of Coyne, the bookseller, Capel Street. Such was the contemptible germ of a body, whose voice afterwards sounded like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, and generated in the noble and the peasant alike a burning enthusiasm for liberty. The proceedings of that colossal machine are now incorporated with history; neither is it our province or inclination to trace it through its career of splendour, unexampled, perhaps, in the annals of popular activity. Its constitution was wholly different from that of the Catholic Board; and while the latter attained its medium of celebrity and national favour by proceeding with a cautious and reptile prudence—rarely raising its timid voice beyond the low whine of expostulation—the former, almost at a spring, reached a gigantic maturity, and its mighty pulse was heard beating in every corner of the land. Popular bodies, unless anticipated by periods of vast fermentation, are necessarily of slow growth, and a long time is required to bring within one circle the sympathies and feelings of six millions, and mould out of all one universal heart and spirit, which the Association accomplished in the short space of a year. This extraordinary effect was in a great measure attributable to the oratorical influence of its leader. The galvanising eloquence of Sheil was the shock of a voltaic battery to the assembly—the effect somewhat resembled that reported to have been produced in Edinburgh, when "Bruce's Address" was first sung at the national theatre. From the commencement of the Association to its close, his appearance was always hailed with a piercing cry—half exultation, half enthusiasm; his biting and bitter satire, polished as Juvenal's and vehement as Mirabeau's—his fascinating and dazzling poetry, conveyed in a luminous pomp and prodigality of words, without a very strict regard to the severe reality of things—his elegant balance of sentences, of an artificial construction sufficient not only to satisfy but attach the ear—his ever-springing profusion of imagery and fancy, like the energy of vegetation—the exaggeration of his sentiments and fervid inflation of his style, possessing much of the magnificence though little of the massiveness of the noble eloquence that dignified the Irish Senate and Bar at the close of the last century—his earnest labour under the paroxysms of patriotic inspiration until he seemed to vibrate on the very verge of delirium,—all produced such an effect on the sensitive minds of an Irish audience, that they seemed more like a crowd of maniacs than men gifted with reason. His soul alone appeared to animate the living mass—his harsh and shrill voice, yet pleasingly regulated in its cadences, and conveying in its rapid flow feelings of deep and absorbing emotion, rang through the room unimpeded by a single murmur, till the close of a period taunting England with her perfidy, or fermenting the audience with a recollection of the brilliant triumphs of America, when a loud convulsive shout interrupted the burning progress of the orator. No man

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ever seemed more to feel what he uttered—" Scias eum sentire quæ dicit" was as true of him as of the writings of Brutus. His soul seemed to flutter on his words. It may be said of the eloquence as of the music of a nation, that it is tempered and fashioned according to the feelings by which the multitudes are swayed. The glowing fusion of reason, thought, and argument, which compose the immortal orations of Demosthenes, give us a kind of pictorial representation of the vast energy and illumination of the Athenian citizens, even at that declining period of the " Eye of Greece "—the oratory of the Convention represented the savage enthusiasm and disorderly inflammation of France. O'Connell was the incarnation of Irish wrong—Sheil of Irish feeling. When he shook his torch of lava, the angry elements of combustion were plentifully scattered underneath—he knew the sensitive material he had to operate on—how and when to fire the train; and accordingly a fierce outburst of indignant feeling never failed to respond to his cutting sarcasm, and scorching brilliancy. Next to the Atlas of the Association, Mr. O'Connell, no man contributed more to sustain its character and enlarge its utility; rich in literary glory—the accomplished writer of five successful dramas—the untiring advocate of liberty from the days of his boyhood, who, at an age when the thoughts of others have scarcely emerged from an immature and infantine credulity, shook off by his genius the natural trammels of youth, whose impulses are little swayed by the ambition of popular distinction,—and directed a powerful party by his reason and eloquence against the general will of the people—not flinching from crossing lances with Mr. O'Connell himself, and preferring the sternness of truth and right to the insidious fascination of popularity. Such was the elevation of character with which Mr. Sheil entered the Association. He was the darling of the populace; wherever his eye fell it encountered smiles and exultation; and the extreme juvenility of his countenance, unwarranted by his years, tended to augment the acclamations with which he was universally received. When he came forward in the first days of the Association, and harangued with vehemence, earnestness, disdain, and burning antipathy to all that reflected dishonour on his country, the people began to be infused with strong perceptions of liberty—unwonted emotions stirred their bosoms—they rushed in crowds to hear his glowing detail of the national wrongs, and returned repentant of the inactivity of the past, and full of high hope for the future. After the business of the meeting had been gone through, and Mr. O'Connell had concluded half a dozen short speeches, with a long one of an hour's duration, at least, there were generally loud cries for Mr. Sheil, and whether prepared or unprepared, he must yield to the stringent force of necessity; but he was rarely tempted to abide by the latter alternative, for he always came fully armed in matter and diction, confiding rather to a well-digested oration to maintain his own character and instruct his audience, than to the patriotic effluence of a moment. Starting at once from repose into the full-toned frenzy of passion, you would imagine he was attacked with sudden epilepsy, and that his breath had infected all with the same disease—" fortis vero actor et vehemens, et quam plane oratorem dicere auderes—lateribus pugnans

—incitans animos — acer — acerbus — criminosus." But the Association was indebted to Mr. Sheil for something more than his eloquence, which certainly contributed very much to augment its numbers, and diffuse its celebrity, not only in Ireland, but through Europe and America — there were contributions to its exchequer even from the territories of the Great Mogul. The first suggestion of a correct universal census are to be ascribed to him. The statistics of Ireland, like every other national subject, were a matter of much controversy between the great rival parties. The men of the ascendency proudly vaunting their disposable force at no less a number than two millions, and paring down the papist battalions to three, while their opponents rated their might at seven millions, and their foes at the comparatively insignificant proportion of half a million. Sheil well knew the vast majority of his party, and how mighty a lever it would be for the advancement of the Catholic cause to lay the vast numerical inequality of parties before the Irish peasant. It would tend to inspire him with courage and determination, and teach him to look with proportionate contempt on the paucity of the opposing party. The object of its establishment was the diffusion of universal excitement, and well did the effect correspond with the intention. Sheil, in a speech of thorny sardonism, and polished eloquence, laid the important measure before the Association just at a period when the national energy became a little overshadowed with listlessness, which was strongly manifested in a momentary diminution of the Catholic rent. He dwelt with an acid and withering scorn on the assumed pretensions of their opponents—he called strongly on the Association to test them by the stern rule of reality—the facility of its prompt accomplishment through the active instrumentality of its first class officers, the Catholic clergy, was apparent—so was the advantage: the proposition was hailed with undivided acclamation—the fiat went forth, and the celerity with which the census of the Association was executed, compared with the tardiness and expense of the government measure, proved the tremendous power of the former. But another measure of far more absorbing importance, and which established, in its consequences, the liberties of the Irish Catholics, was designed by Mr. Sheil. We allude to the simultaneous meetings. That was the grand movement—the talisman that unlocked the entire system. It not only proved the irresistible influence of the Association, but effected the first breach in the inveterate barrier interposed between the Catholic and his rights. The stroke was a magnificent and solemn one. From it the peasant got the first glimpse of his moral power, and, through that, of his freedom. On the 21st of January 1828, the whole population of Ireland arose for the first time as at the call of an enchanter. The day, too, (Sunday,) strongly contributed to the imposing solemnity of the scene. When their souls had been purged with prayer, and all local enmities offered up at their altar—when their enthusiasm had been purified and elevated, and all forgotten, except the recollection of national injustice, and the exalted duty they were about to discharge to their country, they came forth in the full consciousness of moral and physical capability, and sealed the destiny of ascendency for ever. Meetings were

held in fifteen hundred Catholic chapels, and two millions of men assembled at the same hour before the altars of their worship, and bound themselves in a solemn obligation never to relax, until all stood citizens on the same elevation of liberty. In this blow the Association conquered. It visibly weakened the determination of ministers—they saw in the dignity of the Catholic millions, in their combined fervour and determination, the preparative of civil war. This they wisely avoided. From that day of national resurrection the question of Emancipation took deep root in the heart of the cabinet, which the Clare election—the threatened revolt of the Catholic soldiery—the correspondence between Lord Anglesey and ministers, with various other causes, brought to a happy termination, one year after when the banner of civil and religious freedom floated in triumph over the wrecks and scattered ruins of an ignominious servitude. Many and important were the services of Mr. Sheil: his oratory kept the masses in a continual flame; he had the power to kindle and animate, where all before was listless or dead—but when he had conjured up the spirit, he could not control it with facility—he flung fire into gunpowder, and if another had not had power and judgment to allay the conflagration, ineffable consequences would have followed. He bade the tempest arise—O'Connell subdued it. Though he rarely lost his self-possession in the midst of his eloquent intoxication, for in the apparent convulsion of all his faculties, he could at once stem the tide of passion and imagination, and resume the discussion of facts with as much composure as ingenuity; yet he could not sometimes withstand the fascinating temptation, hurried away as he was with the storm of vehement acclamation, of giving an undue rein to his feelings, until they vibrated on the confines of illegality. This was not often—but whenever he did, O'Connell's keen and intelligent sagacity was at hand to qualify its acerbity, and pare down its unconstitutional tendency to the standard of legitimate discussion. On one occasion, however, in his cooler moments, he was seduced into what the government of the day considered a violation of the law. We allude to his celebrated Wolf Tone speech. On that day he came with a prepared oration—a very brilliant one—and as he says and does everything dramatically, he also brought a volume of Tone's biography, which about that time had been first introduced into Ireland. The character of the work was considered dangerous—containing sentiments subversive of the imperial connexion, and was accordingly looked on with a very suspicious eye by ministers and their Irish officials; and if a prohibition of its circulation were not incompatible with the free diffusion of opinion, they would have gladly laid an interdict on its contribution to disloyalty. Every copy sold in Ireland (as we have heard,) was numbered in the bureau of secret espionage—with such eager vigilance was the state of general and individual opinion observed. The bait was too luring for Shiel—there was such an identity, at least, of universal fermentation in Tone's and his own time—the cause both embarked in was for public liberty, though of a different kind—both were leaders with different objects. One struggled for an independent republic, and almost succeeded—the other combated for an equality of rights, and in his

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anxiety to point out how the elements of success were more universal in the hands of the Irish Catholics, and less liable to collapse than the fortunes of Tone's three expeditions, he got fast in the ministerial gin. "I hold in my hand," said he, "the Memoirs of Theobald Wolf Tone,"—the government reporters—for a staff was always accommodated at the long table of the Association—pricked up their ears, and took down his words with the most captivating accuracy. On he went, gathering passion and patriotism as he progressed, and levying contributions of violent enthusiasm on the sympathies of his audience; after concluding, it was intimated that he had trod on the brink of an ex officio. He answered in his own sharp, sarcastic manner, "Ha! will they dare it?" The *employés* scampered off to the office of the under secretary—a minute of the speech was made out and laid before the law officers. Of course it was all bitter treason—rank as aconite. Official consultation was at a very high temperature—a couple of years in Newgate for the little offender against the peace of the realm, put their nerves in the most pleasurable state of composure. In the meantime, Mr. Sheil waxed indignant in opposition—he shot fire-bolts at the government, and poured out all the apocalyptic plagues on the devoted heads of the law functionaries. He was not, however, without considerable apprehension, till at length his alarm was quieted, and the tremendous menaces of the castle proved chaff when Canning headed the administration. That generous spirit in his heart loved liberty too well to sacrifice one of its most brilliant assertors, because, in the glow of eloquent passion, a few unconstitutional words may have overleaped the fence of reason. His appearance at Pennenden Heath is too modern and too remarkable an occurrence to occupy any length in this paper, but, if he had no opportunity of lulling down the fierce passions of that tumultuary mass, he certainly proved himself not devoid of great intrepidity and moral courage. Such a scene would have proved the spirit and endurance of more massive men. We now draw near the last days of the Association. During the progress of the Emancipation Act in parliament, there was a schism among the Catholic leaders. Some were for the continuance of the Association, while others, among whom was Mr. Sheil, were properly of opinion that the object of its institution was completely realized in the acquisition of equal rights. We remember the day when the account of Catholic liberation reached Dublin. Hope elevated, and joy brightened many a countenance, though some of the minor Cleons had, like the Moor, to lament the decline of a very profitable occupation. There was a meeting of the association. It was the last. There was a vacant space at the right of the chair whence the Jupiter Tonans of the association was wont to issue his thunder and lightning. Mr. Sheil was there all smiles—and a flame of pride and exultation darted from his quick intellectual eye. A debate commenced—a stormy one—on the propriety of continuing or dissolving the body. Opinion was divided, until he arose, and in one of the most luminous and argumentative displays ever heard within the walls where there had been so much of both, urged its final termination. He was completely successful. The Association was dissolved *sine die*. Thus terminated that celebrated

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body, of whose magnitude and overshadowing influence the whole face of society still bears strong and visible marks: though the violence of the tempest is spent, the sea is still heaved from the agitation. The closing scene was an affecting one. When the chair was vacated, and the assembly was about to disperse, all turned, as if instinctively, to bestow a last look on that famous ground, and regret passed over many a brow as they gazed on that memorable field of so many fervid struggles for liberty, unparalleled perhaps in the moral vindication of that noblest heir-loom of man; that room, where, only a few short years before, they started on the stadium with few hopes of accomplishing the course, with nothing to confide in but the force of an united and heroic community mingled with the fierce energy of despair—national qualities, which legislative severities may for a period successfully resist, but cannot finally subdue, and which must terminate in the triumphant solemnization of liberty. With feelings half transport, half sadness, did they leave the scenes of their many orations, for the last only had all the magnificence of a triumph. They passed out lingeringly one by one, and when the secretary locked the door, and they remembered their old feasts of enthusiasm and eloquence—things only that were O'Connell no more to thunder, or Sheil to lighten, or Wyse to be instructive, or Lord Killeen gentle, or O'Gorman Mahon graceful, or Tom Steele frantic, or poor Jack Lawless ardent—when all these were only for the memory, all were touched with a light shade of melancholy. When Sheil reached the outer door, a few thousands of the old lifeguards of the Association leaders were in attendance, and accompanied him to Leinster Street, with shouts of acclamation, as the noble Roman, after having resigned his dictatorship in the senate, was accompanied home with the applauses of every lover of liberty in Rome.

This was the second grand epoch in the career of Mr. Sheil. The first was his literary—the second his political—in the former he obtained considerable, in the latter extraordinary distinction: both endeared him deeply to his country. His star was then culminating, but from that period until 1832 it began gradually to descend, and at length suffered a partial eclipse. His first step to obtain this unmerited censure, and dim his brilliant name in the veneration of his countrymen, was the honourable part he took in the Waterford election. Lord George Beresford retained the services of Mr. Sheil as counsel, and in the full spirit of the Emancipation Act, and with a generous nobleness of mind which recognized in that great charter of Catholic liberty an oblivion of all before the "Archonship of Euclides," he magnanimously complied with the solicitation of an old inveterate foe, and thus gave a splendid earnest of the rich fruit of concord likely to spring from that noble tree. Murmurs gradually crept abroad—the people had been too long accustomed to associate hostility with the name of the noble lord: they did not see Beresford through the coloured glass of the Emancipation Bill—they only remembered Tyrone House, and the human hunts of '98, and the bitter days when Protestant ascendency lay—

"Like a blood-hound crouched for murder."

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Such were the ill-digested opinions of the multitude—they could not tolerate his connexion even with a professional link, a mode of communication between political enemies, which through all the violent acerbity of party strife, had never before been questioned. But Mr. Sheil magnanimously scorned public censure in the discharge of a just duty: he did discharge it, and popular indignation, which he took little pains to allay, swelled clamourously against him. In 1832 Mr. O'Connell lifted the oriflamme of repeal, and filled every wind of heaven with the right of self-legislation. Many of his old brethren in arms gathered round, and swelled with him the cry of national regeneration, but many more, distinguished for their talent, rank, and virtues, did not co-operate in the agitation of that measure—they could not discover either its necessity or utility. Of the recusants was Mr. Sheil. Had he been less gifted with the attributes of popular oratory, or less versed in the mode of animating a nation to its own redemption, he might not have been missed from the platform; but his character, his fame, his genius, his insight of the Irish heart, and his facility of working it into generous enthusiasm—all these were missed, and universal regret followed his secession from his old allies. O'Connell alone directed that thunder-storm, and bitterly did he lament the absence of his quondam confederate; sometimes he shot at him a blunted arrow, "More in sorrow than in anger." We remember being present one day in the hall of the Four Courts, some time after Mr. Sheil received a silk gown. O'Connell was in the centre of a circle of friends, amusing them as usual, with some piece of merriment. Sheil accidentally came near, when O'Connell stepped a few paces back, and with a half-jocular, half-contemptuous air, cried out, "Make way for the King's Counsel." Sheil looked pained, and passed on.

After an interval of repose, he again panted for the fierce enjoyment of popular applause, and when the tumult consequent on the first springing of the repeal had somewhat subsided, he once more appeared in the ranks, but with the energy and enthusiasm of the olden time considerably abated; but he was soon infected by the contact, and though he hesitated long, he at length declared his attachment to the principle. The tide soon began to ascend in his favour, until he was finally installed in all his former honours. In the famous trial of Barrett, who was indicted for the publication of one of O'Connell's letters, Sheil consented to undertake his defence, at the instigation of Mr. O'Connell; but whether from the magnitude of the matter,—for the life or death of the repeal depended almost on the issue, or some other cause—he declined only on the evening before the trial, when with the preparation of a few hours, Mr. O'Connell delivered one of the ablest speeches—the most convincing in argument, the most brilliant in eloquence, and touching in patriotism, and feeling, ever heard in the Four Courts. As a lawyer, Mr. Sheil did not attain a very great elevation, having never possessed that untiring industry, and energy of purpose, through which alone men can hope to stand in professional prominence, and master the barriers, "tier frowning over tier," which interpose between the cravings of ambition and their realization. He was caught up in the whirlwind

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of fame at too early an age, from which he never after descended to sit soberly in his study, and trace the law through all its multitudinous ramifications. He was dazzled with the purple light of distinction when a boy—the syrens of poetry and eloquence sung to his ear, he was charmed with their intoxicating music, and abandoned, for their fascinating society, a cold and stern communion with the rude and unimpassioned gnomes of the law. If report be correct, which but too often is the vehicle of calumny, when he received instructions for a stubborn bill or answer—orders peremptory—it must be on the file on such a day—"Ha! very well, it shall be done." The solicitor is gone—Shiel flings aside an unfinished sketch of the Irish bar, or the scene of the Hall of Statues in Evadne—spreads out before him a cart-load of foolscap and parchment, voluminous reports of masters, Chancery decrees, orders infinite, all must be attentively perused. He composes the tragic fury of his eye, and begins. A few pages are sluggishly perused, he gradually elevates his head, rests his chin on the back of his hand, fixes his unquiet eye on the opposite cornice—decrees and depositions are gone, and he is brain-deep in a dramatic spasm. Kings, queens, courtiers, murderers, all the multiform shapes which tragedy receives from imagination, to delight or instruct, to elevate or vitiate, pass before him in all their visionary realities; he starts from the ponderous report, passes his hand over his convulsed brow, strides across the room grasping the phantasmal dagger of Macbeth, or with Lear invoking the fiery elements; the poetic faculty is now in burning fusion, parchments are thrown aside, the dear drama is replaced, a scene is struck off without an effort, full of spirit, fire, and eloquence; and when the fierce panic of dramatic delight is exhausted, he turns once more with a languid heart to the "infernal bill." But notwithstanding his voracity for the delicious charms of literature, which he had cultivated so earnestly and with so much success, he was not without a well-selected stock of legal knowledge. Many had a deeper and more profuse knowledge; his was light and varied, of that useful kind which is available in the every-day practice of the courts; yet whenever he was called on for an argument abstruse and solid, he could unveil the mysterious depths to which he rarely had access, and prove an order and capacity of mind, which had power to evoke and master the remotest knowledge of professional science. As an advocate, Mr. Sheil was extending his character, and rising into brilliant repute. Ireland at least stands on a par with England in the number and power of her advocates; and if the latter can boast of a Mansfield, an Erskine, a Brougham and Denman, the former can look with a calm and unbegrudging eye to Plunket, Curran, O'Connell, Holmes, Wallace, Keating, and the many other distinguished names that adorn her roll of advocates. With these Mr. Sheil would have unquestionably ranked, had he applied himself to the thorough cultivation of that species of knowledge, and the modes of its application, which secure success in that difficult department of the law. To accomplish that object he had, however, much to learn: the luminousness of his speeches is universally acknowledged—one of the first great elements in the constitution of an advocate—but their brilliancy bore too strong

a resemblance to the superfluous garments of the old Mamelukes, which detract from his positive strength and efficiency, by impeding the free scope of his movements. If an ornate and splendid phraseology were the only requisite, his name would have dignified the Irish catalogue, but the qualities of proud diction, and high-wrought sentiment, so far from producing the ends of all true advocacy—persuasion and conviction—rather generate a contrary tendency, and make a jury distrustful and suspicious. The eloquence of an accomplished advocate should be like the amethyst, which is the more captivating and refulgent when plainly set. Such was O'Connell—such is Holmes. In both, reason and argument are paramount to sentiment and language, while in Mr. Shiel the qualities which should be subsidiary are supreme. Travelling in the wake of the immortal Curran, and aiming at his gorgeous energies, he has caught up much of his omnipotence over words—but here the comparison terminates—that godlike spirit which soared in the higher regions of oratory with "an eye that never winked, and a wing that never tired," is gone with its divine possessor. Mr. Shiel's language is too artificial, too coloured, too loaded with the rich produce of imagination, to convey stern and simple truths to the homely and unimaginative minds of jurymen. The compound blaze of beautiful sentiment and elegant diction may glare and astonish them, but they generally contrive to keep their reason cool and undisturbed—their passions are alone whirled away in the stormy vortex of glowing thoughts, dazzling metaphors, brilliant tropes wrapped up in a network of ambitious words; but when the tempest has subsided, when the order, "Gentlemen of the jury, to your room," is accompanied with the entry of the passions into their cells, and the judgment is called forth to show how far its adamant has yielded to the onslaught of the orator, she is discovered untouched in her shrine, while the passions have alone been the victims. Of the more vehement affections of the mind, anger, hate, indignation, Mr. Sheil is perfect master—he could start them into boisterous existence with the skill and promptitude of a necromancer. His sharp and scalding invective—his strong and terrible crimination—his bold and unexpected retort—cutting sarcasm and biting wit, all kindled the hearts of an audience to a state of wild excitement, until his triumph terminated in an explosion of fierce and universal inflammation. But over the more graceful passions he had a feeble control—he could fill hearts with tumult, but not with the sweet and gentle emotions of sorrow, or pity, or regret—he could make eyes weep, not the divine dew that flows from the fountain over which the more soft and touching feelings preside, but the bitter tears that start in the lids of the persecuted after a forcible detail of unmerited suffering. But though such are the general characteristics of his eloquence, on some occasions he did touch the chord of true feeling, and found a ready access to the well-spring of tears. We remember a time when he fully proved how beautifully he could make appeals of that moving cast. At the trial of some persons for the murder of the Sheas in, we believe, 1825, he was counsel for the defence: his clients were men elevated in condition above the general class of peasantry, and married. He spoke for two hours,—a speech universally

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confessed to have been rarely surpassed in effect. Tipperary was, at that period, in a state of insurrectionary tumult—outrages were not less numerous than daring, and the miserable peasantry expiated their savage enormities with all the severities of the law, and they were cruel and many. For four years their blood had not dried on the scaffold, and their wretched bodies had freighted many a convict ship. He seized the opportunity of reading the turbulent a solemn lesson—he warned them from the guilty and erratic course they were pursuing; and when, in a strain of eloquence the most beautiful and tender, he conjured up the inevitable consequences of their folly and crime—some to perish in the ignominy of the scaffold—others to be torn from the homes of their childhood, to leave their bones bleaching beneath a tropical sun; and when he contrasted the solace and delight of dying calmly in the land of their fathers after a well-spent life of peace and order, with the melancholy end which was to befal the exile, and repeated the exquisite words of the poet, (which touchingly referred to his own clients,)

> "Nor wife—nor children more shall he behold,
> Nor friends—nor sacred home,"

in a tone and emphasis, which testified the agony of his own feelings, a deep and soul-rending sob burst from the multitude—not an eye in the court was without tears. Even the judge, albeit unused to the melting mood, drooped his head, and yielded to the influence of a true and pathetic eloquence.

The poetry of ancient Greece was the enchanted cradle in which her sublime and solid eloquence was rocked—like it, Mr. Sheil's found a fascinating birth in his poetic constitution. His most popular speeches were scarcely anything more than poetic elements unrestricted by metrical compression; and though none of the syllabic confinement of poetry existed, much of its graceful and enervating slavery did. Instead of a moderate and well-regulated phraseology, blending the modulations of poetry and some of its sentiment with the coldness and severity of prose, he has an overwhelming luxuriance—luscious, profuse, and bold as poetry itself. There is an artificial structure in his periods which he appears to have sedulously studied from the Roman writers, a formation which, to unclassical ears, appears harsh and inelegant, and, we confess, does not overmuch please ourselves. He is perhaps the most accomplished rhetorician we can boast of in the school of Irish oratory—he thoroughly understands how to deteriorate what is great, and give importance to what is trifling—he can fence admirably with the double-edged sword of sophistry, until you believe his whole strength consists in fly-catching, and, in a second, he addresses himself in a proud and energetic appeal to the more lofty feelings of our nature. The great distinguishing quality that signalises his eloquence, is the steady brilliancy of his fancy: its fiery activity often leads him a meteor-dance, which terminates in a violation of taste; but such errors easily obtain pardon from their magnificence. The absence of congruity may offend the fastidious occasionally, but the novelty has a charm, and the free range he has over language compensates for the infraction. His coursers are too

hot-blooded to yield to the dominion of the rein—they foam and plunge on every side, and hurry him forcibly away from the absolute matter of his oration; but just when his imagination seems to range without the capability of control, and he seems bent on a sweep into the region of extravagance—when the hearer thinks he is about to sacrifice his character by some gush of bombast, he at once wheels round with the ingenuity of an ancient charioteer, and is once more in the embrace of his subject. His oratorical excellence, though great, is not of the highest order; there is an elevation which he has not reached, and never could, unless he were reborn with a different set of mental qualities—for those, with which he is gifted, must ever remain an obstacle to the attainment of that rank. The energy of his imagination is too powerful and busy—he cannot repress it—perpetually blazing up between the audience and the argument, it fascinates the hearer for a time—the subject is forgotten in the acclamation; and when the rich colours of the spectrum have faded away, and the confusion arising from the magnificent illusions of fancy and poetry are over, the conviction is then sought for, but in vain; when they look through the chill and sober medium of reason, they discover that admiration had taken place of persuasion, and the argument remained just as it had been. Instead of altering many of the propensities of his intellectual nature, and mortifying the rebellious offenders with sackcloth and ashes, he only pampers them with luscious sweetmeats, and arrays them in purple ornament. He never can limit himself to a sober, business-like disquisition of a subject—a clear, compressed argumentation is beyond the range of his faculties; which may be accounted for through his inability to comprehend the force of single terms, and the compactness of expression which their perfect knowledge enables the orator to master. Rarely alighting on the sterile realms of simple reasoning, he glories in a fiery exuberance of words, so that of him it may be said as of the eagle, "the feather, that adorns the royal bird, supports his flight—strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth." Like ornaments taken from ancient temples, there are scattered sentiments strewn around full of glowing elegance, which bring strongly to the mind the noble declamations of Cicero—like him his perception of analogies is quick and powerful, and the difficulty only consists in the skill of selection—like him he has great dominion over metaphor, a species of illustration which, if restrained within moderate bounds, is of great service to the orator—like him less condensed than vigorous—often bursting through the continuity of his reasoning, but rarely altering the current of strong and impassioned feeling. His figures always irradiate, but are not always fused into the matter. Whenever O'Connell steps aside from unadorned simplicity to play with an ornament of figure or language, he chisels it into the hard and solid mass of his argumentation—Sheil's are more a beautiful vesture to the thought, than a substantive part of the thought itself. "To destroy the metaphor is to destroy the sentiment," is not less predicable of Burke than of him. He says everything with a true dramatic taste—his dark and deep-set eye seems to scrutinize—his mouth to command—his brow to threaten—and his thin curved lip, even in repose,

appears to quiver with some passing indignation. At a very early age he followed the example of a wise master in composing his speeches before delivery, "Sine hâc quidem conscientiâ illa ipsa extempore dicendi facultas inanem modo loquacitatem dabit et verba in labris nascentia." Profiting by this admirable advice, he equipped every period with lustre before he pressed it into the general service: all the impetuous sallies—the swift marches—the sudden evolutions that seemed to the audience but the unprepared creations of momentary eloquence, were artfully digested in the study, and afterwards thrown off with a rapidity of voice and earnestness of manner, that produced all the illusion of unpremidated oratory. This gave him a quickness and variety of conception in his extempore harangues, especially in replies; when he overcame the strong without preparation, and the brilliant without effort. The action of Mr. Sheil is as quick and vehement as his language: if he practised the mode adopted by Demosthenes to subdue the vehemence of inordinate action, his body would be one continued wound. Extravagant vehemence is at least a quality of doubtful virtue—it detracted much from the divinity of Grattan's eloquence, and does not much add to the grace of Mr. Shiel's; but withal, like the Parthian horseman, his arrows fly with the most unerring and fatal precision when his velocity is greatest. He would pall upon an audience, if chained down to sobriety of manner—like the revolutions of a chariot-wheel, he glows as he advances, and when his power is to be felt, he must put himself in violent motion, otherwise, instead of a forcible and fervid oratory, the hearer will be likely to discover only inflated language and exaggerated sentiment.

On his first entry into Parliament his admirers augured favourably of his success—they imagined, and with truth, that the general level of parliamentary eloquence made no approximation to the gigantic models of the last century, with some few exceptions; and that he, gifted with much of the energy that recommended Plunkett and Brougham, and of the fascinating and polished brilliancy of Canning, would bring back a recollection of the memorable days when privilege of parliament was not refused to discarded imagination; and when a dull and unadorned insipidity, which absurdity terms the manly oratory of reason, did not supersede the noble and powerful flights which stand in enviable contrast with the undraped heaviness of the modern grand inquest. Mr. Shiel took his seat, we believe, for Milbourne Port, and what would have been the temporary fate of Burke or Sheridan, was also his. There was little sympathy there for elegant rhetoric; besides, his past career had given him a distinguished celebrity, which did not operate much in his favour—too high a standard had been formed of his powers, and when his quick voice first rang in St. Stephen's he was not received with that enthusiasm which ever welcomed his appearance among his own countrymen. If the noble appeals that kindled the atmosphere of the Roman forum were made before a British audience, we doubt much whether a want of sympathy would not dishearten and diminish much of the fire of the orator—if Cicero, in the House of Commons, were commending some English Archias, and launched out into that fine, though inflated passage, "The hills and solitudes echo back his voice,"

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&c., how all would look nasturtium, and how universal would be the cheering cry of "Question." But let the experiment be repeated, and the medium of communication grow enlarged, the feelings of the audience will gradually react on the orator, and compel him to assume a style more consonant to their intellectual habits; he will have less force and pathos, but more of severe reasoning and dialectic dexterity. So with Mr. Sheil. Unaccustomed to the harsh discipline imposed by the House, he rang the old change for some time, but the reacting influence sensibly took place; the furnace grew slack, and the intensity of the past cooled down to an agreeable temperature, so that he has at length obtained a style which numbers him among the first of orators at the present day, and in which sound scientific reasoning is blended with the best parts of his old force and fancy.

O'Connell and Sheil alone support the character of Irish eloquence in St. Stephen's; during our great political struggles they alone directed the storm, and so have been usually pitted against each other by foreign and domestic writers. Though we have little faith in comparison, we cannot help indulging in its fallaciousness in cursorily reviewing their characters. O'Connell discovers the innermost essentials of eloquence abstracted from the particular forms of any country—parts of his language would fall powerfully on any audience, and always such as are the strong creations of rapid impulse: he has acquired his command not by studying the works of great masters, or by rounding and embellishing his periods according to established forms—his skill lies in his easy access to the heart, a science which he has acquired from keenness of intellect and protracted experience. In his speeches, he rarely presents us with more than the old and customary objects we have seen and heard a thousand times over, but still there is ever connected with them an ever-springing novelty and freshness which renders their repetition almost as pleasing as the variety of originality. He has self-possession in the midst of peril, and a strong judgment combined with earnest enthusiasm and vehement feeling. The natural predominates, but with it he exquisitely unites and harmonizes the artificial, yet so that the hearer may perceive the subordination of art to nature. The mediocrity of his matter, when he does not ascend, never seeks a retreat under cover of a tumultuous manner, and we less admire the orator than the pleasurable feelings he generates and evokes. Sheil did not sink the foundations sufficiently deep to be the architect of a great oratorical structure, such as O'Connell has raised. He has not the *deinotès*, that nameless fusion of solid argument and inexpressible energy, which, running like warp and woof, make up a noble web of lucid and ratiocinative eloquence—his is of a glowing and meteoric cast, which, in the outpourings of a teeming fancy, often mistakes bigness for greatness—passionately fond of the antithetical, the opposition, though more frequently of sense, is often one of sounds. A good judgment will at once detect the falsetto. Like Junius, he asks questions incomparably well, and like him is infected with a lust to surprise. Possessed of a subtle and interpenetrating power, which, like the menstruum of the ancient alchymists, operates as an universal solvent, he will take a sentiment from Shakspeare, a metaphor from Burke, a blaze from some French orator,

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and mingling them up with the materiel of his speech, extract from the discordant elements an elegant and homogeneous whole. His is a steady constant light, burning radiantly from beginning to end. O'Connell's is made up of luminous and powerful gleams, darting from a constantly varying sky, and which act powerfully from the judicious contrasts with which they are relieved. Sheil's has a rhetorical completeness; he has studied the Roman models, and the regular distribution from the exordium to the peroration. O'Connell recognises no such division; his speech consists of a multitude of interlaced materials—the mean and magnificent, the little and great; and yet, from so strange a combination, unharmonious and unsymmetrical as it appears, few would exchange it for a more graceful and correct edifice. He will begin in the simple language of conversation, and gradually reach the language of impassioned intellect. Sheil, from the start, keeps up a profuse blaze of eloquent elements. O'Connell seldom sports with the creations of an arbitrary will—his skill consists in the direction and convergence of all his powers to one end. Sheil attains the same end, but by means widely different, displaying a great expenditure of intellectual wealth, and often forgetting the object to be attained, in the heat and revel of the imagination. The sound remark of Quintilian on Demosthenes and Cicero applies with equal effect to them: "Curæ plus in illo—in hoc naturæ."

In O'Connell, the humourist is perpetually mingling and playing with the seriousness of his matter; he is to comedy what Sheil is to tragedy—the one, poetry in jest—the other, in deep earnest. As contradistinguished from humour, Sheil has wit—sardonic, satirical—the true blossom of the nettle. He is less an egotist than O'Connell, but Coleridge has made a noble apology for that mental infirmity of great men.—"If a man be a victim to perpetual abuse on account of superior talents or great public services, he must continually unite with his own person a deep sense of the value of his genius; the most modest man is worked into a feeling of self-consciousness from the continued necessity of repelling unmerited abuse."

In the history of public men few can be found who had less personal enemies than Mr. Sheil. The angry eloquence of a political chief is sure to create a general hostility among opponents, but throughout a period of unexampled commotion, where all the elements of party strife clashed violently together, he was looked upon, if not with favour, at least with respect.

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# "WHAT HAS BECOME OF HER?"

## A TALE OF NASSAU.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

THE vogue recently assigned by literary confederacy to the "Spas of Germany" and "Brunnens of Nassau" has been productive of numberless unforeseen results. Tunbridge Wells and Malvern have become bankrupts; and more than one jolly citizen, accustomed aforetime, to refresh himself with an autumnal trip to Ramsgate or Hastings, has extended his travels across the main, and died of sauerkraut and spleen.

Fooling it among the rest, I arrived at Emmsbaden, last year, the first week in September,—setting out on a journey just as the rains set in. Nothing could be more cheerless than the aspect of the little valley. The Lahn ran heavy in its channel, and time as heavy as the Lahn. Reasonable people had abandoned the place; and nothing remained but a coterie of discontented English, astonished to find that the green curtain had fallen when they expected to be in time for the overture. It was perhaps owing to the want of better amusement, that one and all selected me as auditor of their several versions of an adventure which, towards the close of the season, had produced an unprecedented sensation in the place. In the course of the three days I remained at Emms, I continued to sum up the various editions of the story; but, in order to excite as strong an interest for the catastrophe as was expressed by my fair countrywomen, (who, but for the timely incident, might have perished of *ennui*,) it will be necessary to begin (like the *Bélier*, in the fairy tale) with the beginning.

It was on the day succeeding Mr. Clifton's arrival in town, after a dreary winter in Ireland, that he was invited to a splendid fête, given by four rich and idle bachelors, at a villa on the banks of the Thames. Walter Clifton was a guest eminently worthy of the entertainment. Handsome, well-born, and accomplished, he had recently "come to his estate," which happened to lie in one of the disturbed districts of the green island which seems bent upon eternally proving its greenness. His mother, a widow-lady of somewhat serious turn, resided in Dublin, where his youth and college vacations were chiefly passed; so that Clifton had none of the knowingness, nothing of the jargon, of a London man. There are certain branches of useless knowledge and phrases of fashionable slang, with which Eton, Harrow, or Westminster, renders the schoolboy as familiar as the most dowagerly of dowager dandies; but Walter's mind and conversation were pure from all this. He arrived in town a brilliant, animated, happy, sanguine creature; ready to be amused, willing to amuse; with truth on his lips and sunshine in his heart. When his Christ Church friend, Sir Robert Walmsley, offered him a ticket for the fête, he thought himself particularly lucky; and, much to the amazement of the dandy baronet, who from affectation could scarcely allow himself to inhale the

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common air breathed by the rest of mankind, candidly admitted his delight.

" I'm afraid you will be cursedly bored," was Sir Robert's apostrophe, on bestowing the ticket.

" I never was bored in my life," was Clifton's frank reply ; " and should think it a reflection on myself not to be gratified at Ashbrook Farm."

With feelings attuned to enjoyment, therefore, he turned his cabriolet into the Fulham Road, as the bright Midsummer morning subsided into a delicious afternoon ; and when, from a distance, he caught the sound of the military band, enlivening the fête, his light heart felt lighter than ever, and he quickened his horse's speed towards the gates. As it usually happens, where superfluous precautions are taken to secure the order of the day, disorder ensued. Such a superabundance of policemen were stationed in the vicinity of the spot to protect the plate and other valuable property contributed by the lordly fête-givers, that, having nothing else to do, they did mischief, —hectored the footmen in attendance, and set the coachmen squabbling with each other and slashing their horses. A London coachman is an animal peculiarly insubordinate to constituted authorities. There was one white-wigged, red-faced, irascible old gentleman, proceeding to the Ashbrook fête, who, on being reproved for impatience, (which was in fact the impatience of a pair of spirited blood horses,) whipped out of the line, produced a considerable smashing of panels, and eventually arrived at the gate with a policeman at each of his horses' heads—his brother whips cheering him on, the rabble shouting and swearing, the policemen looking wondrous blue, and the two ladies in the handsome chariot he was driving as pale as ashes.

The latter circumstance naturally excited the sympathy of Walter Clifton. He was out of his cab in a moment, offering his aid to hasten them out of the carriage, now surrounded by a noisy, struggling multitude, among which the gentry in office were indiscriminately dealing their blows. To escort them through the throng was the work of a moment; but it was not till they had arrived at an inner entrance, where tickets were received and shawls deposited, he had leisure to note that the elder of the two ladies was attired with unusual costliness, and the younger scarcely less lavishly adorned with the gifts of nature. Both were warmly welcomed by the hospitable heroes of the day, with whom Clifton was unacquainted; and though his unknown friends turned towards him with eager acknowledgments, he had the mortification of being without the means of a formal introduction. It *was* a mortification; for the dark-haired girl who smiled upon him while her chaperon was pouring out her thanks, was one of the handsomest creatures he had ever beheld; with dark oriental eyes, the most graceful form, the most buoyant demeanor. His sense of propriety scarcely sufficed to remind him that, till he had been introduced in form, there would be want of delicacy in presuming upon an acquaintance thus accidentally formed; and it was with some difficulty he tore himself from the contemplation of that fine intelligent countenance to go in search of a master of the ceremonies.

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"My dear Walmsley," cried he, the moment he caught a glimpse of Sir Robert, "can you tell me who it is that drives a very dark chariot with bay horses?"

"Everybody drives a dark chariot with bay horses," drawled the dandy, trying to pass on.

"With white liveries?"

"My dear fellow, I know nobody—I never notice liveries."

"But you surely notice beautiful faces; and——"

"I like beautiful faces to notice *me*. But pray excuse me. The duchess is waiting for me to take her in to breakfast."

Equally unsuccessful were divers other applications. Nobody listened—nobody cared—nobody knew anything about anybody. It is probable, however, that the objects of his inquiry succeeded on *their* part in ascertaining *his* name and condition; for as he stood overlooking a quadrille, in which one or two of his friends were engaged, the elder lady, approaching with her fair companion on her arm, addressed him with so much graciousness, that in the flurry of spirits excited by the animating scene, and almost before he knew what he was about, he engaged the beauty as a partner for the following dance.

All now went smoothly—more smoothly than his rashness deserved. They stood together—danced together—talked together—smiled together. Clifton readily discovered that his companion was a person moving in the best society, and commanding its courtesies; and with characteristic frankness, made her acquainted with his whole history in return. Having loitered a few minutes near his fair partner, after returning her to the protection of her chaperon, he discovered that they were mother and daughter, and that the name of the latter was Rachel,—a homely designation; but when people are in the humour to be pleased, nothing comes amiss. To remain long by her side, however, was impossible. The ladies were too popular to be accessible to his assiduities. Rachel was beset with partners; and Rachel's mamma by half the fashionable dowagers of the day.

Meanwhile, the fête proceeded with unprecedented brilliancy. It was a delicious day, and the lovely lawns of Ashbrook Farm were worthy of the weather. Every impression received by Clifton was agreeable, and tended to increase his hilarity. Never had he passed so enchanting a morning; and by the time that evening brought the fête to a close, and amid the crackling and sputtering of fireworks, his cousin, Lady Armagh, presented him in form to the ladies of the dark chariot with bay horses, as—"Mrs. De Bruyn, Mr. Clifton—Mr. Clifton, Mrs. and Miss De Bruyn," he had ceased to care about the ceremony. Accident had brought them together, and inclination kept them together nearly the whole of the day. They were already intimate.

At the opera the following night, nothing was so easy as for Mr. Clifton to visit Mrs. De Bruyn's box; at the Zoological next day, nothing so charming as to walk by Rachel's side. Finding that they were to be at Almack's, and all the best balls of the ensuing week, he took measures for meeting them; and though they were on all occasions surrounded by the most fashionable men in town, Miss De

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Bruyn usually managed to make room for his approach. She evidently preferred his society. While he worshipped her beauty, Rachel evidently delighted in his frank, cordial character.

Amid the tittle-tattle of second-rate society, Walter Clifton would not have been a week acquainted with the De Bruyn's without learning every particular of their birth, parentage, and education—the name of Mrs. De B.'s great grandmother, and the amount of the value of her diamonds. But among those with whom they mutually associated, everybody is supposed to know everybody; because all are persons concerning whom everything is known. In process of time Mrs. De Bruyn invited Walter to her house in Berkeley Square, where he was presented to a Mr. John De Bruyn, a young man whom he took to be the son and brother of his friends. By the whole family he was cordially welcomed. He found them living in opulence. His beautiful Rachel displayed every accomplishment of a first-rate education, and he felt himself fortunate in having accidentally made his way into a domestic circle, which he was beginning to flatter himself might eventually become his own. With the exception of certain harsh peculiarities of manner on the part of the mother, there was nothing he could wish altered in the family.

A man less ingenuous than Walter Clifton might in fact have been easily captivated by the attractions of such a girl as Rachel. There was a nobleness and high-mindedness in her sentiments, peculiarly consonant with the lofty beauty of her person. Of all the women he had ever heard converse, not one approached her in unstudied eloquence, in information, in correctness of task and judgment. He could no longer bear to talk with other girls. It was not only the liquid lustre of her dark eyes—the speaking expression of her finely-formed mouth, which thrilled through his soul when he gazed upon her intelligent face. It was that he believed in her preference; that she conversed with him far more unreservedly than with any other man of her acquaintance; and he only trembled lest he might injure his cause by precipitancy, so difficult was it to restrain himself from declaring in form to Mrs. De Bruyn his desire to be admitted as a suitor to her daughter. He felt that six weeks' acquaintance could not justify such a pretension; and contented himself with writing to his Irish man of business for a formal statement of the nature and condition of his property, that he might be prepared to meet the inquiries likely to arise on his proposals.

Such was the happy state of Clifton's feelings while daily engaged in escorting the lady of his thoughts to exhibitions, picnics, water-parties, breakfasts, reviews; dancing with her at every ball, and sitting entranced by her side at every opera. No objection was formed to his attentions. John De Bruyn, a dull, sullen young man, was in constant attendance on his sister, and on excellent terms with her admirer; and though their conversation was usually carried on in whispers, the slightest word of which from Rachel's lips reached the inmost recesses of the heart of Clifton, neither mother, nor brother, nor any one present, could be unobservant of their increasing intimacy.

One morning the young lover, calling at an earlier hour than usual

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in Berkeley Square, and finding Mrs. De Bruyn alone, naturally inquired for her daughter.

" Rachel is gone to sit for her picture," was the reply.

" Her picture ! to whom ? Who, *who* will do her justice ?" cried Clifton, eagerly.

" Chalon, I hope. The sketch promises extremely well. John saw it yesterday, and was delighted."

" The picture is intended then for a present to Mr. De Bruyn ?" observed Walter.

" No ; it is for myself. I shall want it as a remembrance when she is gone. Rachel will leave it with me on her marriage."

Clifton coloured deeply. The allusion appeared too explicit to be mistaken ; and he was beginning to imagine of himself whether it might not be intended as a spur to his tardy explanations, when Mrs. De Bruyn calmly added, " Rachel's marriage takes place, you know, in August."

" Her marriage !"

" I trust John has given you an invitation in form ?"

Walter Clifton trembled from head to foot, as he inquired, with assumed composure, what happy man Miss De Bruyn was about to honour with her hand. The mother regarded him with unfeigned surprise.

" It is surely not possible you can be unaware," said she, " that Rachel is about to marry her cousin John ? The terms of the late Mr. De Bruyn's will (thanks to the officiousness of the newspapers) were made so very public, that I fancied all the world acquainted with my daughter's engagement, which has existed from her birth. It was, in fact, the only method by which poor Mr. De Bruyn could concentrate the affairs of his house. John will henceforward assume the sole control of the business. Among families of our persuasion such alliances are common."

" *Persuasion ?—business ?*"—Yes ! Walter Clifton began to understand it all !—Rachel was doubtless the daughter of the great Jew banker, De Bruyn, defunct a few years before, the details of whose will had occupied three columns per day of the morning papers, for nearly a week. He ought to have remembered all this—he ought to have inquired—he ought to have known, or rather, people ought to have warned him ! Yet why, or wherefore ? Was it not tacitly understood that all London, from the Regent's Park to St. James's, was familiar with the fortunes of the great heiress, the only daughter of the most famous of Jewish bankers ?

Luckily for Walter, the announcement of a visitor at that moment afforded him apportunity of escape from the house ; and his horse being in waiting at the door, he galloped many miles into the country, before the stunning effects of the blow he had received in the slightest degree subsided.

His first impulse was to quit London that very night ; *not* for Ireland—for only the preceding day he had despatched a letter to his mother explanatory of his happy expectations, and he had not courage to expose himself to the old lady's sober questions and condolences. No !—he would go abroad—to Turkey—Egypt—the East : no matter

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where, so that he might escape all recurrence to the origin of his wretchedness. On Rachel De Bruyn he never wished to look again. One of the weaknesses of his moral nature was an antipathy to Jews and all relating to them; and even were the prejudice surmounted, this member of the tribe—this one—*this Jewess*—had done him a deliberate injury—had triumphed, for her wanton amusement, over his affections. No!—he never wished to look on Rachel De Bruyn again!

On his return towards London, however, calmer feelings ensued. Though still determined to fly from England, he resolved, ere his departure, to indulge in a last view of that which was so eminently lovely; as if for the purpose of engraving still more indelibly in his bosom the image of its false idol. He could trust himself to look upon her without self-betrayal. He possessed an all-potent antidote to the power of her charms—to the magic of her voice. *She was a Jewess!*

According to previous engagement, they were to meet and dance together that evening, at one of the finest fêtes of the season. He would go—he would confront her—he would fix his eyes for the last time upon the future Mrs. John De Bruyn.

From the smiling self-possession with which she accosted him, Clifton inferred with truth that his emotion of the morning had passed unnoticed by her mother. No suspicions were excited; they might part as calmly as they had met. Rachel should never know the anguish she had inflicted—never learn that he had quitted her with a breaking heart to bid an eternal farewell to the country wherein she abided. He began, therefore, to talk with indifference on indifferent subjects; and unsuspicious that any peculiar agitation was labouring in his breast, the lovely girl readily accepted his arm, to make the tour of the illuminated gardens of —— House. At length they sat down together, still talking with levity and smiling with unconcern; till, after gazing in silence a moment or two upon the beautiful contour of her half-averted face, Clifton suddenly gave way to an uncontrolled burst of passionate exclamation. "No!—it cannot have proceeded from inadvertence," cried he; "you *must* have been aware of the cruel injury you were inflicting!—you *must* have seen how blindly I fell into an error the results of which are to cleave to me as a curse for evermore."

Believing her companion to be attacked by sudden frenzy, Rachel started up, and proposed returning to her mother. But Clifton did not stir; and the tears that were now slowly rolling down his face appealed so forcibly to her sympathy, that, without uttering a syllable, she sat down again by his side.

"You cannot have been insensible to your influence over me," he resumed, in a broken voice; "and knowing the insuperable obstacles between us, why—why encourage my attachment for the wanton indulgence of a vanity which has withered every prospect of my life!"

"Obstacles!—attachment!" exclaimed Rachel, in grief and surprise, overpowered by the fervour of his address. "Dear Mr. Clifton, with what have you to reproach me? From the moment of your considerate kindness to us at Ashbrook, you have been welcomed with warm friendship to our house—you must have seen how much

we preferred your society—how truly flattered we were by your preference of ours."

"Then why not explain at once the impossibility of the expectations I was forming?"

"Expectations!"

"Of making you my wife—my own—my beloved and loving household companion."

Rachel grew pale as she listened to this earnest apostrophe.

"You cannot have meditated this," said she, at length, in a tremulous voice. "The difference of religion——"

"I knew it not—I guessed it not."

"Yet our name—our well-known connexions——"

"I saw nothing but your beauty—your excellence. I asked nothing—I cared for nothing—but to be near you, still and ever near you—near you as now, when, gazing for the last time upon your face, I feel that my earthly happiness is crushed for ever. Rachel! you *must* have seen that I loved you!"

"You did but offer me, in a more marked degree, the attention I have been in the habit of receiving from others; who, aware of my faith, my family, my betrothment to my cousin, show me the attentions due to my age, sex, and position in society."

"And has there been nothing then in your own feelings towards me, to war against your happiness in the state into which you are about to enter? You have a colder heart than I imagined!" cried Walter Clifton.

"My cousin is no less partial to you than my mother and myself; I have always hoped our friendship would continue after my marriage," pleaded Miss De Bruyn, accustomed from childhood to regard the tie of wedlock as part of the ceremony of social life.

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Clifton. "Did you imagine that your *husband* would remain equally insensible to my passionate idolatry?"

"I never thought—I never considered. I have lived with John De Bruyn on the happiest terms so long as I can remember," faltered Rachel. "Why should he begin to thwart me, and interfere with my preferences, on the eternal union of our destinies?"

"Rachel, Rachel! you will drive me mad!" cried Clifton, perceiving how closely enfolded was her soul in the web of early associations and religious influence. "What is the meaning of this strange combination of simplicity and intelligence? of feeling and insensibility? Are you about to bestow yourself as a mere endowment—to give up your youth, your beauty, to one you regard only as a partner in your father's bank? Or do you—(tell me truly, I can bear it, Rachel, answer me for once honestly)—*do* you—*can* you love this man?"

"Of course I do! My cousin has never breathed a harsh word to me, or been guilty of an unkind action."

"But is that enough for the intimate—the exquisite tenderness of wedded life? Is it to *his* eyes your own can turn in unspeakable sympathy with all that is bright, and noble, and glorious? Is it from *him* you will seek encouragement in your aspirations after knowledge—after truth? Is it towards him you will be conscious of that in-

tense and fervent passion, which finds eternity itself insufficient for its prospects of happiness?"

Miss De Bruyn had no reply for language so new, so alarming. It was not thus she had been accustomed to contemplate her union with her impassive cousin. It was a family arrangement, immutable as that which made her the child of her mother, or the daughter of her tribe; but it was nothing more.

" I must not listen to all this," said she, becoming conscious of the delicacy of her situation, and making a movement to rise.

" You will not have to listen to it long," was Clifton's calm rejoinder, resuming some control over his feelings. " I am here but to bid you farewell for ever. After this night, I shall behold your face no more. Be happy, Rachel, since you can content yourself with the monotonous calm of an existence unbrightened by tenderness—unendeared by the ties of spontaneous, fervent, passionate attachment."

" But you are a Christian," interrupted Miss De Bruyn. " Even had not my destiny been sealed by an eternal compact, I never could have been your wife."

It was now Walter's turn to remain silent; and Rachel mildly pursued her advantage.

" If, as you say," continued she in a faltering tone, " I am to blame in not having discovered your attachment, and apprized you of the obstacles to our union, why did not *you*, who were satisfied of my affection, acquaint *me* with the objections that were to prevent my being honoured with your hand?"

" On my life—my soul—I knew not of their existence!" cried Walter. " What was there in your position in the world, or your establishment at home, to induce suspicion that you were otherwise than the society in which I found you? " But even had I known it," cried he, struggling with contending emotions, " nay, deeply as I am imbued by birth and education with prejudices against your faith and its professors, I would have waived all objections—forgotten all scruples—for the rich compensation of calling you mine for ever!"

Rachel was silent. A deep impression had been made upon her feelings.

" By my father's will," said she at last in a low voice, " I forfeit my whole fortune by non-fulfilment of my contract with my cousin."

" Are you then so dearly attached to the things of this world?" exclaimed Clifton, with bitter contempt.

" As little as any human being," replied Rachel, unmoved by his sarcasm. " But how do I know that others—that *you*—might be equally indifferent?"

" Great God! can you be so little acquainted with human nature as to suppose that the man who would sacrifice the deepest prejudice of his soul for your sake, would not also resign the paltry temptation of a little miserable dross?"

Again Rachel was silent. But this time the impression upon her feelings was trebly profound.

" You would make me your wife then—poor, penniless—rejected by my family—abhorred by my people——"

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Clifton's reply burst forth at once from the impetuosity of a generous heart.

"You are excited by the passion of the moment," said Rachel, a bright expression of new-born love and happiness beaming from her eyes. "Think calmly of it, Clifton. I give you till to-morrow for consideration."

"You mean that *you* desire to deliberate on such a sacrifice!"

"No—my mind is decided. Such love as this can be but once the portion of any living woman. If to-morrow your reply be affirmative, I am your wife!"

On the morrow the reply *was* affirmative, and on the following day Rachel De Bruyn summoned together her family, and apprized them of her resolution not only to break faith with her cousin, but to become the wife of a Christian! The consternation, the indignation, the persecution provoked by such a declaration may be readily conjectured. The elders of the family denounced her; her spiritual counsellors were called in. In reply to the interrogations of the high priest, she admitted not only her sacrilegious intentions, but that she had made no conditions with Clifton for the retention of her religious observances. She had perfect faith in his generosity.

"If you intended to inspire me with the horror you now manifest towards the professors of the Christian faith," was her consistent reply to the furious invectives of her mother, "you should not have exposed me to the attraction of their society. I have lived chiefly among Christians; it is *there* I have been happiest—it is *there* I am determined to be happy!"

It was impossible, meanwhile, to urge upon her as an argument against her resolution, the misery she was inflicting upon her cousin: for though Mrs. De Bruyn was almost frantic at the prospect of her daughter's loss of fortune, John was evidently consoled, by its forfeiture to himself, for the loss of his cousin. It was impossible to show greater resignation. Two months, however, were to elapse previous to Rachel's attainment of her majority and acquirement of the power of election; and Mrs. De Bruyn flattered herself that the interval, judiciously improved, might wean her daughter from a preference which *she* called madness, her nephew folly, and the synagogue sin. Without giving time for a renewal of intercourse with Clifton she embarked that very evening for Rotterdam, accompanied by a venerable Rabbi, who for years had presided over the family conscience of the De Bruyns; and on being rejoined by her establishment, proceeded at once on a tour of the Rhine.

Closely as Rachel was watched by her mother, she was too much beloved by those around her, not to obtain means of communicating to Clifton the disastrous results of the step she had taken; and by the time the party reached Nassau, Walter was on his way to her assistance.

"You can scarcely believe," said the lively Frenchwoman, by whom the anecdote was first related to me, "the sensation produced at Emms by the arrival of Mademoiselle de Bruyn. It was neither her beauty, her grace, nor the reputation of her enormous fortune, which captivated our attention; though never, I must confess, did I

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behold so perfectly lovely a creature! It was rather the sensibility of her countenance—the restlessness of her anxious looks—the irritating manner in which, though grown to womanhood, she was domineered over by her mother. Nothing could be more gentle than her demeanor—more reasonable than her conversation; so that we discerned no pretext for so much coercion. The mamma and Mr. Steinkerpf examined every step she took, and every word that fell from her lips; and as all the world supposed that the heiress was on the point of marriage with her father's nephew, where was the use of maintaining her in such childish subordination?

"At length, one evening, late in the month of August, as Prince Soltikoff, who was always mineralizing or botanizing along the cliffs, was returning in the dusk by the copses of the Nassau road, he perceived an English lady and gentleman, walking side by side in earnest conversation. The young man, who was tall and strikingly handsome, was a stranger to him—the lady was Miss De Bruyn. Though the prince coughed repeatedly to apprise them of his approach, they appeared indifferent to his presence. Rachel was conversing in a low tone, broken by sobs—her companion addressing her with impassioned eloquence. All that Soltikoff's knowledge of the language permitted him to overhear was, when within sight of the kindling lights of the Baths, Miss De Bruyn gave her hand to the stranger, and uttered the words 'To-morrow, at midnight.' They proceeded onwards in different directions. It is probable, however, that their rendezvous had not escaped detection, for the prince noticed a tall figure stealing along the cliffs."

"The prince, at least," said I, "had the gallantry to preserve the young lady's secret?"

"He had no opportunity for indiscretion. The following morning we were all roused at day-break, with intelligence that Miss De Bruyn had disappeared."

"In company with the young Englishman?"

"By no means. No sooner was a search instituted by the mother than Mr. Clifton came forward in frantic dismay, acknowledged their meeting of the preceding evening, and their appointment for the night ensuing, preparatory to an elopement. Like Soltikoff, he had seen Rachel approach the village, and seen her no more. It was clearly proved that she never re-entered the hotel."

"And her mother?"

"Mrs. De Bruyn was distracted—offered enormous rewards for intelligence—caused the neighbourhood to be searched—the river examined; and, after ten days of fruitless investigation, with all the aid the local tribunals of the Grand Duchy could render, quitted the spot in despair."

"Either Walter Clifton was more persevering, or a confederate in her disappearance," said I, after some cogitation.

"Neither the one nor the other. *There* lies the grand mystery of the case. Mrs. De Bruyn's despair was scarcely more evident than that of the unfortunate young man. Clifton is now in confinement at Frankfort, under the care of the British resident, till a proper person arrives from England to convey him home to his family. It was in-



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dispensable to place him under restraint. He made two attempts upon his life. He could not be left at large. All Emms was in commotion."

"And has nothing further transpired concerning the victim? Is it still supposed that she was assassinated?"

"No one has the slightest grounds for conjecture. Madame De Bruyn, we are told, has put her family into mourning."

"Surely that was premature? Had poor Rachel been unfairly dealt with some trace of the horrible event must have appeared. I have it strongly on my mind that she is still living."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the lady, coolly tapping her snuff-box; "but in that case—*what has become of her?*"

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Why, Lady, thus pensive and drooping appear,
Dost thou think on thy husband who hunts the fleet deer,
Does the fate of thy brothers thy sorrow demand,
Who toil to win gold in a far-distant land,
Dost thou muse on thy children, fair, happy, and gay,
Who amid the tall beech-trees are bounding in play?
I guess by each action, expression, and tone,
Thy thoughts are bestowed on the absent alone."

"O Stranger! 'tis not for my husband I grieve,
He returns from the chase in the shadows of eve;
My brothers, who live beneath bright eastern skies,
Are cheered by new friendships, and blessed by new ties;
My beautiful children, like birds on the wing,
Exult in the freshness of life's sunny spring,
Yet a loved and an absent one causes these tears,
'Tis my mother, who sinks in the valley of years.

To her image, what stores of fond memories cling,
I hear her again the sweet lullaby sing,
I bring to her wreaths of wild roses in glee,
Or murmur my soft evening prayer at her knee;
O mother!—how oft in the world's busy throng,
Have I suffered ingratitude, falsehood, and wrong,
And called back the hour, when disturbed or opprest,
I could sob all my cares on thy bosom to rest.

Though severed by distance, my fancy portrays
Her kind looks of love in my walks and my ways,
And the dear ones who solace and gladden me now,
My tender devotion approve and allow;
They never in vain on my tenderness call,
And they know that my heart can find room for them all,
Although in its deepest recesses be nursed
The mother who woke its young sympathies first.

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# THE "BIT O' WRITIN'."[1]

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE news of the intended nuptials soon spread abroad, and, among the guests selected by Mrs. Moore on the occasion, great preparations ensued to grace the widow's roof upon the appointed day; and under that roof itself a still greater bustle went on, to do honour to her invitations. Before the arrival of the priest there is something to be noticed.

The high road leading, in the district in which we find ourselves, to the principal country town, ran at the distance of about a mile at right-angles with the front of the widow Moore's dwelling. From it a *boheen*, or narrow way, diverged, and took a circuitous route towards the humble abode, and, by a branch-track, communicated directly with its threshold; and along this route horses and carts, or—as the primitive machines which then substituted carts were called—cars, could journey to and from market. But pedestrians chose a shorter cut to the main road, as well from her house as from other solitary dwellings near her.

Upon the night when she first became informed of Terence O'Brien's proposal of marriage, Mary Moore, as we are aware, ran down a slope from her mother's door to the side of a little stream, there to vent her feeling in solitude. This stream, having its source among high hills in the recesses of the country, had, before Mary arrived at its banks on that spot, passed close by Murty Meehan's cabin, about half a mile up from her, and continued to flow on from her feet to the high-road already spoken of, which it crossed; thence pursuing its fated course to the river, with which it soon became confounded. While sketching, at the opening of our story, Murty Meehan's residence, and its surrounding features, we believe we hinted that the tiny rivulet ran a very zig-zag race near to his threshold; and we have now to say that it did the same thing all the way it had to run: its aberrations being caused by the nature of the ground, through which, like a dog on a scent, it seemed to nose its way; for sometimes the banks misdirected it to the right, sometimes to the left; now in an obtuse angle, now almost in a right angle—so that, at every twist, it was almost shut up among puzzling inequalities, in one little solitude or another, from all sight of whence it had come, or whither it was to go; and each of those lonely spots along its course was differently characterized from the other. Now the little active stream found itself safely rippling over smooth sand or pebbles, then among sinkings or swellings of cultivated fields; now stealing amid rushes, duck-leaves and sedge—through lumpish land, neglected

[1] Continued from page 132.

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or naturally barren; and anon it chafed, and headed, and sometimes grew important enough to foam through a jumbled group of rocks and stones, great and small, doing its best to escape from the fairy fastness, and in such a hurry that you might fancy it was greatly afraid it should never be able to succeed, or else that, like a vagrant, taken up and sent back to his parish, it should at last be turned straight home again to its hilly source. Yet, crooked as was the line along its edges to the high-road, foot-passengers, thither bound from Mrs. Moore's abode, or from the residences of her neighbours, chose it in preference to the cart-way already described, for no other reason that we could ever find out, except that they found, or deemed it the pleasanter. And occasionally the path, worn by their frequent feet, crinkum-crankumed at one side of the stream, and by-and-by at the other,—stepping-stones, placed irregularly in the water, connecting in a very slippery fashion such rambling deviations.

At the point where one of those dislocated rows of stones sent the foot-path from her edge of the brook to the opposite one, Mary Moore had sat down on the night we have mentioned; and the next night, and the next; her hot tears still making bubbles, like blisters upon the surface of the clouded water. Girls of all degrees are, we are told, timid; and those of Mary's class in life superstitiously so; and it is therefore remarkable that in so often frequenting this lonely place, at such late hours, she did not feel uneasy under the influence of its character, nor yet on account of a time-out-of-mind story, of which it was the scene.

A story!—yes—an old and a terrible story! We cannot help it, but had better recount it in as few words as possible.

The rising ground to Mary's back, as she sat, was called "Lacken-na-Monh," or "the Woman's Hill;" and opposite to her, at the other side of the stream, just where the pedestrian from the high-road should begin to cross it on his near approach to her mother's house, arose a huge rock of granite, streaked in a kind of deep dim colour, with a figure something like a cross; and from a murdered maiden had the hill been named; and at the foot of the pale gigantic rock she had been found dead and stiff; and the cross had been made four generations ago (though no weather could since erase it) with her blood. The unhappy girl had loved, in secret, a stranger. He prevailed on her to leave her father's home with him—she engaged to rifle, beforehand, for his advantage, her father's coffers; she kept both her promises but too well. He watched for her at night, by appointment, on her progress to him, after her elopement from her hitherto innocent dwelling. He saw her steal down the Lacken-na-Monh to the stepping-stones; he received her with extended arms; after crossing the stones he led her apace under the ominous shadow of the pile of granite, ascertained that she came freighted with the expected booty, struck her down, followed up the blows till he had killed her, and then escaped with his prize; for all along the villain had not in the slightest degree responded to her guilty love; at her father's gold alone he had aimed; and now, that gold in his clutch, he did not want her to encumber him, or to help him to spend it.

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Such was the well-accredited story connected with Mary Moore's chosen nook of solitary sorrow, and yet, as we have noticed, it had not the effect of keeping her away, under her mother's roof, or even of sending her to spend half the night amid some less celebrated scenery out of doors. Nay, respectable authorities added to the horrors of the tale we have glanced at, by asserting that, very often, under the clouds of the night, the spirit of the murdered girl might be heard shrieking terrifically over and around the place, and sometimes seen, too, exaggerated to an unearthly size, and draped in (of course) white, upon the top, or at the base of the desecrated rock. And, again, all this seemed to make no disagreeable impression on Mary; or if, during her repeated visits to the haunted or unholy ground natural fear did come over her recollections, either she was too much engrossed with her own grief to care about anything further that might happen to her, or she had some particular reason for braving the terrors of the spot. We believe both feelings combined to shape her conduct.

At all events, upon the third night preceding that appointed for her marriage with the ould admiral, Mary Moore was again sitting at her own edge of the stream, opposite to the "stone of the bloody cross." A smart breeze whistled along the brook, and eddied, at her back, against the "*Lacken-na-monh*;" and the stars were now hidden by stormy clouds, and now shone free of the obstruction. But, on this occasion, Mary need not have given way, as much as upon former nights, to the supernatural terrors of a lonely woman, for she did not sit alone at the stepping-stones.

Her companion was a very young man, athletic and comely: but whatever might be the character of his brow, as stamped naturally by his dispositions, it was now dark and wrinkled. When he spoke, his accents were sometimes vehement, and sometimes they sank into a cadence of despairing entreaty. Mary's voice, in reply to him, was invariably heart-broken and wailing, and often interrupted by sobs. With his right hand he held her right hand, and his left arm passed round her waist; and often, in moments of excessive grief, the girl allowed her head to fall on his shoulder.

"No, no, I cannot pass the sthrame with you," she said, "nor stay out from my mother, even where we are, any longer; 'twas a wrong thing for me to come to meet you, at all; for 'tis sorer to part than I thought it would be."

"Don't forsake me, Maya," replied the young man; "don't, for the Saviour's sake."

"Never lay the blame to me, gorçoon—oh! would I, would I forsake you, if I could help it?"

"Maya, if you loved me——I am ill, Maya, some way I don't know how, an' I can spake but few words to you at a time——if you loved me—if ever you loved me, you would surely help it, Maya."

"An' never say that to me, gorçoon baun, of all words out of your mouth; love you!—och, you have no rason to say id; God, who hears my prayers and sees the heart, knows you have not; feel Maya's heart, this moment, ma *bouchalein*,*—'tis heavy—heavy;

* Little boy.

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heavy like a lump o' lead; broke, I believe—broke, I hope—I hope! An' the sleep never falls on my eyes the night lang; whenever I am in the bed, I sit up in id, cryin'."

"Maya, ma cuishla, we won't part—we won't go from one another."

"Och, the sorrow is on my heart to know that the time for partin' has come!"

"No, no, Mary! no—it would be a desthruction to both of us."

"I know it will be the desthruction of one of us at any rate; listen to me well, my own bouchal baun; I'm thryin' to get ready to laive the world; there's something tells me that I won't live out the night that takes me from you; that the next mornin's breakin' will look down on the corpse o' Maya Moore!"

"An' you tell me to quit your side, Maya, in the same breath that tells me that! you love me as well as that, an' you bid me laive you! Cuishla, *I*'d give up house an' home, kith an' kin, land an' goold, if land an' goold were mine, for *you*."

"An' I'd do the same for you, my poor gorçoon, if so doin' only concerned mysef in this world, an' laid up no evil for me in the next: but I wouldn't break the ould mother's heart, and arn her dyin' curse."

"Och, my own calleen! what is to become of us then? Maya, Maya, the love is on my heart for you ever since we were little childher, goin' to the school together! an' now I see that you're in want o' the pity as mooch as mysef!"

"I remember the time you spake of, well. There was a day that I climbed up an' spilt the masther's ink, an' you took the blame on yoursef, widout my knowin' id, an' you never cried when they punished you; but suffered like a stout little man for my sake; an' I call to mind when we used to come home together of an evening, an' when the rain would be falling, you'd take off your coat to cover me, an' walk in the peltin' shower widout a tack to shelther you from id; an' I remember the singin' birds you'd bring me, and the nosegays you'd pull for me; avoch! I remember everything—up to the very May-mornin' whin you tould me I was your own cuishla-gal-machree; an' if I was the misthriss of a coach-an'-six to-night, not the weeniest word or deed that ever passed between us, could Maya forget, my poor bouchal baun."

"An', afther all, Maya, you talk of goin' from me?" One only idea was at present in the lad's mind, and that one expressed, with but little variation of words, every time he spoke.

"I'm goin' from you into the grave—but then I'll die free of my mother's death, an' of my mother's curse, an' maybe God will give me a comfort in the life to come. What grieves me most of all, at present, is the knowledge that I must laive *you* broken-hearted too, for your poor Maya."

"Maya," he said trembling, while she wept and sobbed in his arms, "if things are to turn out that way, God's heavy curse on my heart, if it does *not* break!" His tears now flowed fast with hers. She started, sat erect, and looked across the stepping-stones.

"What is id?" he asked.

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"Did you see nothing over the sthrame?" He answered "No." "Nor hear any noise? But there's no one to be seen now, an' nothin' to be heard but the whistlin' wind an' the runnin' wather—an' sure I was only puttin' foolish things into my own mind——" Again her head rested on his shoulder, as, amid tears and sobs scarcely lessened or interrupted by her momentary fright, she uttered, in a very low voice, the young man's name: and when he replied, she went on.

"You know the berrin'-place of my unfortunate people, my poor gorçoon? Yes, you do—only, you'd know id betther when you follow another coffin there: I remember well you walked afther my father's, and afther my two brothers' coffins, to it; so, you'll come there of a Sunday; an' you'll kneel down, bare-headed, on a new-made grave, an'——"

"Cuishla! cuishla! stop them words—I won't listen to them! an' I won't part you, neither! I can't part you! never will I part you! My father is poor, and has nothing to give me; but I'm an able boy; I can go through a day's work with any other that ever held a plough; I'll take a bit o' ground; I'll dig on it; we'll build a little cabin on it; I'll labour in our little garden afther the day's work for the farmers, and afore the day's work—afore the sun rises, an' long afther the sun goes down; an' I'll work so well for others, as well as for you, that the rich farmers will come to seek me out, and to hire me; I'll keep up your mother an' yourself; an' if there's a fort'n' to be made on Ireland's ground, or a penny, I'll arn it for my colleen; an' we'll be happy together; happy, though not very rich; but to part you! sittin' here wid you to-night, an' my arms about you—to talk of partin' from you! Maya, I say again, we'll never part."

"Avoch! many's the time my own thaights an' my own heart brought before me the bit o' land, an' the little cabin, an' the little garden, an' everything you spake of—ay, an' more; I seen my own self helpin' you in the garden, or makin' or mendin' for you at the cabin dour; or busy about the fluer, inside, to be ready for your comin' home in the evening; but id was all a dhrame! an empty dhrame, though a very happy one! as empty as the wind that whistles on the hill behind us, an' as unthrue as that the stars are dancin' in that wather, though *that* seems thrue enough, too. No, bouchalein. The mother's curse, an' the mother's grave rises between us, an' opens between us! We *are* parted for ever in this world—an' may God help us both!"

"I say no, still, Maya! no, no! do *you* listen to me now. We are promised to one another in the holy name, an' nobody on earth has the right to stand between us!"

"Is id the anger is comin' upon you, bouchal baun?" she asked.

His looks and accents, as well as his words, told that a change began to work within him.

"An' why shouldn't the anger come on me, if id did come?—why should your mother desthroy us both for the sake of a wasteful dinner or a new gawnd, or a curtshy an' a 'God save you, ma'am?'—us—two young people in the mornin' of our days—long life an' many hopes before us—cover my Maya undher the sod o' the grave, an' send me—if I didn't soon lie by her side—send me, a mad creature,

over the face o' the earth, killin', I believe, any live thing that would stand up afore me. By the night that's above our heads, I'll not go from you, Mary! There's no one, I say, has the right over you but myself, an' I hould you close—an' I will hould you close!"

"Och, bauchal ma-chree! don't say them cross words to me, an' don't press me so hard—would you hurt me, as well as frighten me, now?—take away your hands, an' let me be goin' home to the mother, in the name o' God."

"Home you'll not go, Mary—never!"

Still holding her in his arms, he suddenly started up with the terrified girl, bore her rapidly across the stepping-stones, laid her at the base of the granite rock, and cast himself by her side.

"What did you bring me here for, ma bouchal?" she whispered, standing up, as well as she was able, after a shrinking glance around, which informed her where she was. He did not answer; but she saw him turn upon his breast, and cover his face with his hands, while his limbs shook or started, and deep sounds of great passion escaped him. Ay, the master-fit was upon him. "Now, my poor boy, you frighten me more and more—the good night to you, for I must——"

He again interrupted her, starting up to her side, and clasping her wildly—"No, Maya, no;—not the good night!—no, no!"—and amid showering tears and choking sobs he impressed upon her lips and cheek kiss after kiss, in rapid succession. Mary was unable to struggle against his strength and blind impetuosity.

"Free me," she could only say, in a low voice, "free me; an' tell me, I ask you again, why have you brought me to this evil spot?"

His paroxysm grew less: now, in his turn, his head fell on her shoulder; and, though he still held her, his grasp relaxed as he at length answered—"I don't know why, Mary; I can't tell you why; it has gone out of my mind, I believe, if ever it was in id; or I brought you here only to bring you somewhere—no matter where—with me, may be—yes, that's the thruth."

"Let us quit it, then: 'twas here Nora Grace lost her life; an' they say that when two thrue lovers stand together near this stone, in the night time, bad fortune is in the path of one o' them, or both o' them—come."

"Yes, so they say; an' we are two thrue lovers—an' we are stannin' near the stone—an' the sayin' will turn out to be a right sayin', if you don't hindher id, Mary."

Silence ensued, while, in the imperfect light, she endeavoured to read the meaning of the young man's features. "Maya," he resumed, in a broken hoarse tone.

"What is id?" she asked, ill at her ease, and speaking with difficulty.

"Will you come your ways with me and be my own Maya?"

"Where with you, bouchalein? where could we go together?"

"Anywhere that gives our heads a shelter—there can be love anywhere."

"O bouchal, bouchal! you will let me home to the poor ould mother, an heaven will have a blessin' in store for you."

"I give you the warnin', Mary—don't say the no to me, this night"

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"An' well you know I wouldn't, cuishla, if the mother's death an' the mother's curse were not in our road afore us!"

"Maya, you must, or——"

"Or what?—why do you stop? Is it hurt or harm you'd put on your own poor Maya?"

"No!" he roared out, stamping on the sward; "No!—there!—I free you!—I take my arms from around you! Go your ways, now, to your mother, if you like!—only listen to me first. Listen well to me. By the cross o' blood on this stone——" He was stepping closer to the rock, his hand raised.

Mary interrupted his words, crying loudly, "Don't lay your hand on id, to swear by id!—don't touch it!

"By the cross o' blood on this stone," he repeated, slapping his palm against it so smartly that the little solitude rang to the sound he produced by the action.

Mary flew after him, tore away his hand, flung herself on his neck, and after glancing around her, much terrified, and in great apprehension, whispered, "An oath was swore, afore now, on that cross, an' the man that swore it was forced to keep it! It became his fate to keep it, though he grew sorry for takin' id, an wanted not to do what it bound him to do!—so don't, bouchal-baun, don't swear the oath, but come out of this unlucky place, at this unlucky hour—come, we'll talk more goin' back the way towards the house—come, a-graw-gal machree!"

She saluted his cheek entreatingly. But her moody lover was not to be shaken, in his present purpose at least. He swore the oath. A certain terror-moving ballad had been, if we remember aright, written about the time of which we speak, but was certainly unknown to the rustic lad; and yet his oath contained a threat very similar to that used by "a warrior so bold" to "a virgin so bright." "By that cross," said he, "I swear that if you marry any man but me, Maya Moore, I will take my own life on the sod where we stand; and, if ever a departed soul came back to this world, I swear that my ghost will be seen at your wedding-supper. That's my oath; and half of it I'll keep, as sure as the stars are twinklin' above us, and the other half too, if I can."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Mary. "O bouchal, you know that a bad spirit has power in this place, an' now hears your oath."

"Then let the bad spirit be a witness for me."

The young man yelled aloud this raving speech, and as fearful a yell as his own replied to him; while, to one side of the granite rock appeared, elevated from the ground, a whitish form, vaguely resembling the human shape, but, to Mary's terrified glance, wavering, as if it were disjointed—nay, as she afterwards averred, headless, and

> "It was so thin and transparent to view
> You might have seen the moon shine through."

Mary instantly disengaged herself from her lover, and with a shriek, which produced a second yell all around her and above her, darted across the stepping-stones of the stream, ran up the Lacken-na-monh, gained her mother's door, burst it open, and, one step beyond its threshold, fainted, and sank down, "a weary weight." It was not of

her lover she was then afraid—nay, in her wild race, she did not even think of him; and he, daring as had hitherto been his words towards the "bad spirit," and all-engrossed as he had seemed with the idea of losing his mistress, became, even sooner than Mary, a victim to his unspeakable fears, falling, the instant she left his side, senseless and motionless at the base of the "Rock of the Bloody Cross."

And now we have placed ourselves in a dilemma which produces some fear, though not of the ghost, for ourselves. Be lenient to us, O gentlest of readers! while, on a fresh page, we afford ourselves breathing-time, to deprecate thy offended dignity.

## CHAPTER X.

Dearest reader, there was———But how can we bring ourselves to say the words? to shape them so as that the avowal they must contain shall meet thy severe eye in the form best calculated to win thy forgiveness?

Hast thou ever, when a school-boy, been called in from the play-ground to account, before thy master's face, for some abominable act of riotousness, observed by him while haply taking his breakfast at a —by the forgotten window? In similar feelings to those thou mayest have experienced on such an occasion, do we now hang down our head before thee ——. And yet, dearest reader, why should we hang down our head? Thou mayest complain, doubtless, when the murder is out—as out it must surely come—that we have been guilty of an unwarrantable imposition upon thy good sense, or have descended into clap-trap to produce, for an instant, "a thrilling interest," or brought so closely together the extremes of the pathos and the bathos, or of the picturesque and the burlesque, or of the plausible and the ridiculous, that the contact is insufferable—is—in one damning word, is "in bad taste." Some of this, or all of this, thou mayest say; but could we have avoided the plain truth, for the mere purpose of writing on, according to the best approved rules of practical propriety? That is our first point of defence. Our next is a solemn declaration that we never intended to impose on your sense, good, bad, or indifferent, as it may be, but merely to give you a faithful account, just as we got it ourselves, of how poor little Mary Moore and her athletic lover were imposed upon, in a state of feeling which left *them*, at least, few claims, for the time, to sense or rationality of any kind. Thirdly, we plead an inherent, hearty, healthy, abhorrence of clap-trap. Fourthly, we beg to ask thee, do not such extremes as thou wouldst object to, sometimes, nay often, meet, in the quick succession and incongruous linking together of the most real events of this strange life? Hast thou never known pathos whine itself down into a peroration to its own laughter? or the absurd, in some curious, whimsical, ornamental, arabesque way, dovetail itself, in any instance with the awful?

For our own parts, we know of an elopement which, had it taken place, must have left to the world's pity—that is, scorn—a father and his six legal sons and daughters,—hindered, and for ever hushed up, by a noise heard by the lady in her dressing-room, as she was putting on her bonnet, in the dark, to steal down the back stairs, because she believed it to be a supernatural noise—a warning, sent to awaken her conscience (or else her husband;) and it proved, after all, to be

caused only by a mouse knawing at her rouge-box. We know of another proposed elopement—a less improper one—one, in fact, between two devoted lovers, also frustrated by the sudden appearance in their path of a very harmless poor fellow, Billy Taylor by name, who could never have dreamed of intercepting them or pursuing them; but who was so generally voted a pest in conversation, that, appear wherever or whenever he did, merely in the hope of addressing a word to his fellow-creatures, the established usage was for all who saw him approach to turn their backs, and crying out—"But here's Billy Taylor!" run away from him; and so it happened in the case of the lovers we speak of; they, too, fled from Billy, retracing a good portion of the road they had come from the house of the lady's father to their carriage, until they ran plump against that very latter named gentleman, so that the lady was taken home again, and locked up. Nay—we have heard of a downright murderer frightened away from his victim's throat by the entrance upon the midnight scene of a witness in the shape only of a little black terrier. But why, dearest reader, overpower thee with pleas in extenuation of the admission we are about to make? To the following instance of a running-in upon one another, and a blurring together of the very distinct lines of solemn and absurd, we were witnesses.

Late upon a winter's evening a maiden lady was alluding, in her niece's presence, as well as ours, to an early attachment, gloomed for ever by the death of her lover. After his death, his spirit appeared to her, and she went on, bringing before us, with much effect, the appalling circumstance, when suddenly her nervous niece, strangely—and for ourselves laughably, though for herself, painfully excited—suddenly sprang from her chair, just at the spirit's appearance, and, with a sharp, and, we thought, spiteful tap of her extended palm, broke the spectacles on her aunt's respected nose into shivers.

And so, dearest reader, hoping to have now prepared thee, somehow or other, though we are not sure exactly how mercifully, to hear us, we at length venture to say out in full——

There was no apparition of a murdered maiden at the granite rock. True, we have asserted that the impertinent thing

> "Was so thin and transparent to view,
> You might have seen the moon shine through."

And so you might,—(that is, had the moon been in the sky,)—and no wonder, when, after Mary had fled, and her cowardly companion had dropped senseless at the sight, old Terence O'Brien moved two or three paces from the rock's side, and stood over the latter, still yelling, and waving on the top of his stick a new white muslin dress, which he had gone to the market-town to purchase for Mary, and which he meant her to wear on her marriage-day. And—"Ahoy!" still bellowed Terence, stirring with his foot his prostrate rival—"Ahoy, you loober! take a white saymew, in the offing, for a seventy-four, but you're only fit to be a parley-woo, an' not a heart-o'-oak, British sayman! An', shiver my hulk, but 'tis to ould Davy he's gone, sure enough, I believe!"

He again stirred the lad, and soon saw him jump up, however; and then ensued some stormy discourse between them.

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## THE HERMIT OF DALE.

### PART I.

In Derby once a baker dwelt,
A shrewd observant man,
Who well the best of fortune's flour
Had sifted from the bran.

Who had such store of golden ore,
Of silver and of brass,
That up and down "Old Moneybags,"
His current name did pass.

His looks were sharp as Christmas air,
His eye quick as the hawk,
That even when his lips were closed,
His features seemed to talk.

And thus it fell to buy and sell
His being did engross,
As he the only heaven and hell
Accounted gain and loss.

Old palmers who in Marie's name,
Asked alms from door to door,
Just glancing at the baker's house,
To linger there forbore.

To linger there forbore, because
As plain as house could speak,
It said fair charity was dead,
There dead and buried eke.

Moreover in the baker's heart
There lived, and on his tongue,
Hard words for all the wandering race,
Contempt, and bitter wrong.

Dark was his house: a dusty gloom
About it ever hung;
Whence fell a deep mysterious awe,
On strangers, old and young.

It was the spider's hall, the bat
There loved to shun the light:
Ah, me! it was a doleful place
For home of living wight.

The baker was a bachelor—
His love died in her spring;
And thence through all his weary life
He loved no living thing.

He loved no living thing; his heart
Was hollow, dead, and cold;
As was the heart of her he loved
Deep in the churchyard mould;

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And thence he strove its hollowness
To fill with hungry gold.

It was not filled. An angel came
Unto him in his sleep;
And then that man of iron frame,
Did moan, and groan, and weep.

O wherefore was the baker moved
To moan and groan and weep?
He knew his morning star of love
Beamed on him in his sleep.

He knew that gleam of golden hair,
Those eyes intensely bright:
The air, the shape, that charmed his youth,
Though robed in heavenly light.

Out from the heaven of love there came,
Out from domestic joy,
A spirit fair, the baker's peace,
To torture and destroy.

All he had loved in early life
Were with him in his sleep:
His parents, brothers, sisters, all—
Well might the miser weep.

Uprising from those blessed dreams,
How drear his hearth and cold!
He felt his house become a hell,
And cursed his hoarded gold.

He lost his rest, he loathed his food,
He joyed not day or night,
Sweet memories of his boyhood came
Upon him like a blight.

Dry grew his eyes, and hot: no more
Sweet tears refreshing ran;
He moved about the house, or stood—
A melancholy man.

Unto the virgin mother, then,
Unused to pray, he prayed
In agony of mind, that she
His life would end, or aid.

PART II.

O strange, O strange! O wondrous change,
The baker's robes are fine:
His house is filled with pleasant light,
He quaffs the rosy wine.

And can it be that doleful place,
The miser's drear abode?
With gleesome guest, with merry jest
The house is overflowed.

All they who pass along the street,
Perplexed sorely seem;
And rub their eyes, in wild surprise,
As walking in a dream.

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And can the music flow from thence,
Midst gay robes fluttering light?
They see it is, it is the same—
And gazing bless the sight.

All things of nice and rare device,
Are by the baker bought;
Silver and gold with gems inlaid
By cunning workmen wrought.

Of each degree, the fair and free,
Unto the baker's come;
Of gracefulness and nobleness
It is the joyous home.

With cates the board is richly stored,
The board is crowned with flowers:
They laugh at pain; in purple rain
The wine amongst them showers.

Ah, me! the baker's heart is sad;
Amidst that noisy glee
He strives his miseries to drown—
A woful man is he!

Whence throng these beggars all the street,
Up to the baker's door?
The baker has a gentle heart,
He feeds and clothes the poor.

He fills the hungry, soothes the sad,
He makes the sick his care;
His fare is very good,—his words
Are better than his fare.

If pious deeds may aught bestead
The melancholy mind,
The baker now should be at ease—
His heart should solace find.

It is the midnight still—how still!
The revellers are away;
And the Abbot of the Black Friars
Is come with him to pray.

Is come with him to pray, for he
Is sorely tossed in mind;
Nor in his hospitable mirth
Can consolation find.

The abbot sees the iron chest,
With locks, or six or seven,
And though his lips are moved in prayer
His thoughts are not in heaven.

Away the abbot bears with him
A goodly abbey gift;
Yet no whit lighter is his heart:
More gold than he could lift
Would scarcely seem to him to be
Fit guerdon for that shrift.

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And from the priory there comes,
All smiles, like suit to press,
With sharpest talons sheathed in fur,
Like gentle leopardess—
And she bears back a gift with her—
The Lady Prioress.

To rich and poor he opes the door
Of the house which is his hell,
That happiness may enter in,
That with him will not dwell.

Again there comes a change, O strange!
That house is still and cold,
As in those days of misery
Wherein he hugged his gold.

The beggar sees it with a curse,
Forgetting what he had;
And like an owl, the monk in his cowl,
He sees it, and is sad.
Never an eye that moves that way,
Beholding it, is glad.

Whither he's gone there knows not one
Of friends that were his foes;
And through the region round about
The wonder grows and grows.

PART III.

O Depedale! lively is thy land
With pasturing herd and flock;
And lovely is thine Hermitage
Cut in the solid rock.

A cheerful place of healthful life—
A spot of Nature's love;
With greenest grass up to the door,
And crowned with trees above.

With that one arch before thee set—
That one old abbey window fair;
The only wreck of the rich fane
That restless Time would spare.

Hither, when hermitage was none,
The Derby baker came,
Deep in these wild and tangled woods
His lone abode to frame.

Here in the hollow oak he made
His dwelling night and day,
Whilst he with unrelenting hands
The hard rock cut away.

For him, thus occupied, to cheer,
The flowers wore looks of love;
For him the nightingale sang sweet,
The thrush, and amorous dove.

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And, though unnoted, on his mind
The changes of each passing hour,
With all sweet hues and harmonies,
Had salutary power.

And much was missed, through cheerful toil,
That long had weighed upon his frame:
And joy and health, as from a fount,
Gushed from his cherished aim.

Nor was it till, through labour long,
Perfected was this fair recess,
He felt, of his unworldly life,
The quiet weariness.

But by degrees whate'er he sees,
And hears, hath power to please him less;
And deeper, heavier on him grows
That quiet weariness.

For him who in the town had dwelt,
In daily sound of passing feet,
The still intensity of woods
Had an oppressive weight.

But shaking off that heaviness
Ofttimes, he sought the village near,
With cheerful sight of human life
His moody mind to clear.

Serlo de Grendon, where is he,
The owner of this wide domain?
In Ockbrooke woods he comes to hunt,
And with him comes a noble train.

The stag has crossed the Derwent river;
Has also crossed the broader Trent;
And worn with that most desperate chase,
In Depedale now is spent.

Old Hermit, quick, put out your fire,
Allow no white and dancing smoke
To rise for Lord de Grendon's eyes
Above the forest oak.

Wroth is the noble hunter—rage
Fiercely possesses him: he sees
That light-blue wreath curl up to heaven
From cut his forest trees.

"Audacious wretch!" the noble cries:
"The villain, whosoe'er he be,
Who thus presumptuously hath dared,
Shall hang on the first tree!"

Tremble not, Hermit, be thou calm,
Howe'er the angry lord may chafe:
The Cross that stands before thy door
He sees—and thou art safe.

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He sees that other image fair,
Poor dweller of the woodlands lone!
The virgin, whom thy hands have carved
Religiously in stone.

He sees, he pities thee, nor can
Thy prayer to linger there gainsay:
And of his mill of Borrowash
He grants thee tythe alway.

Now happier had the Hermit been,
Would but that Evil Spirit rest,
That vexed him there, that tries him here
With various arts unblest.

That Spirit, him who hither sent,
In likeness of the Virgin Mother,
Appearing to him in a dream,
Was Satan, and no other.

For hither by a gracious vision
The baker deemed he had been sent,
In fasting and in prayer to pass
His last days penitent.

Again the Evil Spirit toils
To work the Hermit more displeasure,
To make him doubt his stedfast faith,
And loathe his too much leisure.

Again he in luxurious dreams
Is with most dainty viands cheated;
With wine, with beauty, and with song,
His fancy strongly heated:
All his late joyous banquetings
Are o'er and o'er repeated.

Alas! poor Hermit, to thy crust
How sadly didst thou waken;
And from thy tasteless water turn
To what thou hadst forsaken!

The Hermit prayed, the Hermit slept:
And like a phœnix from his dust
Arose, the pride of ages thence
Dale Abbey's dome august.

Uprose it, as by magic, fair,
In this secluded valley, still
With gorgeous images of power
The peasant's mind to fill.

One arch alone remains—fair wreck!
Fit emanation from the soul
Of architectural grace, to show
The grandeur of the whole.

But thou, old Hermitage, art here—
Out-lasting long the Abbey's glory:
Memento graven in the rock
To keep alive the Hermit's story.

RICHARD HOWITT.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.[1]

Saw Pompeii to-day. Interest palls now toward the old Campanian city—the old Etrurian city that was ere Rome was cradled. Stale to us now are become those strange, strange revelations of the by-gone years, the domestic privacies of Greece and Rome, and the art, and science, and manners of old days. Yet though this be, and curiosity fade in our familiarity with its story, tread, fellow traveller, the voiceless streets and halls, lone homes and roofless fanes of this, the unsepulchred city of the antique dead, where silence as of death in death's worst aspect sits, on all that wears a semblance as of life;—go, where the echoes of but your own step awake the lizard on the grassless grave, or moaning winds be all that move where now the tombs themselves have become tenantless—*walk* Pompeii, and on you comes the spirit of the spot as though it were your excavating spade first struck in disentombing its first shaft; as though to you its tale were now first told, and myriads had not trodden its dust before you. In this human mine, however, new veins are cut as the excavations advance; and the richer edifices, and art's greater treasures, therefore, would be quarried toward the acclivities of the hill, or without the city's walls, and it is in these directions they burrow. The last is accordingly the noblest private mansion discovered.

Pompeian dwellings, though not all the construction of one race of people—the Campi Felici having had in all ages successions of masters, the Oscan, the Tyrrhenian, the Pelasgian, the Samnite, and the Roman, each subduing the other, the clime sole conqueror of all—yet agree in this, that classical, chaste, and elegant though they for the most part be, they are all, or nearly all, of the narrowest dimensions. We wonder, and why? and still less complain? These straightened dimensions, this uniformity, prevailed in private dwellings in the old days of equal citizenship, when modesty of habitation spoke simplicity of manners. Greece left to "barbarians" the measuring greatness by extension, and sought beauty in proportion. Rome even, before all grew bloated with her, set grandeur apart for public structures and purposes of state. Now Pompeii, though other than Greek hands had reared many of her edifices, was half Hellenic in character and in manners; she was a city of Magna Græcia, and she had not had Rome long enough for lord, for her dwellings yet to have swollen to her tumid honours, and a Pompeiote in his narrow house—and narrow houses in another sense these soon became to many—might have told his Roman decurions, as Bacon did Elizabeth, who had complained that her chancellor's residence was incommensurate with his dignity, that it was not he who had made the house too small for him, but exaltation that had made him too large for his house.

The last mansion uncovered—La Casa di Fauna—is, however, of ampler size, and even a chancellor, who was a door-keeper only in the olden days, might dwell there without derogation, though they are driven now to borrow a designation for the dwelling, from a bronze manikin found there, in the absence of anything to identify its wealthy master.

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[1] Continued from p. 157.

The tesselated pavement, largely and brightly coloured, of the triclinium of this Casa di Fauna, is the finest Mosaic yet found. The design, full of life and variety, is a contest between Greeks and Persians. But why Alexander and Darius? The most prominent combatants have been so dignified, but certainly without warrant. This unequalled pavement shows the perfection to which was brought an art so valuable in climates where, even when they had them, carpets were impossible things for half the year; as the arrangement of the chambers of the noble house that contained it, shows also the beauty and simplicity of the Greek habitations. In the Atrium, a magnificent columnar hall, we saw standing a most delicately chiselled Sphynx of milk-white marble, supporting a marble tablet equally white: it had been recently disinterred, and was as fresh, its stone as stainless, and the workmanship, even in its minutest articulations, as perfect, as though it were all just warm from the sculptor's tools.

Pompeii, which is the imperial city *done in little*, may it not be in some sense said to help one's idea of Rome? Fill up in imagination, as you tread its streets, the now lost superstructures, whose bases are still left, and basilica and theatre, portico and forum, one after the other appears; stadium, and chalcidicum, and rotunda: its stately aqueduct stretching to the Sarno's source—the amphitheatre beyond the city's walls—the triumphal arches spanning its consular streets—edifice thus after edifice, how, as you pace its precincts, rush they upon you, radiant in noble architecture! The temples too, were they not embossed with statuary? Their courts, for you see their pedestals standing yet, were crowded with the marble populace. Then in every street the fountain, and there too the frequent altar reared to those tutelar gods—but titular now—with Romans of profoundest veneration. Then the patrician houses, facile as they were of access, how showed their vistas through the opened doors; saloons air-bright, and sunlit colonnades, with peristyle, and garden, and plashing fount; the painted halls beyond, where ancestral bust and larial stood around—frescoes and mosaics, bronze and arabesque:* the custom too, universal almost, of staining the walls with pigments of the yellow antique or Tyrian purple, how gorgeous beneath the skies of Naples those vivid tints, of the composition of which we are now as ignorant, as of the mystery of their stuccoes, which, where marbles were too costly, were substituted; but both are here seen still, the simulated marble and the colour that dyed it, fresh as a flower new gathered the one, the other hard as the tinted stone it rivalled. While in all, through all, pervaded and prevailed that atmosphere of the fine arts, that breath of beauty, which unexhausted still in urn, and statue, and fresco, and tripod, and candelabrum, lived, even to their veriest household vessels, whose forms even we are still but too glad to ape in the decorations of our choicest chambers.

Then sit here in this silent theatre. Before its graceful scenium —niche and column where statues stood, — towered the lofty

* One is the more justified in enumerating these faery glimpses of the picturesque interior of their mansions among the striking peculiarities of Pompeii, inasmuch as the subject is the frequent theme of their frescoes.

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bronze from griffined plinth, (for all is plain,) flashing broad lustre on all around; down over the marble slabs, where imperatorial seat and chair stood ranged in the podium, where met the edile or proconsul proud, duumvir or impeccant vestal dame listening to the Roman satirist. Equestrian rank and magistrate had chosen space; and behind them, range on range, still widening as they ascended, ran aloft the semicircular seats, plebeian stone, where sat and laughed the city's populace, mingling unawed with the Roman soldiery. *Peruse* Pompeii throughout. Fill up the unobliterated outline left; then say, its provincial cities like to this, do they not aggrandize one's thoughts of Rome? And yet, no, no—awaken, kindly quicken them it may; the words are only spoken to be recalled, for what to imagination can exalt the surpassing glories of Imperial Rome!

Without, however, debating what this now broken relic of another world *was*, none of the drawings, multiplied though they be, seem to me at all to realise what it *is*. Profound solemnity, the silent, soundless quiet of the grave amidst the signs of varied life—one of the most melancholy of mortal things—that alone would defy painting; but Vesuvius, which, as you look at it from its base, is no longer that majestic form, arrayed in air, which is seen from the opposite shores of the bay, or from any distance sufficient to command its noble contours, and mellow down its ruggedness, soars here, dusk, and abrupt, on high like a mighty shadow from the very confines of Pompeii. And as close it hangs and lowers over the disentombed city as hungry to replunge it back again, it looks with its broad crests, black as a hydra's, and as numerous, like a nightmare on the heart of sleep, and inspires as distempered thoughts. The horrific impression of this closeness of the volcano, with the sullen Somma hills opposite to it, covered with forests to the clouds, superadds to some aspects of the silent city a grandeur and sublimity which I certainly never saw in painting, and which I presume the necessity of preserving other peculiarities of the place, has led artists to exclude.

There is a well-known wreck of a well-known temple here, the mystery of whose worship seems not even yet regarded in imagination without some sense of awe. Is this saying too much of the dark rites of the Egyptian Isis, with their dread veils, and uncouth signs, and dismal sacrifices?

The importance of the trade through Alexandria with India would constrain Rome to naturalize the gods of the Nile, notwithstanding the edicts against their worship, which she in all her tolerance was driven to issue: and to Saturnine creeds, which inculcated exclusive dominion for themselves alone, and endurance to none besides, Indulgence her very self would prescribe intolerance. But there is a singular coincidence with this practical admission by the Romans of the Egyptian gods, while they tortured the Christian and the Jew, in the jealous spirit of Christianity; itself having also, in the days of its plenitude, shown the same forbearing tenderness toward the same symbolic faith: for when Paganism was proscribed by those Christian emperors, who were so wonderfully unanimous in casting out the 'emons, as they called the gods of their great ancestors, and in delishing the temples as their dwellings, thus enfeebling their em-

pire by destroying one of the chief moles whereon it was based, they would yet, with small consistency perhaps, often leave unmolested the worship of that land from which Pagan and Christian equally had much of their rites and faith; (for as the Jew was the trunk whose branches are the Mahomedan and Christian creeds, the land of Egypt was the mother soil of all.) Whether it were filial respect, I know not, or that Egypt was *not* Rome, or that there was more darkness than danger in the mystic faith of the Nile, but Apis has been often left, by holy bulls, ungored, and Ammon unshorn, by edicts, of his horns, when the very Dian of Rome and of Greece was held no more inviolate, and hoary Jove, in his decrepitude, quailed before each thunder-bearing presbyter.

These so mysterious rites were sacred too in another sense, that no one could find them out, and one of the statues found here was that of Oxus with his finger on his lip like Silence, intimating the mystic secrecy of their worship. But, their oracles' very arcana need be small secret now, and without fearing the fate of Actæon for spying the nakedness of the land, you may penetrate the penetralia of Dian's very recess, (Isis was the Diana of the Nile,) and see the secret stair, sunk cell, and cavernous way, whereby the priest, in those Augustan days, skulked to his hole to turn the very shape, even of the deity at whose shrine he was minister, into the instrument of his impostures.

Within the temple were suspended two very terrible tables of the law. Sound doctrine theological of course. What was forbidden I have not skill to read; but I would undertake without Champollion to name one sin that was *not*, either in Egypt's, nor in any other decalogue the world ever saw—Tithes—nor the thing, nor the name; which with the ever-working ceremony, the numerous altars, and, more perhaps than all, a certain other vocation followed by these holy men, (for they had a double calling, the half of which is filled by their own sex here to this day,) must together have produced a revenue not inconsiderable in amount, though, no doubt, what they sold was cheap at the money. With the statues of Isis and Anubis, and Hippopotami, and other monsters, were discovered also those of Bacchus and Venus—the latter veneered with gold—and also of Priapus. There are scoffers, who would say, pretending to be shocked at the things of which these were signs, that the mystic veil of the verecundious Diana was not worn inappropriately, inasmuch as it would hide at least the sight of her shame at her temple's desecrations; and say, too, that the old world, whose wisdom we so admire, was sadly befooled after all. Happy we, whose sagacity future times shall laud without alloy of our credulity.

The existence of so many skeletons in these pure precincts is explained on the supposition that the priests, like others in their mendacity, who tell their lies till they themselves believe them, had taken by mistake to their knees instead of their heels; and in lieu of seeking safety by flight from the horrors gathering over them, had thought to save their own lives by taking away others—endeavouring thus by sacrifice to avert destruction, until they were overtaken by it, and so lost by seeking what they hoped to find. Can't say—I leave learned men to decide. The sacrilegious Flamen, too, scuttling away,

with the money-bags in his confusion is well known; as is also the other, with the sacrificial hatchet in his gripe, as if fresh from the fruitless propitiation, or, according to severer commentators, caught in a burglarious attempt upon the cellarage. But they impeach still further the virtue of these saints on the strength of a certain ham-bone, which the learned aver was picked up, with those of sundry pullets also, in the augurial chambers. Now righteous people, how spiritually-minded soever they may be, do eat, and of unclean meats too, on every day in the week, Fridays and all, and the sky doesn't fall, and its thunders are still, and even Vesuvius is undisturbed: but then there was—was there not? a certain Pythagorean vow which forbad meats to these dark Levites. Hungering after the flesh-pots of Egypt would be a sin in them therefore under the law. Yet we should not, still, admit too readily that the evil concupiscence of no lay-brother had been in this, as in other cases, laid to the charge of the unoffending fraternity; and perhaps, also, our great respect for the brotherhood would make us pause upon the validity of that comparative anatomy which presumes so to identify this supposititious bone, and to distinguish the half-pulverized knuckle of a Pompeian pig from that of any other of the ark's inmates, one of the attenuated cattle here, for instance, who might have been on duty at Apis—and here a horrid thought, inspired by Ahrimanes himself, came to us—suppose, it said, that in the confusion of the time these priests and flamens, seized with a violent longing for their ox-divinity, should have taken a fancy to feast upon his cutlets—a savory mode of transubstantiation in their last supper, which would make Apis-cians of them with the devil to pay. This, however, was negatived entirely as quite shocking. But still, as our intelligent guide talked of his *ossa*, we turned at the moment, and there, close behind us, *was* one of those sleek and slender-limbed creatures we had just thought of. Gently it came, with hide of cream and eyes of jet, and soft as an antelope's, stooping with its broad horns over the brook to slake its thirst at the bubbling stream, as it ran among the ruins of the temple. But whether this really was a stray remnant of the celestial family, come here to ruminate on the stalls of his forefathers;* and, whether to impeach or vindicate the augurs, we leave to that same antiquarian refinement which can discriminate ham from pork so patly, in a calcined bone that has been in the custody of the infernal gods for nearly two thousand years.

The tunnelling for the stream we have mentioned might have been, one would have thought, the means of discovering the lost city, for where it was, was a problem a century ago, and they searched the earth for it, as you drag a pond for a dead body, but it was not the means, and the excavations did not begin until 1755.

But human things to *humans* have aspects as many as there are

* The Egyptian Apis was the calf of a cow that could have no more young. The cow elect was struck by lightning, when she conceived and produced Apis, and "the die was broke in moulding Sheridan." Yet this miraculous conception does not militate against relationship collateral; other progeny might have preceded the birth, parallel cases of which could be adduced. The Scoliast of Ptolemy says that Apis's tail increased or diminished accord ing to the age of the moon—a sort of Lu-nometer.

human eyes to see them; and, I wonder what a utilitarian among the rest would say to this City of the Dead, as poor Scott so often called it in traversing is streets, with whose dwellers he was so soon to be numbered. Mill-stones there are here in the public bakeries, the same in form as those father Abraham used, and the Suffolk Sabine uses, and would be ready for the working with a little amendment,—and the furnace and the cooling rooms are there to boot, and an oven that only waits the heating. Amphoræ there are for oil that call but for the filling, and then might be vended, in the very marts they stood in, when, perhaps,—and who shall gainsay it? Epictetus went there with his illustrious cruise to buy him some oil for his beans. And if the very merchant were to revisit the glimpses of the moon once more, here stands his shop as he left it—only the roof where the floor was, that's all. Then there are glass, and milk, and bronze, and terra cotta shops, the sign and the epigraph over their lintels, as in Resina, their neighbour, now. There is an ostelrie, with its stove to cook comestibles, and a farriery, with the iron for the smith's vocation and magazines, where figs, and chesnuts, and prunes, and grapes, were found in vases of glass. A chemist's, too, which was stored with pharmaceuticals—its sign, a serpent eating an apple, which meant, I suppose, that health, which the snake stands for in this case, was to be got by the taking of pills; and a surgical college, with obstetric tools among its instruments of torture. Then we have a post-house, one of those probably which Augustus erected on the consular ways; and a dogana too, but quite unequal to modern uses, the pactolian streams of tax and impost that irrigate Rome's meanest provinces now demanding wider channels than of old, when boundless empire was the ocean to be fed. A wine-shop then we have, with Bacchus figuring on one side as the genius Loci, and Minerva on the other to propitiate the vintner's traffic. Then clouds of those Thermopolia, where warm decoctions were dispensed—ancient cafés they were in fact—and on the stone counters of one of them the stains of its beakers still remain. I shut the catalogue, however, without telling of the many goodly houses that only want roofs,—Pompeii being something like the illustrations of the Diable Boiteux, where withstood the enormous superincumbent weight, though buried in the all is uncovered that the traveller may see as Asmodeus does—nor of the noble baths, that really have roofs, the enduring arch having rotting soil since the eruption: but, I assume that our utility-disciple, with tears in his eyes at the sight of so much good property lying idle—dead, in fact—would cry,—no doubt he would?—"Let the place out by all means. Repair it, and let it. You have only to renumerate the habitations, the old numerals being dilapidated somewhat, not to say deranged, and there you are—a good rental, and who's the worse? and I'll take a shop to begin with. The people hereabout need make small change in their customs in the occupation, and so far from being forewarned that death hangs over them, Circumspice!"

And certainly, as to their being thus undeterred, he would be right enough, if that were all his rental depended on. Some sixteen years or so before these cities of the plain were buried alive, a very intelligible

notice to quit was served on their inhabitants in the shape of a rolling earthquake, which shook temple, and tower, and habitation to the ground, destroying many people. But Nero, who was on the stage at Naples at the time, is said to have refused attention even to this intelligence until he had finished his fiddling—the poor man seems very suspiciously always to have been at music when his cities were in jeopardy, I think—and his loving subjects, imitating their divine Cæsar in this indifference to Jupiter's ways of thinking, were found very loyally rebuilding their broken edifices, aye, and chiselling even in full confidence, the enduring monuments over their mutilated kith and kin of the last convulsion, sublimely unforewarned and unforearmed, when—down, like the Friar's Brazen Head, all came—that warning voice disdained as false now known as true too late.*

And as in that dread day it was even ere that day it had been. And Herculaneum was built over successive layers of old volcanic earth, as Pompeii itself also was. And, God knows, both cities might have stood above other cities reared ere Etruria existed perhaps—cities knew not that buried Herculaneum lay beneath the earth around it, of whose very existence the Pelasgian never had heard, yet still had dwelt above, just as Portici stood, and had for ages stood, and and that the very element its dwellers drank of ran among the relics of long-buried towns, and filtered through the bones of their progenitors.

And such as it has been such is it to this hour, and Torre del Greco, which well nigh shared the fate of Pompeii but a year or two since, is now as galliard as white walls can make it, as though the tenants of its phœnix-born buildings had never howled amidst their burning homes or fled to their Madonna's shrines for safety. With lavas, in fact, the houses here are all reared, and roofed, and paved, and coated. And such it is all around Vesuvius, where men build of the very lapillo and tufo stones that cracked the skulls of by-gone generations; even if you cannot go further and say that they inhabit dwellings reared of the very tomb-stones of their fathers, graceless sinners as they are, in half the cities and towns around the bay. Thus would men seem, in these regions as race after race they roll on in fecundity, something like the coral insect in seas remote, the sepulchre of each brood, as it passes away, forming a substruction for the dwellings of its offspring, so that each succeeding stratum marks a generation. Yet man here is not of the order either that would seek, like the Carthusian monks, to lie in their shrouds to familiarise their minds with dissolution: on the contrary, they run away from the very dream of it, and have so morbid a distaste to even the look of death, that they dress and paint a dead body as though it were going to a wedding, and put every colour about their hearses but black. Perhaps they are made deaf by the sirens of their shores to the sermons the stones preach around them. But there needs no explication further than that where man once has built, there man, unteachable and incorrigible, will build again: and doubtless, when, in some untold hour, these Phlegethonian founts once more shall play, and other seals be

* Charred wood is often found during the excavations, proving the city to have been partially burnt. And water was certainly another agent in its demolition. So that, to avoid the difficulty upon the subject, we had better settle the human hash to have been something between a boil and a fry.

rent and vials poured, there will be victims where there have been before, another Gomorrah will be found unlessoned by the last, its dust to be as is Pompeii's now, the unspiritual resurrection of an earthly future, whence men may know, as from some mammon's bones, what shape life took in—perhaps our noisy day.

But I must not forget that Pompeii, though unequalled in the interest it excites in those who look on it in its desolation, is, to those who do not, but as a thrice-told tale.

We asked the custodian, as we were leaving, what number of years it would take to unearth the city entirely. "At the rate they work," answered he, smirking, "two hundred." "Suppose now," we said, "they were to trundle some of their unemployed myriads in for a year or two, less might serve, and leaving the treasure trove all unrifled, which with the guards and sentinels already here, would be without risk, impose a toll on admission." We were answered by a contortion. Ferdinand, when returned to Naples, at the general restoration, refused for some time to continue these excavations, because they had been adopted by Murat: as the same sage personage refused also to be driven upon either of the two roads made in the environs of his capital during his absence, because they had been cut by the French. And supposing that some such magnanimity might arrest the labours still, we have thought it as well to record the scheme we suggested, thinking that as it would be profitable—for Pompeii thus would be a marvel to draw half Europe to stare at—it might awaken the cupidity of the lazy lazzarone councils, when taste, or sense, or dignity, or reasons of state, are all without avail.

In driving from Pompeii, through roads deep in volcanic dust, under the solemn impression of the scenes we had left, we could not but deem how much this once noble city looks, as seen now, like an emblem of all that Italy itself is, a record of dead ages, of splendour but in its memorials, a ruin, and as a ruin only beautiful. Or should we more fitly liken Italy to the scathed rock that overhangs the city's grave, a sign of energies that are no more, a power well nigh extinct, and so Vesuvius in his pauses seems, token of might and majesty in days that are now past. So *looks* Vesuvius, so Italia *looks*. And may the parallel reach to days that are to come.

We drove through the two Torri among vineyards ready for the vintage and orchards flowing with fruit. In gay-looking Portici are royal palaces and other fine things; but there we cared for the only sight that was not there to see, and there we sought but the only sounds that were not there to hear, like the doomed Lady in the Witch Ballad; and those who remember Auber's fascinating strains and don't forget the charms of that most charming ballet that ever charmed and cheered the heart of town-tired mortal, will not laugh at us that it was so. The ballet of Massaniello is not admitted at Naples, which is no marvel.

The palace, however, at Portici, it may be worth while to state, was built just a century ago by Charles of Bourbon, (Carlo 3°, ) firstly because the place abounded in quails, and secondly because he had a royal passion for building. They reminded him, when the fit took him, that the ground he chose was under Vesuvius and over Herculaneum. But he scorned the counsel—he had just scattered the armies

of the Austrians, and was *warming* in the throne his courage had twice won, and said, elate, "No; God Amighty will take care of us still, and the Immaculate Virgin, and San Gennaro." And there stands the fabric still, sure enough, though in a most combustible position; no doubt in virtue of San Gennaro.

There is a statue, by the way, and it is by the way, of this old celestial peer and martyr (he was martyrised by Diocletian) a few miles further on, whrch was raised in commemoration of an event, authentic as the liquefaction of his blood—a periodical miracle performed to crowded audiences every four months; viz. his having cured a bad eruption of the mountain once upon a time. With outstretched arm the heavenly watchman stands in his marble box, as rebuking the rebellious rock, and staying the red sea of lava as it rolls, but he looks, nevertheless, very like an ancient maiden scared at a cur or soothing a capricious steed. It must be confessed that what with the soil and the people of Naples, their patron saint has a deal of this world's dirty work upon his hands, and he must find his lodging up-stairs rather disquieted with it, I think. H. W. B.

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## YOUTH, THE FOUNTAIN, AND AGE.

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEATH'S DESTRUCTION," "THE PORTE-FEUILLE," &c.)

A CARELESS child ran down a mountain side;
He laughed with joy,
That happy boy,
His healthful heart with grief had never sighed:—
From the mountain,
Sprang a fountain,
E'en pure as crystal was the limpid stream,
And as it flowed,
The boy's cheek glowed
With rapture:—yet how soon's dispelled joy's dream!

"Whither, sweet fountain, do thy waters flow?"
So spoke the child,
In accents mild,
As he lay down upon the sward below,
Watching the spray,
In the sun's ray,
Of the clear sparkling drops that fell around;
Like diamonds thrown,
Or pearl-lets strewn;
Richly o'erspreading the soft emerald ground.

The breeze was hushed; the very leaves were mute,
Not e'en a bird,
Within them stirr'd:
When, lo! a voice, soft as a mellow flute,
Breathed out in sighs
Soft symphonies;
Which stole upon the senses of the child;—
His fluttering breath
Came calm as death;—
The fountain spake in doleful accents mild.

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"As thou art, so am I—of earth,
Who caused thy being, gave me birth;
I've flowed, aye, for a thousand years,
Amidst a vale of human tears:—
From me great rivers trace their source,
To the mighty sea my waters course;
And much of storm, wreck, death, I ween,
Hath passed 'midst my once calming stream;
And so life's changes, child, will be,
To thee a rough tempestuous sea;—
Youth is the fountain-spring of life,
That rushes to the sea of strife;
When manhood comes thou'lt sadly know
'Whither thy life's sweet waters flow.'"

Then all was silent save the rippling sound
The waters made:
A transient shade
Flushed o'er the spirit of the boy,—who found
He knew not why,
A deep-drawn sigh
Gush from his heart; the pang soon fled away,
'Midst breathing smiles,
E'en such sweet guiles,
As sunbeams lighting up an April day.

Onward he flew along his merry path,
Unheeded he
Of destiny;
And those dark cankering griefs which Sorrow hath
Garner'd for man,
Through his brief span:
Away, away, the rosy laughing boy
Danced o'er the flowers;
Time's precious hours
Sped priceless by,—his life knew no alloy.

* * * * * *

Years merged into the nothingness of Time;
The golden hair,
And beauty fair,
Of the sweet child were gone; for many a clime
Had preyed upon
The lovely one;
He had seen raging war, famine, and plague,
Stalk through the land,
A ghastly band;
At length his mind became a chaos—vague

Near the grey ruin of a fountain stood,
Palsied and wan,
An ancient man,
Stricken in soul—yet in no sullen mood:
"Fountain," said he,
"Most true to me,
Did'st thou presage my future lot of strife,
Yet see thy tide
Is nearly dried;
Thou'lt *ever* cease—mine is immortal life!

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# THE IMPREGNABLE BACHELOR.

## CHAPTER I.

Wotton Waven, in Warwickshire, was not near so large a village in the year 1769, as it is at the present day. The new church was not then built, nor had 'Squire Figgs erected his Elizabethan residence, Thunderbolt Castle. It was at that period a very little insignificant place indeed; but nevertheless had its wonders, as every village has I ever went into. There was the well that did belong to the old fortress, although the fortress itself was grubbed up, and seven feet, take it altogether, of a Roman wall, which the "Henly Guide" assures me was the erection of Numa Pompilius; also a burrow, in which Doctor Fossett had found the veracious bones of King Arthur; and the barn, in which Peter Numps murdered Lucy Sweetbread, was as good as new. The church, that is, the old church, had been built time out of mind; and boasted of an altarpiece from the pencil of Salvator Rosa Daub, a native of Wotton, who afterwards walked up to London, and had the honour of taking a portrait of Benjamin Franklin for the club-room of the Patriotic Good Fellows' Association. But, after all, the most wonderful thing about Wotton Waven, was the immense quantity of single women in the town and round about it. "Wotton Waven maids and Claverdon blades," was a proverb in Warwickshire. Girl after girl grew up to maidenhood, maiden after maiden declined into the vale of antiquity, and gravestone after gravestone bore the odious addition of spinster to the otherwise interesting descriptions of birth, death, and parentage; yet, luckless Wotton swarmed with maidens still, and the only thing that kept the population in the least afloat, was the influx of new faces from other parts of the county, who brought along with them breeding wives and a host of chopping children.

You are not to imagine our fair victims underwent their doom with resignation, or made no efforts to avert the curse that hung over them. Balls were given, races instituted, a library founded and liberally subscribed to, and mantua-makers and milliners imported by the score; but, well-a-day, single blessedness was an enemy no bribes could buy, nor defiance drive out of Wotton, and the parish register of births and marriages continued a little ominous volume, beginning with 14 April 1695. Indeed, I am told the same volume only finished filling last January.

At the date of my story, Wotton and its vicinity contained more than the usual number of single people. They were so numerous that I cannot describe them, which it is my intention of doing, without giving a little picture of the village itself.

It was a long, straggling place, built on the left-hand side of the river Alne, in the then road from Stratford to Birmingham. First came the parish church, which was outside the town; and next the church, the parsonage, in which lived the vicar, Mr. Halfstarve, and eleven daughters, between the ages of thirty and three, all unmarried,

the young ones because they were little, the elder daughters because they could not possibly help it. Next the parsonage came a farm house, and the farmer had a wife, but luckily for himself, no offspring. Then No. 1, in High Street, was Mr. Grab's, an attorney, well to do in the world, and he had an unmarried daughter rather lame of her right leg, but not much pitted with the small-pox. No. 2 was the grocer's, a young married man from Coventry; 3, 4, 5, and 6, vulgar shops; but 7 was inhabited by Master Stump, the surveyor, who was incumbered with an unmarried child of the age of forty; rumour said she would be as rich as Crœsus, but what availed riches in Wotton? Then came five more shops, which altogether mustered eleven single females; and the other end of High Street was flanked by Bolus, an apothecary from London, who, besides a son in his surgery, exhibited three young ladies, all calling him papa, one of whom, to the extreme wonder of Wotton, was courted by Mr. Lillywhite, her father's bound apprentice. Two or three rich vestals lived in detached cottages, and several others in the families of friends; the lady of the manor was a maiden, and the mistress of the workhouse an immaculate one; there were no married people in the workhouse, and but one widow in the poor woman's almshouses. Thus plenty of spinsters had Wotton Waven.

One house I have passed over that I might describe it more in detail—the Priory. It was a pert looking erection, of lively red brick, with white stone facings, and two orbs of granite at the termination of each end of it. It had also a small dome in the centre, surmounted by a weather vane, with a small brass cock crowing on the top. The Priory boasted a lawn in front, and a garden running down to the river at the back, orchard, and shrubbery, (the Wilderness was the name of it,) and very good stabling, if the tenant could afford to keep a carriage: I say, could afford; for at the commencement of my story, the Priory had been uninhabited sixteen years, owing to a chancery suit, which rendered it unsafe for any one to render himself liable for rent to seven different heirs at law.

However, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, things took a turn; he chancery suit ended, and all the property was sold to pay the expenses. Wotton Priory was bought much above its worth, said Grab the attorney, who had gone up to London expressly to bid for it at one-third of the real value. With the sale of the Priory ends my first chapter. I will change horses, reader, and then we will whirl along as briskly as ever.

## CHAPTER II.

The desolate Priory looked like one arisen from the dead. Bricklayers were pointing it, carpenters mending the doors and palings, glaziers putting in the broken windows, a labourer clipping the hedges, Dawkins the gardener mowing the lawn, and half a dozen charity children weeding the avenue. It was really so unusual a sight, and so very funny, as people call it, when they see something they are not accustomed to see every minute of their lives—it was so funny, I say, that the eldest Miss Halfstarve, who was watching these operations over the palings, burst into an ungovernable peal of laughter.

This roused the gardener, who was busy mowing the grass; he touched his hat, and looking humorous, "Mum," said he, "we're to have som'ody at the Priory."

"Ah, Dawkins! it is sold, is it not?"

"Ees, mum, they bees coming fro' Lunnon as is to live in't."

"From London, who is she?" said the lady, sighing at the idea of another maiden, perhaps younger than herself, coming to fill one of the great pews in the church, and make herself look small. "Who is she, Dawkins?"

"She!" said Dawkins, grinning, "No; we've shes enough in Wotton, God bless it! It's a he—mum."

The father of a family; this was worse and worse.

"Has he any daughters?" gasped Miss Halfstarve.

"None, as I know on; he's single, mum—a bachelor."

"A bachelor! O my dear Bella, exclaimed she to Miss Grab, who limped up to her; "this place is to be inhabited, and by a bachelor, my dear Bella."

"Well, I know that," said Bella, coolly; "my father told me all about it when he came from London."

Now Miss Halfstarve and Miss Grab had long been friendly-enemies—a term most of my fair readers will readily understand. They accosted each other with "My dear," and spoke of each other as the "worthy;" but for all this civility, hated each other mortally. They would quarrel for half a year together, then make it up for the mere pleasure of venting their venom upon each other, and become as cordial enemies as ever, quite ready in a few days to quarrel again the first opportunity that offered. Of their respective tempers, I will reveal nothing, but may perhaps be allowed to insinuate that Miss Halfstarve was a sincere Christian at the bottom; for, although it was testified to her by five witnesses that Miss Grab had added five years to her (Miss Halfstarve's) age in an assembly where there were no less than three unmarried country gentlemen, no sooner did she understand that her dear Bella knew all about the new master of the Priory, than she humanely offered her left-arm, which the other, although more than usually lame, pettishly refused, and entered into the most agreeable confidential talk imaginable, ending with an invitation to drink tea that very evening. What passed at that mysterious meeting Heaven knows much better than I do; all I pretend to tell is, what was the effect of it. There was not a spinster in all Wotton but became aware that on Friday three weeks, at seven o'clock in the evening Mr. Narcissus Eglantine would take up his abode at the Priory.

And this weary three weeks, how did our excited heroines amuse themselves? Morning, noon, and night, hot or chilly, wet or dry, all the women in Wotton, and round about, straggled down in parties of three or four at a time to the Priory, and all their talk on the road was of banns and bachelors. Arrived at the focus of attraction, their only consolation was to watch its progressive advancement. A stack of new chimnies were voted enchantingly picturesque—an antique fountain and basin became quite the talk of all who considered themselves judges—a flying Mercury set the ladies' mouths water-

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ing—and the furniture that wandered in from day to day underwent the scrutinizing eyes of no less than nineteen imaginary mistresses. But nothing afforded such solid satisfaction as the renovation of the stables, for that was a certain sign that the owner would keep a vehicle. Two new stalls were added: "Mr. Eglantine has three horses," says one. And remarked Grab, who had always an eye to a bargain, "That's lucky—my blue chariot looks exceedingly well, only I don't like it. Our gentleman shall have it for a trifle."

The eventful Friday at last crawled into existence, and you would have taken it for a fair-day, there was so much doing at Wotton. Long before five o'clock the high-road to Stratford was lined with a dense crowd of well-dressed females, a gentleman being here and there sprinkled; and all this assembly, like Moslems at prayers, or Sandovers gaping at a balloon, turned their heads one way. There was jostling, and crushing, and scolding, and retorts, and complaints, and consultations, with a great deal of stretching of necks, and, consequently, no little bursting of stays. Flower and Froissart, mighty and inimitable masters, descend from the paradise wherein ye have so long revelled, and which ye so meritoriously acquired, become again mortal, and, putting on modern dress-coats, assist me in describing the cavalcades and grand doings of modern times: describe this scene for me—my powers are not equal to the task.

The church clock at last struck seven, and all strained their eyes as if they expected the heavens were about to open. Halfstarve pulled out his watch. "That clock," said he, "is a quarter too fast." The heads bobbed back again.

"Here bees the High Flyer," shouted an imp who was feeding his donkeys down the lane.

And the High Flyer rolled along the road, and all eyes were rivetted upon it, and every eye had selected a different passenger for Mr. Eglantine, so that, except the coachman, there were nothing but Eglantines upon the coach. Even the guard, who, lazy dog, had put his horn into his pocket, was held for some seconds to be the very man himself by no less than seven ladies, and two gentlemen behind them. There was a general rush towards the Priory, but they who ran nimblest had the least reason to congratulate themselves. The High Flyer rolled past the Priory—a rumbling was heard—then the coach vanished—tall passengers and short passengers, young and aged, handsome and ugly—not one passenger on the top of that coach was Mr. Eglantine. Lillywhite, who had unfortunately asserted he knew a Mr. Eglantine in London, uncommonly like the tall dark-looking gentleman on the coach-box, rubbed his eyes as though bewitched.

Meanwhile, a neat green chariot having escaped the turnpike, brushed on rapidly towards the village; again all was animation, and what was better, animation without disappointment. The chariot pulled up at the Priory, and although it was so dusk that nothing but a little black shadow could be seen to get out of the carriage, this was indubitably the shadow of Mr. Eglantine. Long, very long, did our ladies linger, watching every candle that flitted about the house, and listening to the ringing of the bells, as if bells could describe to

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them the person of Mr. Eglantine. It is even on record, that the watchman was obliged to escort several fair vagrants home in rather a peremptory manner, before he could clear the street sufficiently to commence his customary nap without observation.

## CHAPTER III.

Although a few glimpses of Mr. Eglantine were caught by several fair ones in ambuscade in the course of Saturday, it was not until Sunday morning that a perfect view of him was obtained, and then he sat exalted in the Priory pew, amidst an ocean of bonnets and shawls. The result of this observation I will give you.

Eglantine was a small gentleman, five feet six inches in height, but certainly not taller: his figure was thin, his carriage erect and dignified: his nose was elevated, his mouth dimpled, his eyes grey and vivacious, and his head covered with a profusion of hair elegantly arranged and powdered. His age was guessed at forty the farthest, but might very well be five years less. His shoes were fastened by large diamond buckles, and his black silk stockings appeared all clocks, they were so embroidered: he carried his hat in one hand with a jaunty air, and in the other twirled a clouded cane. So fine a gentleman had not been seen in Wotton since the time of the Cavaliers, and all the ladies were in raptures.

The abigails seated in the aisles were no less delighted with the little footboy who strutted after Mr. Eglantine with his Bible and Prayer-book. This youth was not like the footmen of Warwickshire, bullet-headed and clump-footed, with a great burly belly, and half an acre of shoulders up to their ears. Mr. Eglantine's servant was as superfine in his way as the gentleman himself, and looked for all the world like a masquerading milliner. To crown his other agreeable qualities, he took snuff out of a real silver snuff-box, which he had won at a raffle in London.

Advances for Mr. Eglantine's friendship flowed in from all quarters, and some of them in a very ingenious and delicate manner. Mr. Halfstarve sent him every Saturday night the text from which he meant to preach, and the vicar's lady borrowed Pamela and Col. Jack from the riches of his genteel library. Miss Halfstarve and her sister Perdita called upon him to entreat his subscription to the Sunday school, then in its infancy; and Miss Grab invited him to inspect her aviary and tame rabbits. Bolus stopped him in the middle of the street to warn him against the pernicious effects of the night air in autumn; and Stump, the surveyor, appointed him arbitrator in a dispute concerning the metes and boundaries of Wotton common. Even Miss Dorothea Dagleish, the starch lady of the manor, condescended herself to conduct him over all the antiquities of the neighbourhood, all the time insinuating that the greater part of these were relics and memorials of her own ancestors.

All these little civilities seemed very agreeable to our bachelor, and most of them he repaid in a handsome manner: his attentions to the ladies in particular were indicative of the finest of fine feelings. His carriage was always at their command—his mansion their own—his books were under every lady's pillow in the village: he gave Miss

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Grab two real penguins from the South Seas, and would carry his money in no purse but one knitted by Miss Halfstarve. As for Fanny Bolus, he grew so much in her good graces by delicate presents of fruits and flowers, that Lillywhite three several times discarded his lady, and at last sent back to Mr. Eglantine a fishing-rod he had borrowed of him.

But it was on Valentine's day that gentleman's gallantry assumed the most agreeable demeanor. Hearts and beautiful ladies under oak trees, Cupids with arrows bound round with flowery stanzas, flowed through the village postman into the hands of every single lady in Wotton; such valentines had never been sent or even seen before, and who could send such but dear, sweet Mr. Eglantine? As for Miss Dagleish, her companion Tippet protested she had never seen that lady half so delighted in her life as she was at receiving a portrait (for so she pleased to call it) of herself in Saxon costume, with the Dagleish quarterings over her head,—it was so delicate, so like Mr. Eglantine.

It took a full week for these wonderful valentines to work: their tremendous effects were then seen. Miss Dorothea uncovered all the old needlework and tapestry at Dagleish Court, and soon afterwards pensioned off her companion, who muttered something about old rich fools, and artful middle-aged men, which her mistress was intended to hear, only unluckily Tippet forgot the lady was deaf. Miss Stump brought Salvator Rosa Daub all the way from London to take her miniature, and Miss Grab looked out for a discreet housekeeper to take care of her poor father. The youngest Misses Halfstarve were sent to a boarding-school in Monmouthshire, and their eldest sister kept close house, because Mr. Eglantine did so stare at her at church. As for the Bolus family, poor Bolus was out of his wits; Fanny and Lillywhite grew so quarrelsome over dominoes, that the young lady was at last provoked to call him "an ungentlemanly chap," and said there was one man of breeding at least in the village, who would scorn to say such things as a certain person took it into his head to throw at her. At sunrise the next morning Lillywhite was observed frantically pacing the village, with a sealed note in one hand, and an amputating knife in the other, as if dubious whether to cut his throat, or put the letter into the letter-box. The letter which reached Fanny ended thus:—

"Although the gentleman of the village may possess better breeding and finer manners than a certain person, I doubt if in the end he will be found to behave so honourably by you. I can never flatter myself that I possess your heart, I therefore release your hand: he may engage your affections, yet will never have any intention of marrying you. Ponder this well. Adieu.

"P.S. I shall never return to Wotton, yet should you ever, and may that day never come, stand in need of a true friend, remember you will ever be the object of the adoration of

"Oliver Lillywhite."

These numerous preparations for the marriage state went on some weeks, but, alas! without anything definitive being said or done by

the mysterious Mr. Eglantine; and each lady began at last to see she was making a great fool of herself. Murmurs arose, and sharp sayings went abroad, all impugning the gentleman's character as a man of honour. London Lothario—a fellow brought up in the play-houses—a hard-hearted libertine—and a fickle trifler with female affections, might be heard from many a parlour window by any who took the trouble to listen; but the only man they were meant for never listened to or seemed to have heard a whisper of them at all. Mr. Eglantine went about the same as ever, merry, genteel, assiduous, and even affectionate, when he addressed his favourites; but never a word did Mr. Eglantine say about getting married.

Little people had only the grand remedy for all disappointments, patience; but great people were not to be so trifled with. Mrs. Halfstarve calling upon Mrs. Bolus one morning, found the family in tears around Fanny, who was lamenting over Lillywhite's farewell epistle. The two heads of the village, although they differed upon one point, namely, who it was Mr. Eglantine really had a fancy for, a Bolus or a Halfstarve, yet came to a perfect agreement upon one point, that he was a man who must be made to do what was fair and right. Deep plans were pondered, innumerable schemes were proffered and rejected; but at last a plot was brought to bear, which promised to be the most effective piece of artifice ever practised within fifty miles of Warwick. As the first move in this grand campaign, Mrs. Bolus sent the errand boy with a number of invitations to a tea party. "Now mind you leave this at Mr. Eglantine's," said Mrs. Bolus.

"I must be going," remarked the vicar's lady, rising.

"Good-bye, yourself and family will be sure to be here on Wednesday," said the other.

"O sure!" said Mrs. Halfstarve, looking sly.

And with these vows of confederacy the females generally parted company, both loud in their abuse of Mr. Eglantine, each forgiving him and pitying him to the bottom of their hearts. Mrs. Bolus, because she felt sure he was deeply in love with her Fanny, and would marry her on the instant, had he not been lugged into almost proposing to Miss Halfstarve, and Mrs. Halfstarve completely convinced her eldest daughter would be Mrs. Eglantine, could she only find the poor gentleman a way to get handsomely out of his scrape with that artful Fanny Bolus.

## CHAPTER IV.

On the eventful Wednesday a strong party mustered at the house of Mr. Bolus. There were Mrs. Bolus herself and daughters three, Miss Grab, and the two remaining Misses Halfstarve, and Miss Stump. Also the lady of the manor, who from some suspicion of the designs of others, or some design of her own maybe, had invited herself to spend the morning with Mrs. Bolus, and, without much entreaty, stayed the evening also. Only two gentlemen were to be found in this army of Amazons; and they were mercenaries, and had parts to play,—these were Mr. Bolus and Mr. Halfstarve.

Now all the company were kept waiting for Mr. Eglantine, which made all the company wonder; but there was little reason for them

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to do so, Mr. Eglantine having been invited full half an hour later than any one else. At last he entered, with his usual bow, and one of his most seducing smiles; and seating himself on the only vacant chair in the room, which somehow or other, was quite hemmed in by the female belligerents, commenced a most lively and flattering banter with his neighbours all round. They attempted now and then to reply; but, alas! little wit was forthcoming: they were all too anxious to be agreeable, and things were too much at a crisis for people to pass jokes. Our hero wondered internally what the deuce was the matter; no one seemed alive except Miss Dagleish, and she gave him a long lecture upon the Anglo Saxons and Horsehair the Dane that lasted the best part of the tea-drinking. At last tea having been removed, operations commenced.

"Ye bees wanted, zur," bawled Mrs. Halfstarve's footboy, thrusting his red head in at the door, "a mon's a-dying at the poor-house."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the vicar; and with many apologies and protestations of Christian feeling, which Eglantine received with the most flattering approbation, walked off to the poor-house, not to read the prayers over a dying pauper, but to quarrel with the master about the fees for some parish buryings he had not yet been paid. Thus there was but one gentleman, besides Eglantine, left in the room.

Young Bolus entered. "Father," said he, "here's a case exceeds my skill;" so his father went down stairs with him, leaving the unfortunate Eglantine alone surrounded by his determined enemies.

"Mr. Eglantine," said Mrs. Bolus, hum—hum—"here is a letter, Mr. Eglantine, in which I am afraid you have some concern." She handed him the epistle of Oliver Lillywhite. He read it through with great attention and composure.

"Fanny, my dear, you must answer this, and take the poor youth into favour again."

"Never!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Never!" responded Miss Grab spitefully, and leering at Eglantine.

"But you must," said he; "or, stay, I will do it. Give me ink and paper. Miss Bolus, I have led you into serious misery;" (looking complacently at his neat little figure;) but I will make all the amends in my power."

Every eye was open, and half the poor ladies were choking with envy; but his speech took an unexpected turn. He added coolly, but with marked emphasis, "Although it cuts me to the heart, cruel fate compels me to renounce the hand of the charming Miss Fanny."

"Sir!" burst out Mrs. Bolus,—"sir! sir! my daughter's feelings are not to be trifled with in this manner; if there is any law or justice in the land, my daughter's feelings shall not be trifled with."

"Trifled with quotha!" screamed Miss Halfstarve exultingly. "Why not, madam? other people's feelings have been trifled with." She giggled, and went off into violent hysterics.

With calm dignity limped forward Miss Grab. "Narcissus Eglantine, is this your writing?" pulling out a valentine she had worn next her bosom many days.

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"It is, Miss Grab; and although the poetry is not bad for an amateur, considering the turn things are taking, I very much repent ever having penned it."

She sank back in her chair, sobbing, "All men are villains!"

A dreadful scene ensued. Bells were rung, and jugs of water brought up in profusion; daughters were dying, and mothers hung over their daughters in the agonies of despair. Eglantine offered to assist, but a volley of reproaches instantly assailed him, and every lady shrunk from him, as though his mere touch conferred single blessedness. Disconcerted and ghastly pale, he retreated to a dark corner of the room, and began humming Lady Coventry's minuet.

"Oh, Mr. Eglantine," lisped the lady of the manor, creeping up to him, and smiling amorously; "you are no husband, then, for these children after all, Mr. Eglantine?"

He was annoyed at the old gorgon beyond measure, and quite forgot his good manners—"Nor for old ladies neither, madam."

Miss Dagliesh drew herself up, and stalked indignantly down the stairs, ordered her carriage, lingered in hopes the sinner would come after her with an apology, and when hope had breathed its last gasp, drove violently home.

Grab had been in the room some time unperceived.

"Sir," said he, "in London this conduct might pass for fashion and fine spirit, but it is not to be tolerated in Warwickshire, nor in Wotton Waven. This conduct must be explained."

"I have been convinced for some time, good sir," answered Eglantine, "that an explanation must come, be it sooner or later. Ladies," said he to our heroines, who had miraculously recovered, and were flocking round him, "you see before you an offender more unfortunate, believe me, than dishonourable, since he is willing to afford you every satisfaction in his power for the injuries you have sustained at his hands. If you will all favour me so much, ladies, as to spend the evening at the Priory next Wednesday—I say Wednesday because I shall not have time to prepare myself before that day—I will give you satisfaction, which will not longer furnish any person with a reason to call me either fickle or faithless. And (here he uttered a deep sigh) it is the last time I shall entertain you as a single man—the last time I shall entertain you as a bachelor." He made his bow, and withdrew.

The company dispersed in a state of excited imagination. "What could Mr. Eglantine mean?" There was something in all this very like the beginning of Griselda; every lady present thought of the resemblance, and felt a lively hope playing about her heart. All felt rather satisfied than otherwise, except Mrs. Bolus, and she had expected nothing less than an offer to Fanny on the spot.

On Sunday, Mr. Halfstarve's curate (for he paid a curate fifteen pounds per annum to do his duty for him) addressed the congregation to the following effect:—"I publish the banns of matrimony—" All eyes were turned on Eglantine's pew, but it was vacant. The curate went on—"between Job Martin, single man, and Sarah Cross, single woman." I mention this little incident to show the excited feelings of Wotton in the interval between the two eventful Wednesdays; and, for the

honour of Wotton I must also add, this was no new match made up in the village. Our grocer, from Coventry, and his wife, had never tied the knot of wedlock; but the woman, hearing something about the law of dower from an attorney's clerk, thought it would be a fine thing to be a widow with a jointure.

The critical Wednesday at last dawned; the day slowly wandered away, and evening found all the party before described (with the exception of Miss Dagleish, who was laid up, no one knew with what complaint) at the Priory. Eglantine entered, looking very melancholy and Benedict-like, as somebody whispered, and carrying a small paper in his hand. "Surely this could never be a special licence."

"Mr. Grab," he said, quietly, "you are an attorney, and therefore well acquainted with legal documents; Mr. Halfstarve, being a clergyman, you know something of religious ones. This document I put into your hands, is both legal and religious, and much to my sorrow, legally and religiously binding. Have the kindness to read it, gentlemen."

All the ladies here showed symptoms of bursting with expectation. Eglantine, pitying their condition, added, "Perhaps, Mr. Grab, you will favour me so far as to read it aloud."

Grab, in a faltering and incredulous voice, stammered out:—"Extract from the Registry of Baptisms, Burials, and Marriages of the parish of St. James, Westminster, 2nd July, 1760.—Narcissus Eglantine, Esq. to Clarissa Harrington, spinster. Witnesses, Anna Maria Harrington, William Barker. This is a true copy.

"Peter Drumstick, Vicar."

All the company started at the commencement of this deadly document, and when it finished reading they all stood like statues in a stupor of amazement; no one moved, no one spoke. Eglantine, therefore, looking very miserable, addressed them as follows:—

"Ladies, you must be now quite satisfied I am a married man. All I need, therefore, supply, is the reason why I concealed that circumstance from you. From my childhood upwards, I have doted upon female society, and, in the course of an idle life, have enjoyed much of it. I was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but she slighted me, and married another; and I then made a vow, which I should have kept, never to entangle myself with another matrimonial engagement; but Miss Harrington crossed my path, and all my former disappointments and vows were forgotten. She was artful and allured me, another threatened to marry her—that Mr. Barker mentioned in the certificate—though this was all a scheme, and I was hurried into a stolen and imprudent wedding. Such a wife, ladies, never poor husband was cursed with in this world; but I will draw a veil over her faults, even her crimes, for she is still my lawful wife. Well, ladies, we separated, and to avoid exposure I make her a separate allowance. She lives abroad with Mr. Barker, and I have foolishly imposed myself on your neighbourhood for a single man. My reasons for doing so were harmless, but I begin to see they were very short-sighted and silly ones. I had lost none of my craving for ladies' society, and I imagined that, being neither very old nor exceedingly

ill-looking, (here he smoothed his cravat, and ran two of his fingers through his hair,) I should enjoy more of that of the young and handsome if I represented myself as a single man; and, as I am sorry to say I never meant anything serious myself, I did not dream my fair female neighbours would ever expect anything serious at my hands."

At this part of Mr. Eglantine's pathetic address there was a general stir among his audience; they were all aroused, and, what is the strangest thing, seemed to have heard nothing of the speech he had been making to them, for there was a general exclamation of "Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" and some of the ladies uttered this in a fierce and threatening tone, not in a voice of resignation.

"Ladies," solemnly and impressively responded Eglantine, "this is my explanation."

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## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

### "THE ANTIQUITIES AT PARIS, IN 1804."

Prize of the invader's plundering arms!
The statues, whose undying charms
The Grecian chisel traced,
The Frank bears to his Fatherland,
Where, now his triumph-trophies stand,
In stately galleries placed.

In vain their various beauties glow,
Through which the life-stream seems to flow,
For none their influence own;
The forms the Muse alone possessed,
Which bear her in the glowing breast,
Are to the Vandal—*Stone!*

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### "COLUMBUS."

Go! gallant voyager! though thy cause the cold and dull deride,
And heavily the helmsman's hand sinks, drooping to his side;
But ever, ever to the west! where, visible and clear,
Before thy prescient intellect, the wished-for shores appear.

Then trust thee to thy guiding God! Speed o'er the silent sea!
'Tis won! It rises from the wave, far distant though it be!
Bound by indissoluble ties, Nature and Genius seem;
All that the former promises, the latter will redeem.

G. C. W.

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## PROSE SKETCHES.[1]

BY A POET.

*The Jura.*—I was leaning indolently over the carriage window, and throwing all the wishes and feelings of my heart along the valleys as they opened on me, and thinking how happy I could have been among them, when the courier suddenly announced that the first sight of the Alps was visible. The first sight of the Alps! Time was, when I should have sprang breathlessly from the seat, and ran on, or *cheered*, as an Englishman does when he is eminently happy, or danced as might the Frenchman; but time, or rather intense exercise of thought, or both, had overwrought, and quieted in me, all those first spring-bursts of feeling, whose chief foundation is animal gladness; and yet not the less full were mine! A host of recollections flashed before me—visions of Hannibal, and of the old and modern time; and my breath began to come thickly. I was aware I was close upon seeing what I had read of, and dwelt on, and dreamed of from nine years of age, when, like every other enthusiastic boy, and *I* was made up of enthusiasm, (and, as a man, I have not altered my opinion here,) I thought Hannibal the greatest soldier that ever existed. Then I began to fear disappointment—and then I walked rapidly on; and so I failed in my wish, which was to come, at first, calm before all great appearances, and to reflect on my own impressions. Vain dream of the closet! Nature calls on that self which then laughs at the meshes of art while breaking through them, and uniting, in her own fashion, our congenial sympathies.

The descent became abrupt and rapid: the road made a sudden turn between two enormous gorges of the rocky hill, which seemed like unfolding gates; when on passing between them, (I can compare it to nothing else,) the old world seemed suddenly shut out from behind me, and lost, and a new one expanded beneath my eye in all its infinity of prospect. Stretched out beneath me further than the eye could sweep along the level, the Lake Leman looking like a blue ribbon eddying along it when fancifully drifted by the wind! and seeming, in the distance, as if it belted the Alps with an azure girdle! Woods, streams, cities, towers, and hamlets, dotting its rich surface of boundless expansion, till the eye itself failed to take it in, and after vaguely wandering over it, rested at last for relief on the boundaries of mountains rising upon mountains from north to south in every wildest form which imagination could conceive, reminding me of the Titanic heaps of Pelion on Ossa, and as azure as the heaven of which they seemed the pillars.

There is no view in the world more superb than the chain of Alps as seen from the Jura mountains—at a glance one seizes a hundred leagues, from the Dauphiné to St. Gothard. The curve of the earth, and the perspective, concur to lessen the height of the distant moun-

[1] Continued from p. 184.

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tains, and as they really diminish in height at the two extremities of the chain, one sees the high summits of the Alps lessen insensibly at the right and left of Mont Blanc, as they retire in distance from their majestic sovereign.

Upon them, or rather above them, rested many clouds; while I was gazing on them they all lifted as a curtain, and slowly rolled away—all, excepting three enormous masses, which remained immoveable. It was a long time before I could be convinced, against the positive evidence of my senses, that those apparent clouds were the triple summits of the Mont Blanc; that they were as steadfast and as everlasting as He who fixed them there, to be the wonder and the worship of all place, of all people, of all ages, and of all time!

The whole scene, at first, gave me a sensation of doubt, almost of unbelief; and a confused feeling. I had shaped such things when a boy: but I had never dreamed to see such visions rise embodied before me. My eyes were concentrated wistfully on those everlasting clouds, and I was affected with a crowd of emotions; for I saw the one object unchangeable still, which had fixed the attention, and which had survived the changes of ages, as forgotten as the clouds of yesterday. Nature, too, speaks to us always in parables; to enjoy the truth, we must search for it—for in the search, as after happiness, is more than half the enjoyment. Thus, here, I read the visible hand-writing of the Eternal on the walls of Nature, as clearly as did Belshazzar on his palace walls; as if it said to the sceptic, "Doubt not this!" Nature, I say, and I have ever felt it, speaks to us in parables, and in analogies. I looked again, and I saw manifested before me, in that mountain, reared above all, the white, the spotless foot-stool, and the altar for adoration to kneel on, and to pour itself away in its orisons to the Highest. While I was gazing on it, the setting sun, that glorious shadow of its Maker, cast on its molten sides the last effulgence of its decaying radiance. I felt these impressions on the spot, and I felt the full conviction of their truth. The first offerings of man to that sublime object must have been ever the same; firstly, doubt, and then wonder, and then the *feeling* of the existence of a Deity, and a sense of adoration. It forms a type also of the operations of the Immaterial on the mind of him who sits down earnestly to search for truth; and who discovers, at last, as there, that it is not a passing shadow, but a substantial thing. I then was reminded of the restlessness of ambition, nor which oceans nor mountains can bound—I was reminded of it, by imagining how the first sight of these mountains must have astonished the veterans of Cæsar, and must have still more excited his ardent mind. The Jura, in the time of Julius Cæsar, separated the Helvetians from those people of Gaul, who were named the Sequani, and who, at present, inhabit Burgundy and the Franche-Comté. "Helvetii continentur . . alterâ exparte, monte Jura, altissimo, qui est inter Sequanos et Helvetios." Cæsar, de Bel. Gal. c. 11. Part of the chain of Alps, exterior, because divided. And, ages before him, I thought how it might, perhaps, have cast a doubt even on the spirit of the indomitable Hannibal!

Where is that Yesterday of ages? Shall there be drawn from the Future as long a To-morrow—an endless Duration? If this be, as

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it *shall* be, what a folly shall History become, or even the very counting of Time!

But to return: not in ascending the Jura, but in the descent, is one made aware of their immense altitude: the earth, on the Pays de Vaud, falls away from their gigantic sides, into sunken hollows, as profound in depth, as they are in elevation. I threw myself into the very lowest hollow; an intercepted sunbeam followed me, which had lost its way—and then I looked up and felt, even to awe, all the grandeur of their enormous buttresses and castled crags, which seemed to have shut me out from the world behind me for ever. I turned from them, and began to take in by degrees (how Nature mocks the limited faculties of man!) the infinite of expansion, and of glory, and of beauty, which lay spread out before me, rejoicing under a most azure sky! Yes, the character there of earth and heaven is pure and unmixed happiness! Then I saw and felt how the wildest and fondest enthusiasm may not only be pardoned, but admired; for how poor are our faculties when brought before the infinite and the eternal! and how natural a thing it is that we should overstrain ourselves, and even overleap the bounds of propriety, in vainly endeavouring, like the Pythoness of Virgil, to throw off the inspiration from our bosoms.

Who can express any mastering passion of our nature? Love, for example. No—we have nothing but sighs, or words, which to those who feel them not, would be worse than folly—even so; but far—far more unequal is the strife of man with Nature: for myself, perhaps, I have *proved* this truth more than most men. Here was I, who from fifteen years of age had dreamed, or thought away my life (either term now, I know, is the same) under half the hills, and rocks, and woods of my country; and had (as it were) hung over her dimly setting suns, and her evening stars, with a pure love, and a feeling of blessing, which I have never half expressed—and yet how much have I struggled to do so in writings which, some day or other, will be better known to the world then they are at present. Here had I, at last, been enabled to leave it at the age of thirty-four, for the first time, when the deferred hope of doing so had almost made my heart sick, and when my energies had been too much drawn on by years of intense study. All this was now passed away like a painful, and yet a pleasing, vision! And here I stood surveying, from my Pisgah height, the promised land of the hopes of nearly twenty years!

Ought *I* not then to be enthusiastic? But no idle rhapsodies can now come from me: the quick and the subdued feelings which I have acquired, the veneration, and the troubled love, yet more fervent, the hopes drawn from what I see, the faith built up from what I feel within me, the reflections given me from every cloud and from every shadow, are thankfully exchanged for my once animal gladness; are blessings so delicious, that they can only be appreciated by those whose feelings have united themselves with Nature from their childhood.

Who can look at the tremendous clefts, and the rending asunder of the very heart of the mountains here, each frowning opposite to the other with their shattered pinnacles and ridges of the same crys-

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tallized granite!—who can see the whitened fragments lying in the very bed of that icy sea, crushed into every form!—above all, who can trace the chasms of its descent from Mont Blanc, and not feel, and know, as if the truth were stamped innately in him, that this was once the very region, the centre-place, and the throne, of earthquakes, of deluges, or of volcanic fires?

Here my eyes seemed as if first opened: I had imagined much; *now* I saw, and seeing, could scarcely believe. Here were mountains hewn asunder, forced aside, or shattered into fragments, to give passage to the "fountains of the great deep" to rush out, and to join again their seas. Yet, what an opposing force must have presented itself, even in that very hour of chaos! for who can look for a moment, with his thoughts awakened, on the chasms which are filled by the Mer de Glace, and not feel and *know* that, in the very fullest downward-sweeping tide of those mountain-seas, even in their most rushing descent, that they were arrested and frozen in one instant. The innumerable waves seem still hanging on their curl, half-pausing, as then, ere they broke; now become the petrified monuments of undated time! Never did I see and feel that sublimest sentiment given to the Deity, so terribly *illustrated*—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." What a most awakening sight to the thinking man is there! The other wonders of nature are alive—all life: this is "the Dead Sea," or rather its monument, for life itself, if it be there, sleeps underneath, and hand-in-hand with death. Was not the sun, in that hour of destruction, instantly removed? or rather, was the earth hurled from her position, and her source of light and heat gone, immediately frozen, the Mer de Glace remaining now, as then, from the natural effects of its extraordinary position?

And the chaos which they found, or made - the jarring elements of hard and soft, of hot and cold, of moist and dry, remain to-day as ever; and shall do so, until time shall again cease to be. The torrents still thunder through the rent gorges as wrathful as then; the opposing fierce resistance is still the same, and the war rages on for ever. The waters which then rushed down from the Jura, on the one side, and the Alps on the other, are still embedded in the Leman Lake, that throws her azure girdle between them. The air, chilled and damped among the depths of those tremendous gorges, is impassive to the sun's rays, and, though the earth there throws out her lighter flowers on the very edge of the snows, yet her mightier shapes and members remain the same as ever. The snows of four thousand winters (perhaps of an infinite duration) lie deepening among the shattered ribs of her hills, and become the destroying thunderbolts of the alpine storms; while, above all, fixed, and one with the clouds of heaven, which, tributary, are drawn from its streams to mantle him again in darkness, Mont Blanc, that purest, surest tablet of almighty power, rises as silently and as immoveable as when he left it alone in its silent fields of air.

I saw before me, in Mont Blanc, the shattered remains of some mighty height of the old world, round which the tides of the ocean had the deepest rolled.

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That the lower pyramids were formed in water, all naturalists concur; so from them they rushed when they perhaps overturned the world; they rolled on, and formed themselves lakes, and rivers, and seas, where was dry land before; leaving dry land behind them, shattered and broken, such as we see it here. How the mind feels this when we even look over a map of the world!—how the mind knows this, when standing, as I do now, on the summit of the loftiest alps! Those mists floating round, those pinnacled obelisks, like veils of air, now half concealing them, and now dispersing in silvery smoke, —what are they, in very truth, but the analogous incense of Nature herself, mounting from her crowning dome and temple to the Maker? All earth *is* life, and who shall dare to say that man only is sensible to the blessing of existence, or that we *know* God more than the meanest thing that breathes; for, alas! what did the wisest man who ever lived confess?—that we know nothing; but we are gods in our own imaginations.

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*Ferney—Voltaire.*—To visit Geneva, (that overgrown and unequal city,) without going to Ferney would be analogous to visiting Rome without deigning a glance at St. Peter's; and it is another unit to the sum of human contradictions that the same *empressement* is manifested to see the greatest church in the world, as the chamber of him who was its greatest enemy; nay, for a time, in France, at least, to behold its overthrow. And even now, how the mind of Voltaire is operating—not on empires—but on individuals; not on France only, but everywhere. He says truly, in the epitaph over the empty sepulchre in his bed-room, "Mon esprit est partout." I must dwell a little on this most extraordinary being, for he is one of many ages. I do not hesitate to affirm that Voltaire is comparatively unknown in England, excepting perhaps as the historian of Charles XII. and Peter the Great, and Candide. His *name*, indeed, is handed down from father to son in the contradictory sense of something to be respected, and also to be avoided; to be considered as a great man, but to be never *read*. Nay, I have observed that some who justly rank high as literary characters, are only partially acquainted with his protean works; but these (I mention not names) have acknowledged how much of *style* and of thought they have acquired from him; and what a leap their minds had made from those hints, merely, with which he seems delighted to excite the attention of his readers. As to his style—it is, to a proverb, unapproachable: what playful, yet attic wit—what boundless fancy and powers of association—what elegant, yet cutting irony—and what profound touches of thought, escape from him, as it were, accidentally, so little *effort* does there appear! And yet how he irradiates, and throws a grace and a charm over every subject which he touches! "From grave to gay, from lively to severe:" and all this, aided by a language whose peculiar and delicate facilities he so well understood. Other illustrious men are great in one path—Voltaire excelled in all. Never did Lord Byron use a happier epithet than when he called him "The Proteus of men's talents:" for my own part, whether I read the historian, the critic, the dramatic, or the didactic poet, I find everywhere the master;

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everywhere a facility of thought and of style, and a Crœsus-like flow of expression, which charms, rarely convinces, but often astonishes me. His style has the art of awakening dormant powers of thinking, which required such excitement to rouse them; and this, I think, is the highest merit which can be accorded to a writer. After a long study of his various works, I confess that it was his philosophical essays which most pleased me. With what a clearness of reasoning (*clearness* is the great trait of Voltaire, as it must be of every master-writer)—he attacks the fantasies—the sublime fantasies of Leibnitz! With what apparent ease he exposes and unravels the sophisms of Bayle, and proves so admirably, both against him and Mirabeau, the existence of a God, using even the weapons of both to overthrow them; and while he condemns Spinoza, how generously he asserts the morale of the man, and the disinterestedness of his faith! Let me not be considered enthusiastic: I am not writing "first impressions" now; but those which have been long confirmed. No writer who has ever existed has proved the limited nature of man, that he should be humble and ignorant, more forcibly than Voltaire. But he has too sarcastically proved it; he proves too acutely, and too like Mephistopheles, the weakness of humanity, and laughs at it in all its nakedness: he seems to enjoy showing "what a poor forked thing man is;" and it is the *spirit* with which he does this (not the *truth* of it) which repels. It is this fault which cannot be forgiven; how should it be? for why endeavour to sink the little dignity of human nature, which man, or men rather, from their first creation, have been so painfully endeavouring to establish and to assert? Of his particular religious tenets, I say nothing: they are to be pitied; they can only shake those whose weak and unsettled minds are to be shaken; I only wish to infer, that the day will arrive when the more general and metropolitan powers of his gigantic mind will be better understood. For myself, I, with many others, confess, that of all writers, ancient and modern, none have more excited me to think than the ever-restless, the ever-questioning, and the ever-probing philosopher of Ferney. My thoughts, no doubt, have taken a totally different direction to that which he would have approved; but, as from poisons (allowing them the point of being so) are extracted our finest remedies, so did my mind, from his hints, and thoughts, and questionings, take a leap, which, without their stimulants, it would have not perhaps achieved.

Touching his religious sentiments—I will yield revealed religion to him who shall show me one better adapted to check, yet to animate mankind; and, as to the immortality of man, if I were certain it were indeed nothing more than a "grand peut-etre," I think I should instantly follow the example of Empedocles; for, great God! what would this life be!—this life of trial, of grief, of disappointment, which makes the very happiest among us sigh, (feeling every day how short is pleasure!) if there were nothing beyond it—no fixed *anchor*—nothing *tangible*, but invisible moments, and scenes and human beings, for ever—ever changing! But enough here. To return to the subject. Who would not be rather the benefactor, than the scoffer of humanity? who would not rather strengthen man in

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hope, than stand on the bank, and muse on, or mock his weakness in sinking? In every *act* for the good of our fellow-creatures, behold the *true*, the *real* religious ceremony! Who would not rather be a Washington than a Voltaire? Yet both men were equally required. Yes—both were necessary agents. The one to prove to a great nation the blessings of independence; the other, to fearfully prove to them the curse of the Revolution. Voltaire's genius was the torch which, lighted, showed its nature in volcanic devastation; that of Washington was the serene, unshaken star, which gathered the scattered fold under one shepherd: each to his own nation became the embodied principles, the heroes of good and evil: both have fulfilled their opposed and mysterious destinies—

——— "requiescent in pace!"

What a change has arrived!—how the empire of politics and religion which he shook to its foundations, has been again restored, and again left to heresy, perhaps to fall again, and all within the brief space of some fifty and odd years! And this "great agitator" is at rest, as if he had never been; and his opinions are only dwelt on by the few, and reprobated by the many on hearsay, without even an examination allowed him. Alas! what is fame, that has so short a duration, when compared with the infinite opening before, and left behind us! and which may be so easily darkened and obscured by the ever-shifting and the ever-varying opinions of men! But this is talking folly: he outstripped his age, in it he succeeded, and in it he triumphed; and he knew, as well as we, that he could not live for ever. He is past, and his generation—all are gone! and if man should judge, (which is as presumptuous as it is absurd,) what a fearful account has Voltaire to answer for! What an engine was he; what a mine was his deep mind, which, left behind him, exploded, and made a scoffed-at creed, and an overthrown empire, his fearful monuments!

New modes of thought and of feeling rise with, and are, in fact, a part of every new age. Some mighty spirits overstep their century —with what result?—their language and their very turns of thought become as obsolete, or out of fashion; they are talked of while the living are read, who, borrowing from their masters, accommodate their thought to their time. The old Titans at length disappear, and their successors follow them with unequal steps; and such is the nature, and the reward, and the duration of earthly fame, for which so much of earthly happiness is vainly sacrificed or frittered away! What consummate folly is it, then, for man to stand and to moralize above the ruins of cities, and the graves of men and empires! Let him check the idle complacency of his thoughts, and moralize on himself, remembering that *he* is a nameless ruin, still more unstable: that *he* is the very shadow of a shade: for how brief a moment will he live, even in the memory of his friends! The very hearts (or memories and feelings) of those we love, how intangible are they!—how every impression made of affection is each moment fading away from them!—(for such is our nature's infirmity)—and requiring each hour to be renewed, or they are blotted out for ever!

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I wrote down these reflections just before I went to Ferney—in the evening, hoping to find the coast clear, in which I was fortunate. At a short distance from the village, the carriage stopped at an iron gateway, through which, along a short avenue of trees, I saw the house built by the philosopher. I was in a melancholy frame of mind, and I indulged it. I paused a moment on the steps, and I thought of the time when kings were his correspondents, and when princes, and the first blood from all parts of Europe, crowded to this point, as to a focus—where each day he held his levee. I conjured up the equipages, and the state of the daily arrivals, and the departures of men, who, illustrious in themselves, confessed his supremacy in seeking him. I pictured before me, until, in fact, I *saw* the tall, thin, old man, with his shrewd, searching, sharp, sarcastic features, advancing, with his long ivory-tipped staff in hand, in his full dress, in his velvet coat, richly flowered waistcoat, and bright coloured silk stockings, from the glass folding doors, bowing out the departing, and welcoming the coming guest. At last I awoke to the grass-grown court, and to the silent and respectable old gardener who waited there to "marshal me the way that I was going." The salon of entrance must have been very elegant: for the well-carved chairs were covered with Geneva velvet, and the tapestry of the walls was of satin richly wrought—but all was faded. His bed-room interested me the most: I saw the glass in which he often looked: the plain oaken bedstead, and the discoloured tapestry hanging over it; and, half way down, the portrait of his favourite Le Kain; that of Frederick the Great, a fierce, fresh, suspicious-looking face, on the right side; and himself, in his forty-fourth year, on the left. Behind the bed hung a portrait of Catherine of Russia, wrought in needle-work by herself, (would that she had always so employed herself,) and underneath was written—

**Presenté à Monsieur Voltaire par l'Auteur.**

I saw portraits of Milton, and of Newton—also likenesses of the luxurious Helvetius, of the platonist Leibnitz, of the acute D'Alembert; all, in short, of the great men of his day, and most of whose voices had echoed in that chamber, and most of whom had once filled, when full of life and animation, those now faded and vacant chairs! I turned from it all into his favourite garden walk—a long verdant alley, carefully screened from the mountains. From the platform one can see the whole Canton of Geneva, being the least of the twenty-two which form the Switzer. "When I shake my wig," said Voltaire, "I cover the whole of the republic with its dust!" It was here the venerable old man, whose father was valet to Voltaire, and whom he well remembered when he was fourteen years of age, began to interest me by his intelligent conversation. He had seen, and he described to me perfectly, the characters of many of the savans who had visited "Monseigneur," as he always called Voltaire; and, in a manner, which convinced me he was not deceiving me. Some of his recollections and anecdotes (for the old man grew more communicative, as he saw I was interested) were really amusing. I must record one or two of them: they have, at least, the charm of no-

velty, and, I think, of truth also: they are trifles indeed, but who is he who said so elegantly and so justly, that "Trifles are *not* trifles when they please?" He knew women well.

When Voltaire settled finally at Ferney, being compelled to leave the house of his physician Tronchin, in the Genevese suburbs, in consequence of becoming obnoxious to the city from his writings, the general neighbourhood, with few exceptions, paid their respects to him. Among these exceptions was Gibbon, who, settled also at Lausanne, had already acquired, by the publication of his first volume, the highest rank in the literary world. Voltaire was soon made aware of this defection, and he, who spared neither friend nor foe, when his Mephistophelian humour seized him, in a moment of spleen, drew an admirable caricature of Gibbon, in which the personal obesity of the historian was magnified to absurdity. The usual good-natured friends were not wanting to give it circulation; and, naturally, it soon found its way to Gibbon. When the extreme personal vanity, and *recherché* attention of the historian to his toilet is remembered, one might conceive the high annoyance which this caused him. In extreme irritation he set out to see Tronchin, and bitterly inveighing against the insult, insisted on an interview with Voltaire. In vain the physician represented it as a mere *jeu d'esprit;* that perhaps even the memory of it was past. Gibbon was resolved, and went to Ferney alone. Voltaire, apprised of his visit, determined to avoid him; but deputed his niece, Mademoiselle St. Denis, to show him every hospitality. Gibbon staid there two days in the expectation of Voltaire's appearance; and then observing the marked coldness of the hostess, and devoured with *ennui*, he withdrew; but, still resolving to gain his point, he slept at Geneva, and next morning at day-break, arrived at Ferney. Advancing to Voltaire's alley, he met the boy (my narrator) with a favourite pony of the philosopher's. Gibbon stated his extreme wish to meet him; and giving the lad money, prevailed on him to chase the pony up and down the alley, the noise of which, as he had foreseen, immediately brought out Voltaire, into the alley, face to face with Gibbon, who eyeing him from head to foot, with a grave irony, exclaimed:—"At length, I too have seen the strange beast, who is not to be looked at by common eyes, but who takes on himself to ridicule the defects of others—and what do I find in him? Truly, a more awkward monster than myself."

The philosopher, irritated by the cool irony of Gibbon's manner, retorted, "And what I see in *you* is, that you are a Don Quixote, with this difference—he took an inn for a castle, you have taken my castle for an inn."

"Be it so," replied Gibbon; "but you liken yourself to the host, for one eats you, and drinks you, but one must not see you."

On saying which, and gravely saluting him, he was quitting the avenue, when Voltaire suddenly sent to demand twelve sous from him for having seen the monster. "Most willingly," said Gibbon, searching his pockets, "here they are; and here are twelve more for the next exhibition, for I am determined to have another sight of him!" This "retort courteous" was so exactly after Voltaire's own heart—half-salt, half-sugar—that he instantly advanced

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with his open hand, which, it may be easily imagined, was as frankly received; and from that hour the rival wits were friends.

It was in that same alley that he was heard to give the brutal retort to Lord Lyttleton, in the heat of some religious disputation. "Proud and melancholy Englishmen! you cut off the heads of your kings and the tails of your horses with the same knife!"

Voltaire may be said to have been as perfect in good works as he was imperfect in faith, and Ferney was the theatre wherein they appeared: he absolutely re-created it; he gave it a public fountain, a clock manufactory, and one of earthernware; and finally, he enfranchised it. The inhabitants painted on the curtain of their theatre, "lucet et didit," and justly. He built the church also, now purposely left to decay by the Jesuits, with the motto, "Deo erexit Voltaire." Had that *good* poet, Cowper, read anything of his philosophical works, or had he, in fact, known anything of what he was saying, he would have blotted out the line which speaks of him as he "Who built a church, yet laughed his God to scorn." He would have known that natural religion never had a more zealous champion, nor revealed faith a greater enemy than the poignant sage of Ferney; no doubt, foreseeing something of this accusation, Voltaire built the church as a testimony of his sincerity. The motto is just in the style we would expect from a French author; the greater simplicity assumed for the greater effect. His house, during his life, was the asylum of all the unfortunate and persecuted of the day: and his purse was ever open. I could mention a host of well-known names indebted to both. Let not then all his good qualities be "written in water," and his evil ones in brass. Let us pity his irrascibility, and, while we contemn, trace up the causes which led to his utter want of faith: and while his inveterate prejudices, which were the real cause, and which can only be pitied, are placed in the back-ground, let us remember him as the great opposer of Bayle and Spinoza; as the elegant and vivacious historian; and as the poet, whose dramatic works, and Henriade, are still the delight of every reader, and which will be the heirs of ages.

All know his final invitation, and his return to Paris—and his being crowned in the public theatre, while all stood up, and hailed him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. On returning thence, he prophesied his coming end, which occurred, I think, three days afterwards. He is *said*, then, to have dictated the following lines, which, though in his style, I confess I do not believe emanated from him. I give them, pitying the man, whoever he was, who had no loftier thoughts of himself, of religion, or of an hereafter.

DERNIERS VERS DE VOLTAIRE.

*Dictés le 29th Mai* 1778, *jour avant sa mort.*

Tandis que j'ai vécu on m'a vu hautement,
Aux badauds effarés dire mon sentiment;
Je veux le dire encore dans le royaume sombre,
S'ils ont des préjugés j'en guérirai les ombres.

29 *Mai*, 1778.

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Before quitting the subject, I should add, that the inhabitants of Ferney had it in contemplation to place the following inscription in Latin and French over the gates of their town.

Sumptibus has propriis struxit Voltarius ædes
Hic effudit opes, dum scriptis edocet orbem,
Mœnia si starent vatis dum scripta manebunt
Urbs æterna fores æternum nomen haberes!

Tandis que ton génie éclairait l'univers,
Voltaire! tu fondais cette ville nouvelle;
Et si tes murs duraient égal de tes vers,
Ferney! tu serais éternelle!

The irritability of men of genius is a proverb—"Genus irritabile vatum." What a contradiction that man appears to be, who, in this hour, shall pour forth ennobling sentiments, and in the next, give full way to the most debasing prejudices and passions. The contradiction, I think, is apparent only. He who is in the habit of constantly exciting his nerves by mental effort—the most exciting of all efforts—must lie more open, more nakedly alive to all *personal* impressions, which others, in a more animal and healthy state, either feel not, or despise. The one embodies trifles, and brooding over, magnifies them, and so irritates his already too excited temperament; the other regards them as shadows, for they are so to him; how easy then to account for the morbid excitement of the one, and for the indifference or apathy of the other! Thus, the man of genius, after having been a slave to a thousand unworthy prejudices, shall sit down and dictate the most ennobling sentiments for others who, perhaps, fully act up to that which he so weakly fails in. The truth is, his imagination is warmed by their recital, but not his heart; he is writing from memory or compounding from imagination, or from judgment, and he is excited on by vanity, or by the love of fame; he feels through his fancy, but not personally. Attack, or wound, however lightly, his personal feelings—as lightly as if with Ithuriel's spear—and the *man* awakes, his artificial character is forgotten, and then, both by his words and actions, he proves how unfit he is to be thrown on the rough edges of the world, until he can accommodate himself more to the ordinary routine and the accidents of life. The natural and excessive irritability of Voltaire suggested these reflections to me during my return from Ferney.


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# THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

THE boatswain's shrill pipe, re-echoed by his mates, called attention, and "Boarders away!" resounded through the decks of H. M. S. * * *. It wanted an hour of midnight, and was intensely dark, when I ordered the boats to follow my motions without noise, and proceeded in search of a cutter, anchored between Rochelle and Rochefort, round which the boats of that division of the channel-fleet, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, were ordered to rendezvous, for the purpose of cutting out a convoy that had left Rochelle, and been chased into a bay near that place some days previously. Its strongly guarded state forbade any prospect of success in daylight, as a very high promontory, called Point du Ché, furnished with long thirty-two pounders, afforded effectual resistance, even to the approach of an adverse squadron. A regiment of infantry were moved from Rochelle, and encamped round the very pretty bay, their white tents glittering on the plain, and giving more effect to its beautiful scenery. The admiral and officers that had volunteered on this desperate undertaking had closely reconnoitered the place this day, and each officer had the plan of attack fully explained to him by Sir Harry, with the particular duty expected from him. The marine artillery were selected, and volunteers from that admirable corps, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, composed the forlorn hope. It was on reconnoitering we found that a regiment of infantry had arrived from Rochelle on the bay, and had taken an excellent position, both for defending the shipping and the promontory of Point du Ché. The plan of attack was skilfully arranged by Sir Harry: darkness was the first requisite, and it was most essential that a landing should be effected, or the boats got so much under the promontory that the heavy metal with which it was bristled could not be depressed to bear on the approaching force. One hundred marines, commanded by their captain from the Caledonian, were to secure the retreat of the storming-party, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, and for that purpose were to take up a position between the boats and the French regiment, whose encampment so much enlivened the plain. The boats were to move in six divisions from the cutter, their oars muffled, and each division having a different duty assigned them. Some were to board and cut out the shipping, others conveyed the storming and covering party, mine, in a seventy-four's launch, was to flank the marines, and, with an eighteen pounder mounted in her bow, to check the advance of the French infantry. Now, fair and gentle reader, imagine the cutter, (and she was found with great difficulty, not daring to show a light,) imagine the cutter's deck thronged with the officers commanding the different boats, receiving the final orders of the youthful flag-lieutenant, representative of the rear-admiral, each as he made his parting bow to the gallant youngster, for so he was compared to the senior-

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officers under him, each drew tighter the belt of his sword, and placed his hand on the butt of his pistols. The quick ear might have detected the half-drawn sigh, and the rapid glance, had there been light, the slight suffusion of the eye as some replaced the locket they had most affectionately pressed to their lips, arguing, from the dangerous nature of their service, a possibility of no other opportunity of bidding farewell to the much-prized tokens of love or friendship. At this moment some awkward fellow accidentally discharged his pistol, and the stifled execration of displeasure burst from numerous lips; all eyes turned eagerly to the dangerous battery of Point du Ché, and then swept the bay, where the regiment had encamped, but nothing denoted alarm. The sentinel still paced his lonely round, and a few minutes' observation convinced us they had not observed our unguarded conduct.

"Gentlemen, to your boats," said our youthful commander, and they formed in the divisions previously planned. As we slowly approached the intended scene of disembarkation, for the strictest orders were given for silence, and the muffled oars just touched the unruffled water, we plainly perceived the sentinel as he stood on the topmost pinnacle of the high bluff cliff. His figure, as viewed by us so far beneath, appeared unnaturally large, and swelled out into gigantic proportions between earth and sky. Sometimes he would slowly pace the edge, then would he rest on his musket, casting a wary eye on the dark waters below. Every man held his breath, for this was the trying time; death or victory hung on the vigilance of *that* man, and each eye strained to watch his motions; "Hush!" was faintly heard along the divisions, and I thought I could distinguish even the beating of the heart as the sentinel was observed to stop and apparently stretch himself forward from the cliff. A discharge of grape and canister at this moment from their heavy guns would have swept us, like a flash of lightning, from the face of the ocean. Thank God! he drew back, and, seemingly satisfied with his gaze, resumed his slow pace. Each person drew his breath more freely, at least I can answer for myself, who felt as if a ton weight had suddenly been lifted from my breast. Every yard had now life or death depending on it; yet we could not exert more speed without drawing on us the attention of our wary and vigilant foe. With us all was profound stilness and inactivity, far different from the bustle and noise of action; and I am confident many a good resolution was formed, and many a silent aspiration ascended to the throne of heaven for mercy. During the forty-two years I have been in the service, never did I feel my mind called upon for more fortitude than on this eventful ten minutes. Again the sentinel stood still, and stretched himself over the cliff, gazing on the deep, deep sea, like a man alarmed, for the dip of our oars had reached his quick ears. "Qui vive?" from his hoarse manly voice rang in our ears like thunder: again we heard the challenge, quickly followed by the report of his musket. Now hissed the rockets as they ascended the sky, and the blue lights innumerable threw a ghastly glare on the frowning promontory and bay below. The grape and canister splashed and tore the waters into foam just outside of us, and the British cheer rung

high and merrily, as our youthful commander shouted, "Give way for your lives, men, and remember your orders."

The divisions of boats flew through the placid waters, as the rowers bent both back and oar to their work; and as they neared the shore, diverged to their different duties. The forlorn hope, under the gallant Liddle, jumped from their boats, formed, and rushed up the steep to the attack of the battery with incredible speed. I drew off to the right of the marine corps, and directly in front of the French regiment, whose bugles at intervals could be heard above the roar of the heavy artillery and field-pieces that thickly lined the beach, and now opened in earnest on the boats.

A sudden nervous start and—"I was afraid my right arm was off," said the midshipman, seated near me; "but it is only confoundedly bruised by a shot striking the gunnel."

"It is well you preserved it, for I want its assistance in training the carronade. So, oars, lay in the six foremost ones, bowse forward the gun, and load it with double canister. Now, coxswain, keep the bow of the boat directed towards the centre of that scattered fire you see advancing;" for the regiment had thrown out their sharp-shooter's to feel their way, and give some knowledge of the attacking force; of these gentlemen I took no notice, confident that the main body were advancing in close column, and reserving my welcome for them alone.

By this time Lieutenant Liddle's storming party had gained the crown of the promontory, and were halted to re-form and gain breath, but finding the enemy endeavouring to turn one of their heavy guns upon them, the gallant Liddle gave the word to charge bayonet, and advance at double quick time; sparks flew as they crossed each other, and many a gallant breast was transfixed by that truly British implement. At this moment their gallant leader received a ball in his sword arm, which shattered the bone, so as to require amputation, and the wounded hero was supported to the boats with the wreath of victory on his brow. The tramp of masses of infantry was plainly heard in the launch, and the sharp-shooters retired on their main body. "Depress the gun, and stand clear of its recoil:"—nearer, and still nearer came the heavy tread. I heard the command to our marines, to make ready and close their files. "Fire!" and thirty-six pounds of small balls imperatively commanded a halt, which the Frenchmen acknowledged by prompt obedience. The flames from the grounded shipping that had been set on fire now gave a glimpse of the retreating infantry, and our gun, by its playing, accelerated their motion. The commander of our party now ordered the bugle to sound a retreat, and the marines rushed into the boats in double quick movement. Never was a night attack better planned, or more ably executed. Our youthful commanding officer, now Captain Hamilton, then received his promotion, and we the thanks of Sir Harry Burrard Neale.

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## EPHEMERA; OR ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

"It's the queen," said the apple-stall woman, "and my young urchint as lift both my stall and my apples to take care o' themselves, and run off to see th'rocclamation. Won't I warm the wax of his ears whin I ketch the spalpeen!"

"Is it the purcession you mean, mother?" said a huge life-guardsman, that almost filled with his gigantic person the side-arch of Temple Bar, as he stood, about to make one gulp of a pennyworth of curds and whey.

"Purcession!—throth, and by thim mousetashes of your own, to be sure it is," said the daughter of Erin, pettishly; "and well it is you knows it, with all your stammering; for if there was one, there was a hundred of you chaps, with your brast-plates, an kittles, an trumpits, upsetting poor krathurs' things in the gutther. Cruel it is av yees. It's more I've lost by the thieving childer in the scrummage for the frute to-day than I'll make this week to come, any how. And I'd only gether up the ramlets from in and onder the big black horses' feet, an put a clane face upon the frute whin I steps in to number tin, (shure it's a-most fainting I was,) to rekiver myself with a hawf a pint o' hawf-and-hawf, and oh, it's off he was, bad cess to him, though he's my own son and honest Murty's, that I'll niver see agin; for its murthurd he was fighting with Gineral Ivins for another queen. Musha! God be good to his poor sowl! It's beggard I am in masses for his 'demption from purgatory ever since March last. Ah! thin it crast me in my dhrame last night, that if I could only git to spake to his honor the counsillor—for Murty's a Kerry man too, and Mister O'Connel's own blood relation only five removes—that he'd make a clever point in his favour with the clargy. For the blessed Jasus" (here she crossed herself devoutly) "knows it's little my poor man had to repint av, except whin he was disguised in liquor; more's the pity for the likes of so clane a boy."

Raising her head to take breath, and finding the living had fled, the orator of nature, though unacquainted with rules of rhetoric, aptly seized the occasion to apostrophize the dead, and eyeing sorrowfully the wreck of her stall, wound up her woes, exclaiming, "Och, it's murtherd we are entirely, Murty jewel, by these queens."

The greater part of this rhapsody was uttered as a soliloquy. The life-guardsman, at the word procession, received a dull, faint impression through the fumes of the last night's potations, that all was not right, which, during the next sentence or two, ripened into a full conviction that all was wrong. He had been selected to escort the procession on this occasion. He was absent from duty. He recollected that on the preceding day he had committed a similar offence. The horrors of a court-martial, the terrors of a cat-o'-nine-tails were all embodied to his mind's eye Though brave, and a body-guardsman, his courage failed, his loyalty wavered. To his fuddled apprehension his offences seemed to be, by some fatality,

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connected with the accession of a female to the throne. He dashed the untasted dainty from his lip, and fled, cursing his luck and the queen.

"Never mind, my dear, it's our turn now," said a rigid featured old maid, to the chaste friend of her chaster bosom, for the last thirty years; "never mind, my dear. Every dog has his day. It's a long lane that has never a turn, I used to say. Better late than never. You know, Amina, I've always stuck up for the rights of woman as resolute as Mary Wolstonecroft. We've been long enough domineered over by the insulting male kreeters," continued she, her eye kindling, and a hectic flush suffusing itself over her face. "But Providence seems at last," and here she took a pinch of high-dried snuff from a twist of paper, vulgarly 'yclept a screw-box, which she tendered companionably to her friend—"Providence seems resolved now to afford us a chance of retrieving our lost equality."

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated the tall, slim, starched celibataire thus addressed, accepting the proffered pinch with a bend of the body, intending to be enchantingly grateful. "You are, I am sure, my dear Amelia, aware that this is the only instance upon record of three queens filling three thrones at one period, in the whole history of Europe."

The damsel who spoke rivalled in years, and in acquirements, her more voluble companion. Those years, and her comparative taciturnity, were the secret causes of her livelier friend's partiality. Amina had, after years of solitude, and many anxious experiments on the subject, decided with herself that her points of personal attraction would be best developed by dressing *à la Recamier*. She recollected the *eclatante* effect which had been produced some thirty odd years ago upon the male public of the court-end by the elegant and graceful Parisienne of that name, in part attributable to a dress and attire that, including her solitary knit petticoat which fitting that exquisitely proportioned form as closely as woven wind, left little to imagination. Whether through niggard habits, for Amina was expensively tall, and a close fit saved cloth, or through personal vanity—by-the-bye, a wag of a relative once protested in our hearing that she had fairly worn out a looking-glass in her time—she continued, despite of the fickleness of fashion, whenever she went abroad, to adhere to her costume. Now, though on anti-italic principles, our sylph spurned all masculine authority, feminine delicacy induced her to sacrifice her scruples, and she wore mourning for the sailor king. It consisted of muslin, white and pure as herself, short-waisted, scant in the skirt; a black ribbon encircled her waist, a black bonnet, with slippers to match, enveloped the extremities. A parasol of that epicene proportion that equally served to protect her person from the rude ardours of the sun, or from the pelting shower, steadied her steps as she strode through the Strand with the *fièrte* of a drum-major at the head of a regimental band.

"Did you ever clap eyes on such a couple of masculine monsters in petticoats before?" said a dapper haberdasher, with a shrug, to his neighbour Mr. Bullhead, the lady's glover; who, with brawny limbs and giant-cut-short proportions, occupied the whole space between

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his bow-windows, bristling and scowling at all who approached, like a surly cur at the mouth of a dog-kennel. Fair stranger! when perambulating the Strand, and just attracted by the beauty of Saint Martin's proud steeple, turn not to the left lest your eye be startled by the aspect malign of this terrestrial Sirius.

"Did you ever? Well, I never!" continued the 'dasher; "how they do stride!—what airs they give themselves! What is it she means by three thrones in the records of history, and sticking up for her rights? They seem crazed."

"Crazed? mad—mad as March hares," growled the fore-shortened giant. "They are all so lately; the women are all mad—well they may!"

"Why so?" asked the other.

"What a flat," replied Mr. Bullhead, "you must be! Don't you know?—Why—it all comes of the queen."

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"What's amiss," said a short but enormously fat, broad-chested man, dressed with the most scrupulous regard to cleanliness, though the task and trouble were rendered more than double by the never ceasing, though copious, tide of perspiration that rushed through every pore as he quickly shuffled his mark-time feet along, puffing and blowing like a grampus. "What's amiss?" he re-inquired.

This effort, for effort it was, since all fat persons are, perforce, taciturn, together with sundry attempts, vainly made, to glean ocular information by *craneing* over taller people's shoulders, occasioned the most frightful palpitation of the heart and chest; betrayed, notwithstanding the stiffness of his large shirt-frill and white Marcella waistcoat, by a sprig of geranium which was inserted in the fourth button-hole from the bottom, and which kept oscillating and flickering like a dog-vane in squally weather.

"Are you a surgeon?" eagerly asked a cabman, who, whip-in-hand, seemed sadly in want of a fare; "for if you are, here's a job for you, sir; and I'll whip"—(he might well say whip, for the poor beast he drove could not be induced to move a step without)—"I'll whip the old lady home to your place in a jiffy—"

"Sirgeon indeed," quoth an ill-favoured, peering-eyed, peaked-nosed inspector of the pavement, superintending a gang of Irish paviours. "What are ye speering at, mon? I tell ye, he's no ane o' the pruffession ava. Ye may ken that by his gay vestmant. Nor wad ilka son o' the lancet rin the awesome resk o' pampering his wame till that size. Sirgeon! he's jist nae sic a thing; but ane of your lairdmair's dinner callants wha sings at city feasts, and gets paid for eating thurtell and ven'son at the expense of the body corporate o' Lunnun."

The man of fat listened to this character of himself with little satisfaction. Though a stout man, indeed a very stout one, he was a person of great delicacy, and still greater sensitiveness. This imputation upon imputation in quick succession shocked him. His nostrils distended, his pale-blue eyes appeared to protrude further out of their sockets, his colour fled. Nor was it to be wondered at. With him the

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whole business of life had been to cater for, and nourish his outer man, to keep up his flesh; not reduce it. Venesection, phlebotomy, and all sorts of blood-letting were his abhorrence, even in thought. With consistent composure he could have died through surfeit or apoplexy, and no doctor on earth could have induced him, though to save his life, to part with an ounce of the vital fluid With these impressions and prejudices, to be taken for one of the sect of Sangrado was unpleasant. But the manner in which the error had been set right was even less agreeable. The character given of him by the garrulous Scotchman piqued him more. The tale had that in it which makes what is merely disagreeable, positively offensive. It was true. So much was his pride hurt, that though he disliked the man's, and distrusted the cab's want of capacity, he determined to embrace the cabman's offer, and thus escape further impertinence. The attempt, however, failed; for in struggling to squeeze himself into the narrow vehicle, his unwieldy proportions became so visible as to attract the attention of some sailors, who just then hove in sight. "My precious eyes and limbs, Jack," said one, "there's a starn for a first-rater!"

"It looms," said his companion, catching the vein of low humour, "as large as the head of Kinsale in a fog," as they pointed to the subject of their derision.

The melancholy of the crowd around the poor sufferer changed for a moment to mirth: loud laughed the men, the boys hallooed, the dogs barked, high sounded the lash, yet the cab-horse remained unmoved, until a donkey, that appeared to have a turn for the ridiculous, added his startling note to the mirthful chorus, and set the frightened jade off at her best speed.

"What's the matter? what's the matter?" now asked several voices; for the crowd had increased, and those on the outside of it could not even get a peep at the object of all this curiosity.

"It's a haccident as has 'appen'd to a poor ooman as is runned over by them Piccadilly butchers ascortin' the purcession," said an old master-sweep, whose head, like a dwarf's, disproportionately large, shone white as snow, in despite of his sooty trade, and displayed the triumph of nature over art.

"Lard, how people can tell lies!" said a foot-soldier's wife, who had come out with some friends for a holiday: "and a clargyman too," added she, with a toss of the head; "you're a disgrace to your cloth. No, your rivirence, you've got the wrong end of it. But it's like the rest of you, you owld Radicle. I seed it all. It warn't no such a thing as a Piccadilly butcher, though it were a bullying butcher that upset her, and I believe he has knocked the poor creatur's eye out with the horn of his tray."

"It's all fudge," said the sweep contemptuously, snapping his fingers.

"It an't no fudge, sir," she replied; "she's a 'quaintance o' mine, and a woman of property. Lard knows how I begged her to stop indoors, and told her she was sure to come by some accident."

"Then sarve her right," retorted the old sweep, who was nettled

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at being dubbed a clergyman, and rated as a radical. "What the devil brought the old fool out sich a day as this?"

"Why, the queen—you ugly brute!"

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"Eliza, my child, what makes you so dull?"

"Nothing, my dear mamma."

"O! don't tell me so. You cannot deceive me, and a girl too of your generally high spirit. Come, be candid with your mother, my love!"

"Well then, mamma, I am only a little dejected. It will be soon over," said the young lady, endeavouring to suppress another rising sigh.

The reader ought to be apprized that Eliza was a lovely girl; she was good and kind, accomplished, and naturally ambitious. There was room for the commendation of friends. Indeed, she had already been flattered; and her young mind was full of lofty aspirations. Her mother again plied her with inquiries, dictated by affectionate solicitude. The father, though fond, very fond, was a man of sense. Like a physician, who had an infant for his patient, he sat in silence and watched the girl's symptoms. Yet his partiality so far blinded his judgment, that he was not conscious that his well-meant praise had rendered him an accessory to his daughter's ailment.

"Why that sigh again?" inquired Mrs. Weybridge. "Have you not many reasons to feel happy?"

"Yes, certainly, dear mamma, more particularly on account of your indulgent kindness—I am not ungrateful, believe me." And here she caught her mother's hand fondly, and pressed it to her forehead to conceal her emotion—perhaps to hide a tear which just started from her moist eyelid. "I fear," she added, "I ought to be ashamed of my folly. But such wonderful changes! in so short a time too. What happiness! Yesterday a child, and a private person—to-day a woman, and the world at her feet. O dear! O dear! how I envy her!"

"Ambition!" muttered Mr. Weybridge to himself.

"Who, my own sweet, do you envy?" eagerly asked her mother.

"Who!" said the astonished father, slamming the door in a violent passion as he made his exit, "why, it's the queen."

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"She won't have anything to do with you Tories or Conservatives, or whatever you choose to call yourselves. So I heard master say to Sir Richard. You know Sir Richard had been plastering her over pretty thick in the house; but it won't do—out they all go, she's resolved on it." So spoke Mr. John Brush, confidential servant of a well-known politician and parliament man; John, though he wore a livery, was an eager politician, yet, like his master, of a doubtful complexion, and rather considered a trimmer. "There's Lady Mulberry," he resumed, "mistress of the robes; and my Lord Aldermanbury, master of the horse; and Earl Musqwa, the grand radical, made a grand cross.

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"But," interposed my Lord Finsbury's man, *sotto voce*, "what do you say to her refusing to have a review, eh? The Lord Lamb wished it prodigiously; and Lord Dove, after consulting the police, assured her it was quite safe. Riddle me that, Brush."

"I will, my Fins!" said John, familiarly. "That was all because they would not allow her to ride the high horse there, you see. Jim Crow made a great hit we all know: but Du-crow would have made a much greater, if he could but have saddled her on the right horse. Such a prancer! I am told. She, God bless her sweet face! had set her young heart on it. So their refusal nearly kicked up a precious rumpus among the dons. For says she flat to their teeth, 'Well, my lords, no horse—no review!'"

"Who the deuce," said the housekeeper, who was casting up her accounts for the week, and had, in consequence of their interruption blundered already twice or thrice in the pence column; "who the deuce are you both talking about?"

"Who!" replied the politician, "the queen, of course."

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Lady Betty Jermyn made a call at her aunt's, the Duchess of B.'s The family is ancient, their politics, for a century, Tory. The young lady, just appointed maid of honour, sports no equipage. Her aunt is considerate, and provides her with one when she visits. Lady Betty called there in the duchess's own private carriage at her grace's own door. The well-bred footmen affected not to know their own fellow-servants on the box, being *pro tem.* the coachman and footman of the maid of honour. Such are the miracles wrought by fashion! beneath whose influence the rude granite of the vulgar assumes the smoothness and polish of Parian marble. In high spirits the lady bounds up the great staircase, and caught in the arms of her aunt, is kissed, and congratulated on her appointment. Fresh from the precincts of the palace, she pours into eager ears anecdote upon anecdote with the *naïveté* and charming volubility of an agreeable rattle. Her spirited pictures glow, and the predominant tint is gratitude. The Duke enters, unbends, and catching the grateful contagion, scrawls a line to assure the prime minister that he will contribute to the support of her Majesty's government in all just and necessary measures of reform; that he can influence both the members for B——shire, his own county; that Lady Betty's brother, late a Conservative, is now a convert; and that the borough on his own estate *shall* (underscored) return none but nominees of the ministry. So many patriotic resolves, so many happy faces, a sensation within the dreamy chambers of a gorgeous castle of indolence! To whom are they attributable? To our young queen. And yet these are but a few of the instances we would adduce of the effects, both moral and physical, produced by the accession of our illustrious lady of grace to the throne of her ancestors. In every rank of society her influence is already experienced. Our wives look confidently forward to happier days than ever; and docile husbands, that used to sneak home to early tea, toss high the tankard nightly at the alehouse to her health, and insultingly ask the advocates for male dominion whether we are any the worse for living under petticoat govern-

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ment. At the elections, too, the candidates, Whig, Tory, and Radical, have all associated with their claims to support the sacred name of our youthful queen. Her accession has had a salutary effect on the temper of the times, and calmed, as with oil, the wild waves of party fury. Out of respect to her tender age, a rage for adolescence pervades all ranks. Never were there witnessed so many elderly-young gentlemen about town. Who has occasioned such a run upon Truefit, and given such activity to the wig trade? Who has induced so many grave statesman to exchange their grey hairs for ambrosial curls, and the prime minister to dress young again? Who sends the whole town out of town to toil up that steep, so nearly fatal to loyal hopes, and drink long life to her Majesty, with her rescuer honest Turner at Highgate? Who filled the ring in Hyde Park every evening with beauty and fashion, though Parliament, the courts of law, with the Opera and great theatres, were all closed? Who, to crown all, has given that Catholic deity, Saint Swithin, the lie; and reversing, by a miracle, the course of nature, restrained his rainy influences, and has procured us all this fair weather to celebrate the recent accession by countless festivities? The answer is on every lip—the queen.

For myself, I confess, there seems to be some fatality about it: for when the editor asked yesterday what induced me to write the strange article you are now reading, I was compelled to take up the cuckoo note, like the rest, and answer—the queen.

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## THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.

I'd sing of Atreus and I'd sing
Of Cadmus too the Theban king,
But, hark! my lyre the theme confounds,
And Love's fond note alone resounds.
For this of late I changed each wire
And strung anew my rebel lyre:
Now o'er the chords again I run
To celebrate Alcmena's son;
No warlike strains my shell employ—
Its tale still tells of love and joy,
Then, heroes, since my wayward string
No tones but soft desire will ring,
To martial strains I bid adieu,
And love's delightful task pursue.

R. S. F.

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## THE CHIFFONIER OF PARIS.

" Look here upon this picture, and on this."—*Hamlet.*

READER, however exalted be the sphere in which Providence has appointed thee to move, start not at the humble name which designates the following narrative; but remember that the Chiffonier belongs to a very numerous class of the inhabitants of that centre of European magnificence, Paris; so that in whatever direction you may cast your eyes, they will not fail to light upon a chiffonier of some kind busily engaged in search of what has been overlooked, or set at nought by his fellow-man. The Chiffonier, however, we have to do with at present is one of those well-known *industriels*, who, at the earliest dawn of morning, and frequently at the hour of midnight, perambulate the streets with a degree of vigilance which custom would almost seem to have rendered instinctive. The name of this man was *Jacques du Bois*, who had passed the best years of his life in the army, having been called under the *drapeau* at an early age, and compelled to abandon the project of a matrimonial alliance with a young woman to whom he was betrothed. The object of his affections, we are informed, " had virgined his parting kiss," and passed her days in determined celibacy, till Jacques had obtained his discharge, when the nuptials, though somewhat too late in life, were duly solemnized.

From chance or necessity, or from some other cause, which we will not take upon ourselves to record, the veteran had adopted the profession of a chiffonier; and one morning, in the month of July, in the year 1808, as he was pursuing his usual occupations in the Faubourg St. Germain, at the early hour of half-past three, ere yet the coming day had chased away the uncertainty of twilight, and the streets presented the solitary and deserted appearance peculiar to Paris at that hour, a young woman glided out of the doorway of a house in the Rue de l'Université, and beckoning to Jacques with a mysterious air, made a sign that she had something to say. The Chiffonier, who was on the opposite side of the street, immediately crossed over, when the young woman conducted him into the doorway from which she had issued; and as soon as they were in the passage, which, after the door was closed, was so dark that they were unable to distinguish each other's features, " Chiffonier," said she, in a whisper, " will you do me a service?"

" That depends on what it may be," replied Jacques.

" Have the goodness to come up to my apartment," she said, " and I will explain to you."

She then led the way along a dark and narrow passage to the stairs, which Jacques, in imitation of his conductress, ascended with as little noise as possible, till they had reached the fourth story, where they entered a room situated in the back part of the house. There was a bed in the room, occupied by a female, apparently about twenty-two years of age, sitting up, and giving suck to an infant. The arrival of

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the Chiffonier appeared to produce a momentary alarm upon the mother, who gazed upon him with an expression of sadness mingled with despair. The two females then held a conference for several minutes, but in so subdued a tone, that Jacques was unable to distinguish a particle of the subject; the deep and frequent sighs, however, which accompanied their words, convinced him that some important question was in agitation. At length the young person, who had not addressed a single word to Jacques since she had spoken to him in the passage, suddenly quitted the bedside, and came towards him with the child in her arms, which she presented to him with a look at once wild, supplicatory, and determined, uttering the following words, which seemed to cost her considerable effort. "Aux enfans trouvés!" Jacques, who was at first quite at a loss to divine the part he was called on to take in what appeared to him little less than a pantomime, continued motionless and silent, casting his eyes, now on the child, now on the person who held it out to him, and then looking towards the bed, he perceived that the mother had covered her face with her hands, and buried her head in the pillow, as if desirous to shun the sight of what was going on. Appearances were too strong to admit of doubt in the mind of Jacques as to the facts, and he felt little desirous of undertaking the part assigned to him, when just at that moment the sun, rising over the roof of the opposite house, darted a sudden ray of light through the window of the room, and gleamed upon the soft and balmy features of the child as it slept: nor is it too much to suppose that the silent eloquence of nature which those features conveyed, found an echo in the heart of the Chiffonier, whose eye seemed to gaze with admiration, perhaps with pity, on the beautiful infant thus abandoned by its unhappy parent. "Oui, je le veux bien," said Jacques, taking his basket, half filled with his morning's round, from his shoulders, and placing it on the floor.

The principal difficulty thus surmounted, the remaining arrangements were easily made.

We will not pause to inquire into the motives which may have weighed upon the mind of the parent, if indeed she was capable of any at the moment; nor attempt to censure or extenuate the act, whether it arose from a vicious constitution of society, or from exceptional depravity or weakness; certain it is, that not only in Paris, but in every other part of France, a receptacle is continually open for the gratuitous support of abandoned infancy; the present, therefore, may be looked upon as an instance by no means uncommon of a mother induced to "pluck her nipple from the boneless gums" of her offspring, and lose sight of it probably for ever.

In one of those small streets, or rather alleys, which lead out of the Rue St. Denis, in a garret or *mansarde* of a house, principally inhabited by lodgers belonging to the poor class of Paris, was the humble residence of the Chiffonier. Jacques had, on quitting the Rue de l'Universitié, made his way home in as direct a line as he was able, where he found his wife, to whom he communicated the circumstances of his morning's adventure. The good woman received the infant with maternal tenderness, and having no child, she im-

mediately agreed to her husband's proposal of taking care, as he said, of *la petite malheureuse.*

The first years of the foundling glided on prosperously, and the little Josephine, for such was the name the honest couple had given her, increased in health, strength, and beauty; and soon as her age permitted, she was sent to a day-school, where she acquired the rudiments of ordinary education with remarkable facility; nor was it without a secret triumph that Jacques beheld the unfolding graces of her mind and body, which daily and hourly declared themselves, shedding a lustre over his lowly habitation as sacred and as pure as the morning sun-beam which played upon her infant traits at the moment she had been consigned to him.

Such was the obscure lot of this child, deprived of what are called the advantages of an early acquaintance with society, but placed beyond the reach of those prejudices which often vitiate the original purity of nature, and poison the better qualities of the heart at their very source. From her childhood she had been accustomed to hear her foster-father recount the history of his military career, and her mind had thereby acquired a strong bias in favour of martial glory, an admiration of danger, and scenes of war; in fact, Josephine became a genuine daughter of imperial France, and imbibed the full measure of that military spirit which so deeply tinctures the national character of both sexes in that country, and to which the history of the world presents no parallel. On the other hand, principles of a milder, and indeed different description, were daily instilled into her mind by the uniform precept and example of her supposed mother, who never failed to accustom her adopted child to the regular discharge of those duties which the Catholic church so rigidly inculcates; and if the beauty of holiness consists in unaffected devotion, and in the absence of ostentation, it was surely never more effectually portrayed than in the parental solicitude of this poor woman for the moral welfare of her *protegée.* It happened that Josephine, thus conducted, went one morning to the Eglise St. Marie, at an hour so early that daylight had not completely made its way through the sombre aisles, when just as she was crossing her forehead with holy water, placed as it usually is against the pillar, near the portico, a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, happened to catch a glimpse of her features as he passed; continuing his way, however, a looker on would have said that he did not appear to be in the least affected by the circumstance, but he had no sooner laid his hand on the door, than he turned round, looked in the direction the two females had taken, and then, as if correcting an involuntary movement, suddenly left the church.

During a period of several years, including the last days of the French empire, and the beginning of the restoration, Mons. le Comte de V., who had retired from the army in consequence of habitual ill-health, occupied an apartment on the second floor of a house of the Boulevard du Temple. This gentleman, although still in the prime of life, unmarried, and belonging to one of the best families of France, seemed to shun society to a degree of eccentricity, employing the greater portion of his time in directing the studies of a youth, whom

some supposed to be his real, others his adopted son; and young Albert was in every way worthy of that extraordinary period of the French history—a period in which the energies of the whole nation, in arts as in arms, seemed concentrated in one and the same purpose. That aspiring tendency to gigantic effort and sublimity of conception, the peculiar inheritance of this epoch, was largely participated in by this youth, who had prosecuted his studies, in painting especially, with so much success, that no doubts were entertained as to his ultimate distinction. Bred, as he had been, in the house, and under the immediate eye of the Comte, his morals had in a great measure escaped the pestilential atmosphere of Paris, and when alone, his habits were of a more serious turn than is usually found among the generality of the metropolitan students. The reader will not be surprised, then, that it was no other than this youth who had caught a view of the interesting features of Josephine, in the place and under the circumstances we have described. It must be allowed, that there was little in the countenance of the young woman calculated to attract particular attention at first sight; it is not the less certain, however, that Albert had experienced a secret, and, as it were, magnetic impression, which can only be explained by the accidental circumstances under which the parties happened to be at the moment. The youth was probably raised above the glare of mere physical beauty, and his young imagination had, doubtless, no small share in attaching to the mild and supplicatory expression of her up-turned eye, engaged as Josephine was, in an act of devotional exercise, the idea of something superior to earthly being; and this idea clung to his thoughts, however unconscious of it he might be, so closely, that every time the same image recurred to him, it appeared to absorb his whole attention. "What a study!" he would internally exclaim; "what an expression of seraphic devotion!" Can we wonder, then, that Albert proceeded to the church at about the same hour a few days afterwards? Is it extraordinary that he felt an intense desire to obtain a sketch of those features which his enthusiastic fancy had so quickly wrought up to the *beau idéal* of intellectual expression? He had not long been in the church before the object of his search appeared. He took care to place himself in a position which enabled him to take a deliberate survey of Josephine's face, and in proportion as his eye analysed each feature, with the pleasure an artist experiences when wrapt in the contemplation of a favourite subject, he became more and more persuaded that he had discovered a model he should vainly expect to find elsewhere, carried away, as he evidently was, by the full force of those convictions which are produced by the silent operations of nature alone, and which, on this occasion, presented the whole traits of Josephine to his mind, replete with beauty, with poetry, and with truth.

The circumstances under which the poor girl was placed, presented little difficulty in the way of Albert's desire of taking a careful likeness, and he intended the portrait as a study for the exercise of the best efforts of his pencil; losing no time, therefore, in the execution of his project, the painting was finished in the course of a few weeks.

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But the turn which this circumstance had imparted to the mind of Albert, gave a new existence to his thoughts, and breathed new life into his imagination, which appeared to glow and fructify under the influence of a power which he had evidently neither the will nor the ability to control. Till this period he had been more under the impressions of the rules of his art, than in immediate correspondence with nature, so that every time he reviewed the picture, it seemed to breathe forth some hitherto undiscovered beauty, some latent expression of poetic excellence, which associated itself with what he felt to be the very reflection of intelligence.

It is necessary to remind the reader that this production had been kept strictly secret, as far so the Comte was concerned, its author considering it a *chef d'œuvre*, having prudently determined not to present it to inspection till completely finished, and that as soon as it had received the last touches, Josephine, together with her foster-parents, was to be admitted to see it. On the morning, therefore, that the humble family presented themselves in Albert's room for that purpose, he happened to be engaged in a conversation with the Comte, which kept him from his studies beyond the usual time; the servant, also, having received directions to admit them, not considering it necessary to announce their arrival, the young artist was quite ignorant of their being present.

"The ancients," observed the Comte, "in the extreme justness of their allegorical descriptions, represent the arts hand-in-hand, but painting and poetry may be considered twins as regards their origin and effects, the attributes of either are precisely the same, their mission is the representation of nature in all her shades and varieties of form."

"True," replied Albert, "but unhappily for the painter his power is slow in its developement, and circumscribed in its effect, compared with poetry."

"Painting," continued the Comte, "may be considered less prompt in the execution of its productions, but I question whether we ought to allow it to be less comprehensive in its expression; for wherever there be a mind to conceive, and an imagination to lend a colouring to the subject, more ideas may be drawn out by painting than it is easily in the power of words to express. But painting has other and superior qualities. It unquestionably brings us more directly into the presence of nature. Still, nature is not always consistent; nor can her exterior form be invariably depended upon. One of the English poets, of whom I have read a translation, I remember says, 'There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face;' a truth, I believe, which few will venture to question."

"And yet," replied Albert, whose thoughts had for sometime been vibrating towards the subject which was uppermost in his mind, "there are features, and I have at this moment such a set in my eye, where the mind seems to be shadowed out with such irresistible expression, that it would seem almost sacrilege to doubt their sincerity. For instance, sir,—will you step into my study?"

The Comte assented, and had scarcely proceeded half the distance

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of the corridor, when he beheld the portrait of Josephine, which was placed directly opposite the door. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the scene which presented itself at this moment. The comte stood amazed like one unable to credit the testimony of his eyes. A pause of several minutes ensued, during which the comte's hand seemed to be directed, by some mysterious agency, towards his bosom, from whence he drew forth a miniature portrait, which was a fac-simile of the painting, and presenting it to the eyes of the astonished Albert, he exclaimed with evident emotion, "Good heavens! what can this mean?" Albert started as he seized the hand of the comte, and recognized the likeness of the miniature to the painting, and to Josephine, who stood lost in amazement at the inexplicable sensation which the comte and Albert betrayed.

There are moments of creative and eventful import, conveying to the mind a volume of convictions with rapid and mysterious power; and, on such occasions, cause and effect, with all the details of intermediate reasoning, flash through the imagination.

Such crises may be properly denominated the handmaids of destiny, whether the inspiration which they communicate be of a good or evil tendency, whether regarding individuals or nations. The genius of Albert had been penetrated by a ray of intellectual light, which had called into existence a multitude of beings, by its simple contact with his imagination; and the effect produced on the comte was in no way different, except that its tendency was retrospective.

The singleness of nature, and simplicity of character, both of Albert and the comte, were sufficient to exclude every suspicion of design, or the existence of any previously concerted plan; in spite, therefore, of his amazement—in spite of the inexplicable mystery in which the latter incident was involved, it produced no other conclusion in the comte's mind, than that some happy concurrence of circumstances, or some providential agency, had called him into the presence of beings, which had been the constant companions of his thoughts, and which had wound themselves up in his existence. Nor were the emotions which he felt those which proceed from remorse or horror; they were rather those of a soul upon which a bright and clear vision suddenly breaks, presenting no other objects than those to which the heart attaches itself with eager and sympathetic ardour.

As the convictions of the comte originated from what had already a positive existence, and were, therefore, in a great degree, allied to recollections, so those of Albert had their source in possibility, and were, therefore, more of the nature of prevision. In the one case, objects had been displayed by the agency of light itself; in the other, light had been produced in rich and multiplied profusion, as the ray which falls upon the diamond is sent back increased a thousand fold, and enriched with all the colouring of which nature is capable. And what magnificent edifices, what stupendous superstructures, have not been called into existence by the fortuitous associations of genius, from causes, too, of far less apparent importance than we have here described: the immortal system of Newton owes its existence



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to the fall of an apple, and the genius of Rousseau was called into life by its contact with a simple flower, in the Park of Vincennes.

Immediately after the extraordinary scene in Albert's study, the comte retired to his apartment, making a sign to Albert that he wished to be alone. A few minutes afterwards Jacques was requested to join him, when the following dialogue took place.

"Tell me, my brave fellow, who is the young person who accompanied you here this morning?"

"My adopted daughter," replied Jacques.

"And how came the young woman to be adopted by you?"

"She was placed in my hands by her mother."

"And were you not directed to take the child to the Foundling Hospital?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacques, with astonishment.

"Enough," added the comte, "here is an order upon my banker for a small sum of money for your immediate use. I request you to allow your adopted child to come here to-morrow morning at this hour."

Jacques received the paper with apparent reluctance; and, bowing to the comte, left the room.

As soon as the Chiffonier and his family had quitted the house, Albert was summoned into the apartment of his foster-parent, whom he found plunged into a state of deep reflection; so much so, that his entrance seemed unperceived: but his impatience to arrive at the solution of the mysterious appearances which had transpired, induced him to awaken the attention of the comte. "I believe you sent for me," said the youth.

"I did, Albert: sit down, and tell me how you became acquainted with the Chiffonier and his family."

Albert immediately related the circumstances nearly as we have stated them, which the comte heard with evident interest and surprise. After the youth had answered the comte's inquiries, the latter relapsed into his previous reverie, and paced to and fro in his room for a considerable time, leaving Albert in the same state of wonder and anxiety. The remainder of the day passed on, and nothing escaped the lips of the comte which could afford the slightest clue to what was passing in his mind; his conversation at dinner was reserved, and limited to the most ordinary topics. It was evident, however, to Albert, that the thoughts of his friend were abstracted: indeed, the long and frequent intervals of reverie which he remarked, denoted a total unconsciousness of every exterior object. It was in vain that the youth endeavoured to draw out the usual communicative habits of his patron, and thereby gain some intelligence which might guide his conjectures through the inexplicable maze in which every circumstance connected with Josephine was enveloped. That there existed some fatal secret to be disclosed he felt convinced; that it was intimately connected with the comte, in some way or other, he could not prevail upon himself to doubt: several times he was on the point of requesting another look at the mysterious miniature; but the moment his eyes were raised towards those of his friend for that purpose, the imposing seriousness of the latter awed him into silence: he there-

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fore determined to wait patiently till time should afford the wished-for *denouément.* Had Albert been a youth of an ordinary cast—had his habits partaken of a prying or restless curiosity, which is as inconsistent with respect to the feelings of others, as it is alien to that pious confidence which a well-conditioned mind is wont to have in the ultimate solution of events—he would perhaps have, on leaving the dinner-table, sought out the Chiffonier's garret for the purpose of inquiry; but such a proceeding, he could not help feeling, were unworthy of that frank and implicit respect he owed to the character of the comte, whom he had ever been accustomed to reverence with more than filial attachment.

The hour of repose arrived, and the comte and Albert retired to their respective chambers: the youth passed the night in calm and refreshing oblivion, the comte in wakefulness and reflection.

The following morning saw Jacques, his wife, and Josephine, at the comte's lodgings; the eye of Albert brightened, and his heart beat quickly, why he probably knew not, when, being called into the comte's apartment, he found the whole party there, and his friend engaged in examining a packet of letters, from which he appeared to be taking notes. There was a breathless silence for several minutes, which the comte interrupted in the following words:—

"Inexplicable are the workings of destiny—strange are the vicissitudes of human existence, and the ultimate consequences of human actions, as will appear by what I am about to disclose." Then fixing his eyes steadily upon Albert, he continued. "At the battle of Wagram my superior officer, Captain ——, by whose side I was fighting, received his death wound; and while breathing his last in my arms, he assured me that the only circumstance of regret at the loss of life in the field of honour, was his leaving an only son, till that moment dependent upon him for support. I immediately made him a solemn promise to adopt that son, and bring him up as my son. Abert, you are the son of the brave and distinguished officer who bequeathed me that duty."

Albert, whose heart burst forth in a torrent of tears, rushed into the arms of his benefactor, exclaiming, "Indeed, indeed, sir, you have faithfully kept your word. How shall I show myself worthy of so much generosity?"

"Albert," continued the comte, "you have more than repaid my care; I am proud in the possession of a son who does honour to myself, and promises to become an ornament to his country. If I have hitherto left the secret of your birth unknown to yourself and to the world, I have done so from motives which you will know how to appreciate.

"But how shall I discharge the debt I owe to you, Albert?" continued the comte, whose voice began to falter with the movement of tenderness and satisfaction; "you, who have been the instrument in the hands of Providence of discovering my only child, and the daughter of a being whose lot has been hard, as will appear by these letters. Yes, Albert, Josephine, the apparent child of this poor couple—Josephine, whose features you have so faithfully depicted—is my lawful daughter!" As he uttered these words, his emotion deprived

him of further articulation; and instinctively stretching out his arms towards Josephine, who was seated immediately beside him, he embraced her with convulsive rapture.

The scene, which the heart alone can conceive, we will not attempt to analyze; it was one of those incidents of real life of which an adequate estimation is impossible, and embellishment were superfluous; a scene which nature's self will be proud to inscribe in the fairest pages of her records, and triumphantly point at "*for her own.*" Let us, therefore, like prudent dramatists, allow the curtain to close over it, while we prepare our last and necessary act, which the spectator, however, is wont to arrive at by anticipation, and not unfrequently leaves the theatre, as though unwilling to allow his impressions to be effaced by attention to representations of minor importance. It merely remains to be stated that the comte briefly demonstrated, by written and incontestible documents, the identity of Josephine. "A few weeks previously to my departure for a campaign in the detachment of the imperial army, in opposition to the express commands of my family," observed the comte, "I was privately married to the only daughter of Madame de L——, widow of an illustrious officer, whose name is conspicuous among his country's glories. It unfortunately happened that Madame de L—— paid the debt of nature almost immediately after I quitted Paris, so that my wife experienced an accumulation of misery and abandonment, which it is difficult to imagine. Letter after letter was despatched, informing me of her melancholy condition. Such, however, was the rapidity of the emperor's movements, and the consequent difficulty of correspondence, that these letters did not reach me till my wife had fallen a victim to her fate. Six days subsequently to her parting with her infant, she ceased to exist. Heaven knows what pains I have taken, what anxious days and nights I have passed, in endeavouring to discover the offspring of my beloved wife, among the hundreds of children received at that trying period in the Hospital des Enfans Trouvés. I have been able to collect these melancholy particulars respecting my unhappy wife from various sources, and my feelings have been racked with a degree of anxiety and regret which I felt too well convinced would accompany the remaining days of my life: the bitterness of destiny is suddenly, and, I may say, miraculously softened, and my heart is now relieved from a portion of the weight which preyed upon its peace."

After the comte had finished this recital, which deeply affected the whole party, and drew forth their feelings in sighs and tears, the young Albert threw himself at the comte's feet, on the one hand, and Josephine on the other, Jacques held up his hands in the attitude of devotion and gratitude, while the foster-mother of Josephine, who had been for some time on her knees, uttered a prayer of heartfelt thanksgiving to the great Disposer of all events, in audible and fervent accents. The comte, who formed the principal figure of the group, contemplated the features of his daughter with affectionate composure for several minutes without uttering a word; at length, raising her to her seat, the rest of the party received the circumstance as a signal to resume their chairs.

"I need not assure you," said the comte, addressing himself to the Chiffonier and his wife, "I need not assure you how much I am indebted to you for the honourable part you have acted, under the circumstances which made you a parent to my lost child, nor am I able, if indeed it were necessary, sufficiently to express to you my admiration of the noble and generous feeling which give you an indisputable claim to my warmest thanks: you shall find, my worthy friends, that I am not ungrateful for the services you have rendered me."

After an interchange of the most tender affection, Josephine and her foster-parents separated for the first and last time; and the comte having embraced them with the most lively cordiality, they resought their homely but now comparatively solitary mansarde. They had not been at home more than half an hour before Albert made his appearance, bearing a letter from the comte, which contained directions for the receipt of an annuity of fifteen hundred francs, which was to continue as long as both, or either, of them might live.

The union of Albert and Josephine is an event which the reader will consider already decided by the incidents we have related, and the comte consented to it without the slightest reluctance: a few weeks afterwards, therefore, the marriage was celebrated in the presence of the comte, Jacques and his wife, at the altar of that same Eglise St. Merri, where Albert had first seen the features which he then felt convinced—and that conviction was in no way diminished—he could gaze upon for ever with rapture.

Our story must here close; the following facts will serve to explain all the circumstances of the sequel. A modest tablet appears in Père la Chaise, and not far from it another: the one indicates the spot where the remains of the comte and his unhappy lady are deposited; the other perpetuates the memory of the Chiffonier and his worthy spouse. To this spot Albert and Josephine from time to time repair, bearing in their hands each a chaplet, which they place upon the graves of their parents and benefactors.

W.

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## THE MERMAID OF SORRENTO'S SONG.

'Mid coral groves and golden sands
I spend my happy hours,
And though I view far spreading lands,
I envy not man's bowers.

Beneath the blue transparent wave
My silent path I take;
Where man would find a wat'ry grave
My resting place I make.

There, too, my long and dark green hair
With shells and gems I deck,
Or strings of pearls with amber fair
I hang around my neck.

When high the crested wave is borne,
Upon that wave I ride;
When mast and sail from deck are torn,
The deep is then my pride.

When sunset pours its golden light
All o'er the western sky,
Or when the moon at dead of night
Hears but the lover's sigh,

Like visions in a half-form'd dream,
(Upon the starlit tide,)
By mortal eyes I'm dimly seen
Past rock and shore to glide.

Oh! then my lute I softly play
At that calm lonely hour,
And Echo still prolongs the lay
With all her wonted power.

But lovelier sounds did once rejoice
Sorrento's classic shore;
The Sirens' * sweet enchanting voice
Is mute—'tis heard no more.

And mine, alas! like theirs must cease,
(So ends each mortal tie,)
And soon in everlasting peace
My tuneful shell will lie.

Then gently may I sink to rest
Beneath my native sea,
The ev'ning star that I love best
My funeral torch shall be;

My shroud the white and foaming surge,
(When fix'd at last my doom,)
The zephyr's sigh shall be my dirge,
The boundless main my tomb.

ZOE.

* The Siren Isles, in the gulf of Salerno, mentioned in the Æneid, not far from Sorrento.

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## FRENCH AND ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

Now is the time for waters and watering-places; the springs of the earth come to freshen us, the hills and vales look glad, and the springs of our feelings come along with them; the sea, which has lost its terrors, seems cheated and charmed at what is going on, the bright blue waves dance about in the sun, and the bright stars come down at night to tell all their bright truths and stories. Thus are all bound up together—thus does the pulse of this beautiful world beat through us, and tell us what we are made of; we but listen to this revelation —these fair flowers are but types of our feelings—these springs and streams refresh them as they flow, and this mighty sea-tide, like eternity itself, seems the bed from which they arise—the bed to which they return. This is society—these are all lessons we may learn. In liking the images of nature and human nature, we trace the laws of our existence. What do we seek in society, in scenery, in seasons, but one and the same thing, *sympathy*? Thousands of indefinable chords hang around us; the net-work of our affections spreads everywhere, and even the leaves and the lilies are our oracles, and speak in a language of their own. There is beauty around us, therefore, everywhere. Look abroad, look above—see the great law of motion and change—see how these scenes and seasons mark our lights and shades as we pass along, telling us of the great orb from which they emanate, and of the great principle within us so assimilated with it. This law of association, however, is variously modified, or rather the objects of which it treats impress us very differently, and scenery and seasons, though so affected by each other, tell their stories in their own way. The wild winter locks up all—its crest is crystalline and hoary—the streams are dark, and the sea roars. In spring, the crest is broken, nature unlocks her treasures, and the gate gradually opens, where the soft winds come. In summer, we have beauty bounding along, and the yellow plains wave, and the bright streams dance; and, even now, in autumn, before the first summons has arrived, we see a riot, and a richness, and a rushing lustre, as if to keep off the dark and lonely days. These are all instructive lessons, they show us all our changes. Man, tired of his course, is ever in pursuit of such: he roves abroad, he roves within himself, he seeks fresh scenes and seasons, to explore the mysteries of his nature:—and thus time, truth, and travel, all labour at the same task.

The French, however, do not understand these things, and their views seem very different from ours: we see it in their feelings—we see it in their faces—we see it in everything about them. They want the glow of gushing hearts—they want the freshness of early ablutions: society, instead of being a communing with nature or themselves, is a mere school of "commerage" with each other, where every fluid and every feeling is diluted, and fritted down, and evaporated. All this we cannot blame them for—we must attribute it to old habits. Revolutions often change old habits, but these latter

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more often change revolutions. The difference between our classic and romantic schools is not much more than the different views we take of scenery and society, or rather the different impressions they afford us. The Englishman takes his imagery from nature—the Frenchman from human nature. Shakspeare tells us that we are but parts and portions of the things around us. He addresses himself to the great living principle—the streams, the stars, and the flowers, are his oracles—they give him his library, his lexicon, his language. Molière, on the contrary, addresses himself to man exclusively—turns him inside out, neglecting all the others; and, like every Frenchman who enters his "salon," thinks his duties owing to the mass, not the individual. Society is, therefore, everything to him; but what is it? Place him in solitude, and he is a wretch—throw around him every beauty and bounty of nature, and how does he express their impressions? A noble prospect is called "gentil," a rough sea is called "mechant," bad weather is said to be "malaise," a cape or promontory is called "nez," a mountain-pass "col;" and thus, by narrowing poor nature into his own dried-up flesh-and-blood human nature, he thinks he performs the full duties of his school. Now, all this is being excessively polite—much more so than we—and perhaps much more productive of ease and enjoyment; but still we are polite in our own way, and have our enjoyments, and if the balance is entered into, we need not repine. Place the Englishman by the lone forest, or wild sea, and he has companions; in the stars he finds hopes, in the leaves he hears whisperings; he compares his mistress's eyes to those stars, he calls her by those flowers, and is often less alone in solitude than when he is diverted by the interruptions of his species.

The nature of our positions may explain this. In the first instance, the geographical centre of France has made her a social centre; her agricultural habits have given her habits of ease, and her revolutions have given her a love of equality. Few things the Frenchman hates more than sea-sickness or aristocracy—few things he likes better than conversation and good order; he has no idea of that vast realm of imagery which the ocean conveys—no wish to explore north-west passages—finds the fresh air and earth quite enough for him—and consoles his imagination by flattering his taste. Now, this will not do for us—we are in our solitary corner—not quite the "ultima thule;" but still the penultima—the winds and waves rush around us, and we must be rough and strong along with them. Why are we such rovers and travellers? Chiefly because we are islanders. We feel compressed in our small space—we seek the sea to roam and revel in its mysteries, and where our imagination can either rest or take flight from. When this mighty sea rolls before us we are tempted to look further;—the waves imply motion—each wave is like our day; the horizon points out the line between time and eternity, and though we do not exactly like to pass this line, yet we wish to revel in the space that lies between. We, therefore, plant ourselves at the edge—we count those waves as they roll in, and the freshness of the breezes that blow seems freshening all our faculties and feelings.

Watering-places, therefore, we cannot do without; they are out-

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lets for our imprisoned elements, safety-valves for our minds, and restorers of health to our bodies. We carry fountains and fires within us, rushes and gushes from deep streams. We seek others to sympathize with—we seek those, like the weary pilgrim, when he comes in view of the towers of Medina—we look on the sea as the resting-place, where the blessed Allah lies, and being all born and dying so near it, we gaze upon it like glimpses of another world, and as we gaze upon cradles and tombs.

Now the Frenchman understands not this; he is too fond of this planet to be looking out for another; he is quite satisfied with the fires and fountains of his species to seek further, and if he can only get sprinkled with the one, and warmed with the other, he requires no other warmth or cooling. 'Tis true he is becoming a cleaner animal, and getting fonder of water—'tis true that watering-places have commenced, that even treatises have already appeared on "propreté," and that it is now classed by many under the cardinal virtues. All this is very true, but all this is the mere work of reaction—dirt is an old dogma in France; the church decreed, or at least sanctioned it. When carelessness is so positive, we must see that cleanliness must be comparative, or even negative, and therefore watering-places, though they are things permitted, are not things indispensable.

To see all this in its correct light only look at the two great capitals in the present season—'tis true politics and party-spirit are doing their best on our side to turn up our fine feelings of nature, whilst they merely seem toys and amusements on this side of the water; so far the comparison perhaps is unfair, and so far the seasons may be deranged, at least on our side: but take one of the Septembers in Paris and London, look at the different means employed to amuse and keep us cool: in Paris, the citizen hies to his "guinguettes" and gardens; if he cannot afford an ice, he can afford beer; if he has no sea-breezes, he has breezes from somewhere else—the Thuileries are open to the decent, the Boulevards to all sorts. The elms are in leaf, the orange trees bloom, and the chairs are cheap: thus his senses are gratified; there are purveyors for each department—he can be social, he can be sensual, he can get both at a discount; if inclined to extend his expenses, he can have his newspaper. These have their purveyors also, ideas and words of all sorts are about him—he sees his opinions corroborated, he stretches himself at his ease. The fresh air, the fresh coffee, the fresh journals, all are exhaled in his atmosphere; and seeking no fresher fluid or fresher feelings, he asks himself, Why should he leave Paris? Now trace London in September: we admit its parliamentary derangements from late affairs—but trace it in the good old times, tread its hot streets, see the grass ready to grow there, were it not afraid of being burned up; mark the air steaming and smoking along the alley's breath, the rich vapour of the desert squares—see the ghosts of the departed, and ask where all this life is fled?

But if the two great capitals are not enough to show us the great national characteristics, let us be off to the watering-places. Take Brighton and Dieppe, opposite neighbours, and see the opposition be-

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tween them. In Brighton all is of London or the sea—a marine excrescence—a metropolitan extension. London comes down to her, the sea comes up to her. Pressed, as it were, between these two monsters, she becomes amphibious; from necessity courts them alternately; but finding the sea nymphs more alluring, pays them her chief attention. She therefore turns her back to London, turns her face to the other, spreads herself out on her cliffs in her best curls and coxcombry, and looks down in the mirror spread before her. Look at all our other watering-places—the same system of coquetry—the same passion for the sea. Long lines of houses stretched out and yawning on the beach, seeking society in the waves, as if to avoid seeking society with each other.

Now cross over to Dieppe. Look at this ancient Norman bundling herself up in her own circles—turning their faces to each other—turning their back to the sea; and though equally dependent on it as Brighton, still adhering to the national system. Dieppe, like Brighton, is amphibious; but the French are an earth-loving people—they think that the earth, and what it affords, is quite enough for them, and that all other elements are uncertain, at least for the good order of society. It is true, steam-boats and bathing establishments are now in fashion there; but how? The one crawls in lazily from Brighton—she's afraid of high pressure—she seems to know that she approaches a place that hates the *march of intellect;* and that old fishermen are the last that will listen to improvement. As to her bathing establishment, see what it is. In a fit of Carlism and cleanliness, the new temple was erected. The chivalrous Caroline (Duchess of Berry) patronised it. Caroline was a good swimmer—she invited those pale-faced Parisians, who could afford to leave their dear city, to come here in the season to follow her example, and the Parisians had too much gallantry to refuse her invitation. Every thing, therefore, was made suitable, and according to the national taste. The temple was purely *classic:* it was built at the edge of the sea, and the sea being purely *romantic,* it was necessary to meet it at once, and try and polish it. The pillars were Grecian, the statues Roman—governor, secretary, treasurer, were all classic, at least, each was in class and bureau; and lest there should be any chance of his Majesty's subjects being affronted by the waves, or affronting each other with their nakedness, guides were everywhere on the look out, all ticked and labelled, and "caleçons" were indispensable. These days are fled—the Carlists and Caroline are fled along with them. Dieppe mourns their fate, and consoles herself with their remembrance.

T. G. S.

*July.*

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# THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.[1]

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

In the autumn of the year I was on a journey to the frontier portion of the States, but had a vast tract of the "Backwoods" to travel through. I was in company with a gentleman, a friend of mine, his wife and sister; also a maid-servant, who was in the capacity of nurse, formed one of the party. My friend, who was city bred, had foolishly enough brought a close carriage with him to the back settlements when he first located himself there. At the time of our journey, he had resided about five years in the woods, during which his city-built chariot had never been used. The roads, in fact, rendered it quite unsafe to use a carriage of that description; but now that they were about to visit their city friends, he was anxious to do so in the style they knew he had formerly been accustomed to. I, also, had a carriage; but mine was a true backwoods' affair—a regular Yankee Dearborn wagon, with wooden springs, and a variety of flaming daubs of paint laid on with true backwoods' taste—that is, with no taste at all. There was one thing about it which amused me exceedingly, and that was, a flaring device, or coat of arms, on the most conspicuous pannel of the machine. The artist had undoubtedly intended it for the British lion and unicorn, but for what purpose, I could not devise, as the wagon was not built "to order," but for whoever might wish to purchase it; and as all kings, princes, and potentates, are considerably below *par* in Yankee land, I was puzzled to account for this strange whim of the wagon-maker. He had attempted no motto; but over the cipher were *two* "bending plumes," but the third of the Prince of Wales' feathers was omitted, for there was, in fact, no room for it. The unicorn looked more like an enormous ram, with a single horn stuck on the top of his head, than the beast it was intended to represent; while the lion was in a recumbent position, looking over his right shoulder at his neighbour with a look which seemed to say, "What strange company brother Jonathan has introduced me to." But although the wagon had been somewhat disfigured with this painting, yet it had been made of the best white oak and hickory, and was really a tough and useful conveyance. With my friend's close carriage, and my own open wagon, we set forward on our journey; but the roads were so exceedingly deep, that the chariot stuck fast in the mud just as night came on; and although I took the whole party into my vehicle, in order to lighten it, my friend's horses were unable to draw it out. A considerable delay took place in our vain endeavours; but finding it could not be moved, we at last proceeded to the next house—about four miles—leaving the baggage in the chariot. We had now to get assistance; that is, we prevailed upon the person at whose house we had arrived,

[1] Continued from p. 224.

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to send off two pair of oxen, (horses he had none,) and two of his sons, to bring forward the deserted carriage, and about midnight they returned "all safe and clever."

The following morning we set out pretty early, and in about two hours reached the place where we proposed taking breakfast. When we drove up to the house we had no obsequious landlord running out to welcome us; for on alighting and inquiring for him, Mrs. Le Barre (the landlady) told us he was not at home. "Who," I inquired, "will take care of our horses?"

To which she very tartly replied, "Yourselves, I guess; for," continued she, "I shall likely have enough to do indoors."

Having acted my part of ostler, I repaired "indoors" to give directions about breakfast, as it had been arranged that I was to manage such matters. "Mrs. Le Barre," said I, "we shall want breakfast; what could you let us have?"

"I guess you can have tea if you wish; but I must first get baby quieted."

Now it so happened that my friend, who had been indisposed, was obliged to breakfast on tea, while the young lady breakfasted on coffee; and to sum up the matter, my friend's wife never drank either tea or coffee, but always chocolate! After baby was quieted, and tea fairly under way, I ventured to hint, that we should also require a little coffee, although I announced it with fear and trembling. But the greatest difficulty yet remained; and it was not until after many attempts that I got Mrs. Le B—— informed, "that we should also want a little chocolate."

"Tea, coffee, and chocolate!" exclaimed the astonished woman; and lest some disagreeable salutation should be offered me, I hastened to the other room, taking shelter amongst my friends. I never shall forget the look mine hostess gave me, when I had announced chocolate, in addition to tea and coffee; nor do I suspect that she will ever forget the party that had the unreasonableness to ask for such an unheard-of variety. Since that time I have found it necessary to call on Mrs. Le B——, but never dared to hint that we were old acquaintances.

* * * * * *

The North American wolf is naturally shy; and if we may place confidence in those stories we hear of the ravages committed by the wolves inhabiting some of the mountainous regions of Europe, he is, by comparison with his brethren of the Old World, a very harmless sort of creature. This greater mildness of disposition is not, however, owing to any physical deficiency; for although certainly less voracious than the European wolf, he is somewhat larger and stronger. In America they are rarely known to attack human beings; for during a long residence in a district where they were rather numerous, I never was able to make out a clear case where a person had been attacked by them. I have indeed heard of persons being pursued, or *hunted*, as the Americans call it, by a number of wolves; but in all such cases the individuals were on horseback; and therefore the probability is, that the wolves pursued the horses, and not the men.

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However, from the facts I am about to relate, it would seem otherwise.

A medical gentleman residing not far from the Chemung River, a tributary of the noble Susquehanna, had one night, in the middle of winter, been visiting a sick person at a distance of eight or ten miles from his own house. The country in that vicinity was then quite new, and but very few settlers had encroached on the aboriginal forests. The doctor had been accustomed for some years to travel through those wild regions at all seasons, and at all hours, by day and by night, but never had been in any way molested; nor had he ever had the slightest apprehension of danger from the wolves that were known occasionally to inhabit the surrounding woods. On the night in question, he set off homeward at a late hour, as he frequently had been wont to do; but before he had proceeded far, he became aware of his being pursued by a gang of wolves. The night was exceedingly frosty, but clear and star-light. For a while they were only heard at a distance; but by-and-bye the doctor could clearly distinguish five or six of them in full chase within less than twenty rods of him. The snow being pretty deep at the time, he found it was impossible to leave them; so he made up his mind to quit his horse, and ascend the first tree which appeared favourable for such a purpose. It was not long before such a one offered; and, permitting his horse to go at large, he was amongst the branches in a few seconds, and quite out of the reach of his hungry pursuers. He never doubted but they would continue in pursuit of his horse, which he flattered himself would be able, now that he was relieved from his load, to make his escape. But, to his surprise, he beheld no fewer than eight large wolves come round the tree on which he had taken shelter, and, instead of pursuing his horse, quietly awaiting his coming down. Although he had no wish to descend under such circumstances, he was fully aware of the fate that awaited him should he find it expedient to remain until morning in his present situation. To escape from the effects of the keen frost he knew was impossible; and therefore he determined to maintain his position, in spite of the occasional serenading of the party below. What his feelings were during the night, or how the wolves contrived to amuse themselves for so many hours, I cannot precisely state; but about day dawn they united in a farewell howl, and left the poor benumbed doctor at liberty to descend. With great difficulty he succeeded in reaching the ground; and with still more he managed to reach the nearest dwelling, distant about three miles, from whence he was conveyed to his own house in a sleigh. Had his family been aware that the horse had returned without its rider, they undoubtedly would have gone in search of the doctor, and most probably have relieved him from his imprisonment at a much earlier hour. But although the horse had no doubt galloped straight to its stable-door, the family knew nothing of its arrival until daylight returned.

The doctor did not escape without experiencing the ill effects of roosting for half a dozen hours in a leafless tree, in a severe North American January's frost; for a mortification ensuing in both his feet, the only chance of saving his life was by amputating both his

legs. However, the doctor yet lives to narrate his adventure, or, as he terms it, "his wolf scrape;" and is one of the few instances on record in his part of the world of having been in real danger of becoming a supper for a few of those hungry animals.

The winter was more than usually severe among the mountains on the north waters of the Susquehanna. The snow fell pretty early in the month of December, so that winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly some time before Christmas. I had been on a visit for a few weeks in the vicinity of S—— L——; but had accepted of an invitation to meet a party of my own country people, at the residence of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T———, on the last day in December, with an understanding that we were "to dance in the new year;" for even in the back settlements of America we could at times meet and dance, and enjoy whatever the country afforded, forgetting for a time the gayer and more splendid scenes we had once been familiar with in our dear native country. The distance I had to travel was but six miles; yet the road—if a dim track through the woods might be so called—was at all seasons bad, now the snow was so deep that it was rendered still worse, so that it took a considerable time to get through it. At that season of the year the wolves occasionally infest the neighbourhood; and although at all seasons depredations are liable to be committed upon the small flocks of sheep in the vicinity, yet it is in winter, when they *pack* and hunt together, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. The day previous to my proposed visit a party of thirteen (for their numbers were easily ascertained by their tracks in the snow) had issued from their haunts in the adjoining forest, and destroyed nearly fifty sheep belonging to the gentleman with whom I was sojourning. Although they had probably sucked the blood of the chief part of the sheep they had killed, they of course had not been able to devour the carcasses of more than a fourth part; it looked as if they had slaughtered them through sheer wantonness. My invitation to my friends was to dine, at two o'clock; for it is not customary to keep to the extremes of fashion in the backwoods. I, however, for some reason or other, saw fit to defer going until evening, when, as my road lay close along the edge of the swamp the wolves were known to inhabit, I stood a good chance of being serenaded by their wild and melancholy howlings, and probably might arouse some of them from their lairs. My friends pressed me to travel by daylight, but I kept my determination; and just as the shades of evening were closing in, I desired my horse to be got ready; and when the boy brought him saddled to the door, he called my attention to the howling of the wolves, which could be distinctly heard in the exact direction of the road I had to travel, although the noise seemed to proceed from a swamp at a couple of miles distance. Being prepared with a stout cudgel in lieu of a riding-whip, I mounted my horse, and set forward, already beginning to repent of having delayed my journey until so late an hour. By the time I had passed the scene of carnage of the preceding day, and was about to enter the dark and almost trackless woods, daylight had

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totally disappeared, and nothing remained for me but to pursue my way, and make the best of it.

I had not proceeded far ere I came to a steep descent, where the water, from an adjoining spring, had overflowed the snow, which was consequently formed into a continued sheet of ice, all the way down the declivity. My horse being smooth-shod, I deemed it safer to walk; therefore dismounting, and taking the bridle in my hand, I endeavoured to lead the way down the slippery path. Before, however, I had got half way to the bottom, away slid both my feet, and down I came. My horse was so startled at the suddenness of my fall, that he made a spring to one side of the track, lost his footing, and came down close beside me. But in the spring he made when I fell, from my hand being fast in the bridle, I was jerked back some distance up the hill with such force, that, when I recovered a little from the shock, I felt fully persuaded that my shoulder was dislocated. We both, however, gathered ourselves up as well as we were able; and there we stood, in no condition to protect ourselves from the wolves, should they see fit to attack us; for from the way in which my horse stood, I was afraid that he had suffered still more damage than myself. When the pain of my shoulder had somewhat subsided, I examined it more minutely, and convinced myself that it was not dislocated; but the severe wrench had injured it so much that I had no hope of making use of that arm during the remainder of my ride. And as regarded my horse, I was pleased to find that he still possessed the use of his four legs, although one of them moved with less ease than it had done before. Having contrived to get to the bottom of the descent, I again mounted, with extreme difficulty—for I could only use my left hand,—in which I had to grasp both the bridle and my war-club. Had the wolves attacked us we should have been in considerable danger; for I found, on proceeding, that one of my horse's fore-legs was severely sprained: but either they were not aware of our condition, or they were in no need of a supper; for on getting beyond the confines of the swamp, I aroused several of them from their quiet hiding-places; and instead of stopping to scrutinize me and my horse, away they ran through the thick underwood, while I hallooed with all my might, giving every tree within the reach of my club, a good left-handed blow or two. In this manner I continued along the dim and unbroken track, feigning to be a very hero,—although I candidly confess that I only recollect one or two instances in my whole life when I felt so thoroughly intimidated. Afterwards, I could not help thinking that I had only received the reward of my folly,—for I had sprained my own shoulder severely,—injured my horse's leg,—disappointed myself of the pleasant society of my friends for a few hours,—and all this for the credit of being able to boast of having dared to ride past the "wolf-swamp" after night-fall, when it was known that thirteen ravenous wolves were inhabiting it.

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## A THOUGHT IN SOLITUDE.

WHERE is the queenly ship,
That in her beauty flew,
Over the harbour's dark-green waves,
To her home the deep and blue.
Like a bride she bounded forth,
All resonant with glee:
Proud were the men who guided her
To combat with the sea.

Can her high pride be tamed?—
Where are her streamers gone?
Doth she lie where the south-breeze cannot reach,
Nor the storm wind's awful tone?
*Where* is the queenly ship,
With her crew of gallant men?
Are they in silence laid to sleep,
But once to rise again?

Or is she bounding on,
As on that parting day?
Doth the noble bark, like one of life,
The skill of man obey?
Will she reach her destined haven,
Whence bright eyes nightly far
For her strain o'er the dreaded deep
Towards the western star?

O! there were hearts within her
That warmly beat for me;
But their God and mine "holds in his palm,"
Their enemy—the sea.

---

## HERE'S TO THY LOVE AND MINE!

STRIKE, strike the golden strings,
And to their glorious sound
Fill, fill the red wine high,
And let the toast go round.
To woman, dearest woman,
O, quaff the generous wine;
Give me thy hand, my brother,
Here's to thy love and mine!
Thy love and mine!

Strike, strike the harp that ever
Thrilled to a woman's praise,
Of all the themes the brightest,
May win a poet's bays.
To woman, dearest woman,
Quaff the warm blood of the vine;
And hand in hand, my brother,
Drink we to thine and mine;
To thine and mine!

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# THE METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1837.

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# THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

## THE READING-ROOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

THE British Museum, which was established in 1753, is a place of which every one hears, and which almost every person who visits London, makes a point of seeing. There is not a better sight in London; there are few places better worth seeing in the world. There is one department, however, of the British Museum of which the public hear but little, and which those who view the other departments, never see: I allude to the Reading-room. It is situated at the north-eastern part of the building, the entrance to which is through the gateway on the right hand side as you enter. It is within a few yards of the large room appropriated to the reception of the library of George the Fourth; which that monarch gave as a present to the trustees of the institution for the benefit of the public. The reading-room of the British Museum is, I should suppose from a glance of the eye, about sixty or seventy feet in length, about thirty in breadth, and about thirty in height. At the farthest end there is a wooden partition. The space beyond this partition is usually called the inner room; it is not half so large as the other, or first room.

No person is admitted into the reading-room of the British Museum without the written recommendation of some respectable householder, who must be known by name, if not personally, to Sir Henry Ellis, the librarian, to whom the application for admission must be made. Sir Henry, if he approve of the recommendation, which is understood to be a virtual, though not legal guarantee for the respectability of the candidate, signifies the same on a slip of paper to the under librarian, who is always in attendance in the room, and the party receives a ticket or printed card, containing the rules by which that part of the establishment is regulated. This card insures his admission for six months. At the end of that time it will be renewed, on application to the under librarian to that effect; but very few of those who attend the reading-room put themselves to this trouble, as when one is known as a reader, no questions are ever afterwards asked him, nor obstacles thrown in his way to the prosecution of his literary pursuits.

When a party wishes for any book, he has to write the title of it as given in the catalogue belonging to the room, and then append his name to the slip of paper. The object of the party's name being written after the title of the work he wishes to see, is to enable one of the officers of the establishment, who chances to bring the book, to know to whom it is to be delivered. Without this there would be great and constant confusion. The officers who are usually in the

reading-room, seldom bring the books applied for, but hand the slips to others in different parts of the various library rooms; and the latter, when they have found the book asked for, give it with the slip of paper to some other servant, who carries it himself, or gives it to some one else to carry with the slip of paper in it, to the party who applied for it. The name of the party being written on the slip, enables the officer who brings the book to find out the proper person at once.

The library, consisting as it does of nearly 250,000 volumes, besides 24,000 manuscript works, necessarily occupies many rooms. When a book, which is seldom sought for, is inquired after by any party—and such works are usually in the more distant rooms—it often requires some time to get it. In the case of very rare books, half an hour has elapsed, in one or two instances in my own case, before the work written for has been brought me. These, however, are cases which very seldom occur. Generally five or ten minutes suffice. I need not say that where there are so many volumes as I have mentioned, the reading-room can only contain a very small portion of the library. Perhaps 8,000 or 9,000 volumes may be contained in it. They are all of books which are most frequently sought for. All the popular periodicals, encyclopædias, gazetteers, biographical works, histories, parliamentary documents, transactions of learned and philosophical societies, &c. are to be found in the reading-room; and as a great many of them are accessible to the readers, they can take them themselves without writing for them, or asking them through the medium of any of the officers of the establishment.

The officers of this department of the institution are all exceedingly obliging in their demeanor, and always ready to meet the views of the readers. They are also intelligent; and are often of great service in directing the parties to books, when they know the subjects which are occupying their attention at the time, which will forward their views, and with which they were themselves before unacquainted. Nothing, indeed, could be better regulated than the reading-room of the British Museum.

The number of individuals whose names are on Sir Henry Ellis's list, is nearly 6,000. I recollect hearing Sir Henry mention this about two years ago, when an acquaintance of my own was applying for admission. The immense majority of these, however, only occasionally visit the reading-room; some only at intervals of two, three, four, five, or six months. It can hardly be necessary to say, that were even half the number to go at once, there is not a room in Christendom that would contain them; not certainly in a sitting or reading posture, with tables on which to lay the books they are reading, or the paper on which they are writing. I should suppose that the average number of persons who are to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum is under one hundred, and that from three hundred to four hundred persons is the number who visit it in quest of particular books in the course of a day. I should say that there is not accommodation for above one hundred and thirty persons in the room, even with every economy of the space. The average

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number of books asked for a-day is ascertained to be about five hundred; but there are many individuals who ask for two, three, four, and sometimes a greater number of books.

In the reading-room of the British Museum, are often to be seen many of the most distinguished literary characters of the day. Campbell and Moore, and the late Mr. Godwin, with others of the most popular authors of the age, have repeatedly met together, without any previous concert, in that interesting locality. Perhaps it may be said with truth, that there are few men of distinction in modern literature who have not gone with greater or less frequency to it to prosecute their intellectual pursuits. I have seen many individuals of eminence there on repeated occasions; and I doubt not there were others of distinction present at the same time, though personally unknown to me. There are some of our modern literati who have been unremitting in their attendance in the reading-room for nearly a quarter of a century. It was stated last year, before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, that Mr. Hallam, the celebrated author of "The Middle Ages," had been a regular attendant for nearly that length of time.

The proportion of ladies to gentlemen, who are in the habit of frequenting the reading-room of the British Museum, is exceedingly small. I should say, that on an average there is not above one lady for forty individuals of the opposite sex. I do not remember to have ever seen more than five or six ladies present at once.

The reading-room of the British Museum has been fitly compared to a literary workshop. Perhaps the phrase, "literary manufactory," would be still more expressive. In it are to be seen persons engaged in every variety of literary occupation. There is not a field of science or literature that cannot boast of its industrious cultivator there. I have often been struck with the variety of subjects embraced under the general term literature, when seeing the books which lay on the tables before me. In fact, I had scarcely before supposed there were so many different branches of human knowledge. And yet every one was cultivating his own particular department, with as much assiduity and enthusiasm, as if it were the only department to occupy the human intellect. It has often occurred to me as an interesting reflection to think of the great number of works, on every variety of subject, which are always going on in the limited space of that room. Every one is busy with his own work: his attention is entirely absorbed by it. He never passes a thought on other persons or the topics with which they are engaged. Individuals may indeed be, and there are many who often are, in that room, who are for hours all but unconscious that there are any other persons present but themselves. And yet all this while there are perhaps a hundred other individuals in the place, pursuing, with greater or less eagerness, their various objects. Works, as already mentioned, are thus at all times "progressing," as the Americans say, in every department of human knowledge. Let any one try how many branches of learning he can call up to his mind, and then let him fancy he sees some individual most assiduously applying himself to the production of some work or other bearing on such branch of learning, and he will be able to

form some idea of the varied occupations of those who frequent the reading-room of the British Museum.

Notwithstanding the variety of literary pursuits which are followed by the frequenters of this room, and the number of persons usually present, the most perfect quietness and order prevail. So great, indeed, is the silence which usually reigns in the place, that one may prosecute any subject requiring close thought with nearly as much advantage as if he were shut up in an apartment by himself. There is scarcely any speaking, under any circumstances; and when one individual does utter a word or two to another, it is always under his breath. The only sort of noise, worthy of the name, which ever occurs, is caused by the occasional incautious moving of a chair, or the accidental falling of a book; but before one has been in the habit of attending the place any length of time, his ear gets sufficiently accustomed to this to become almost unconscious of it. I know many who become so wrapt in abstract contemplation, or who are so eagerly engaged in the application of all the powers of their minds to particular subjects, that they are altogether unconscious of any such external noise.

What has often grieved me to think is, that there should be so many persons of cultivated mind, all applying the undivided energies of their minds to the production of a work on some particular subject; and yet that, after doing this for many months, in some cases for years, their labour and their talents should all go for nothing. The work, when it does appear, brings them neither reputation nor profit. It may never be heard of beyond the limited circle of their own personal acquaintances; it falls still-born from the press. Such is the ill-timed destiny of innumerable authors. He whose fate it is, must indeed have strong nerves if it do not give a severe shake to his mental constitution. I can conceive of nothing more trying to a susceptible mind—and the minds of authors are generally so—than that a work which had incessantly occupied one's thoughts for years, and in the preparation of which he had been for years constantly employed, should not on its appearance excite the slightest interest. The mortification in such a case is more severe, the disappointment more bitter, because the author had fondly hoped it would excite a sensation in the world on its publication; for this is a feeling which is, I believe, shared to a greater or less extent by every literary man engaged in laborious works. Severe criticism has killed many an author. Henry Kirke White and John Keats are not the only persons who have fallen victims in modern times to a heartless and unjust system of criticism, though their names may be those most generally known. As, then, every one who knows anything of the feelings of an author must be aware, that utter neglect is far more trying to the nerves than severity of criticism, the assumption is a justifiable one, that many unfortunate authors, though their names are unknown to us, have had their spirits completely broken, and have eventually dropped into their graves, in consequence of the utter frustration of all their hopes, the dispersion of all their fond imaginings, caused by their works falling still-born from the press. Instances consist with my own personal knowledge, of authors having felt so keenly the

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failure of works which only cost them a few months' labour in the preparation, that they have never afterwards ventured to look their literary friends in the face, but have as carefully kept out of their way as if they had committed some crime of serious magnitude against society. How great then must be the shock which the person's mind receives whose work, in the production of which years of his life have been spent, falls into oblivion the very hour in which it has been published! If such a case could be aggravated, it would be in those instances, unhappily too numerous, in which all an author's pecuniary prospects have been blasted by the fate of his book.

This train of reflection has often suggested itself to my mind when I have thought of the literary men I have witnessed writing away for years without the intermission, perhaps, of a day, in the reading-room of the British Museum, from its opening to its close, in the preparation of some laborious work. I have thought of the probable fate in reserve for their labours, and of the heart-sickness, if happily nothing worse, consequent on that unlucky fate.

It is Sterne, I think, who gives a graphic description of the care-worn expression of countenance and pale complexion of the literary student. Poets and novelists have all given vivid portraitures of the pale and emaciated personal appearance of the man who applies his whole soul to intellectual pursuits. There are living originals occasionally to be seen in the reading-room of the British Museum, which surpass any mere portrait of the poet or novelist. The elder D'Israeli, in his "Calamities of Genius," refers to a striking instance of the kind, which came under his own notice. Though not in the habit of quoting from other authors, my object being, in most of my works, to give information which is nowhere else to be had, the case narrated by D'Israeli so forcibly illustrates what I have said above, that I am induced to give it.

"My acquaintance," says he, "with an unfortunate lady of the name of Eliza Ryves was casual and interrupted; yet I witnessed the bitterness of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick! She sank by the slow wastings of grief into a grave, which probably does not record the name of its martyr of literature.

"She was descended from a family of distinction in Ireland; but, as she expressed it, 'she had been deprived of her birth-right by the chicanery of law.' In her former hours of tranquillity she had published some elegant odes, had written a tragedy, and comedies; all which remained in manuscript. In her distress, she looked to her pen as the source of subsistence; and an elegant genius, and a woman of polished manners, commenced the life of a female trader in literature.

"Conceive the repulses of a modest and delicate woman in her attempts of appreciating the value of a manuscript with its purchaser. She had frequently returned from the booksellers to her dreadful solitude to hasten to her bed, in all the bodily pains of misery—she has sought in uneasy slumbers a temporary forgetfulness of griefs, which were to recur on the morrow. Elegant literature is always of doubtful acceptance with the public, and Eliza Ryves came at last to try the

most masculine exertions of her pen. She wrote for one newspaper much political matter; but the proprietor was too great a politician for the writer of politics, for he only praised the labour he never paid:—much poetry for another, in which, being one of the correspondents of Delta Crutca, in payment of her verses she got nothing but verses. The most astonishing exertion for a female pen was the entire composition of the historical and political portion of some Annual Register. So little profitable were all these laborious and original efforts, that every day did not bring its 'daily bread.' Yet, even in her poverty, her native benevolence could make her generous; for she has deprived herself of her meal, to assist an unhappy one who lodged above her.

"Advised to adopt the mode of translation, and being ignorant of the French language, she retired to an obscure lodging at Islington, which she never quitted till she had produced a good version of Rousseau's 'Social Compact,' Raynal's 'Letter to the National Assembly,' and finally, translated De la Croix's 'Review of the Constitutions of the Principal States in Europe,' in two large volumes, with intelligent notes. All these works, so much at variance with her taste, left her health much broken, and a mind which might be said to have nearly survived the body.

"Yet, even at a moment so unfavourable, her ardent spirit engaged in a translation of Froissart. At the British Museum I have seen her conning over the magnificent and voluminous manuscript of the old chronicler, and by its side Lord Berners' version, printed in the reign of Henry VIII. It was evident that his lordship was a spy on Froissart, to inform her of what was going forward in the French camp; and she soon perceived, for her taste was delicate, that it required an ancient lord and knight, with all his antiquity of phrase, to break a lance with the still more ancient chivalric Frenchman. The familiar elegance of modern style failed to preserve the picturesque touches, and the native graces of the chronicler, who wrote as the mailed knight combatted—roughly or gracefully, as suited the tilt or the field. She veiled to Lord Berners, while she felt it was here necessary to understand old French, and then to write in good English. During these profitless labours hope seemed to be whispering in her lonely study. Her comedies had been in the possession of the managers of the theatres during several years. They had too much merit to be rejected, perhaps too little to be acted. Year passed over year, and the last still repeated the treacherous promise of its brother. The mysterious arts of procrastination are by no one so well systematised as by the theatrical manager, nor its secret sorrows so deeply felt as by the dramatist. One of her comedies, 'The Debt of Honour,' had been warmly approved at both theatres, where probably a copy of it may be still found. To the honour of one of the managers, he presented her with a hundred pounds on his acceptance of it. Could she avoid then flattering herself with an annual harvest?

"But even this generous gift, which involved in it such golden promises, could not for ten years preserve its delusion. 'I feel,' said Eliza Ryves, 'the necessity of some powerful patronage to bring my comedies forward to the world with *eclat*, and secure them an admira-

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tion which, should it even be deserved, is seldom bestowed, unless some leading judge of literary merit gives the sanction of his applause; and then the world will chime in with his opinion, without taking the trouble to inform themselves whether it be founded in justice or partiality."

"The character of Eliza Ryves was rather tender and melancholy than brilliant and gay, and, like her bruised fortune, breathing sweetness when broken into pieces. She traced her sorrows in a work of fancy, when her feelings were at least as active as her imagination. It is a small volume, entitled, 'The Hermit of Snowdon,' a tale formed on a very delicate, but uncommon act of the mind of fastidious refinement. Albert, having felt, when opulent and fashionable, a passion for Lavinia, meets the kindest return; but, having imbibed an ill opinion of women, from his licentious connexions, he conceived they were slaves of passion or of avarice. He wrongs the generous nature of Lavinia by suspecting her of mercenary views; hence arise the perplexities of the hearts of both. Albert affects to be ruined, and spreads the report of an advantageous match. Lavinia feels all the delicacy of her situation; she loves—but 'never told her love.' She seeks for her existence in her literary labours, and perishes in want.

"In her character of Lavinia, the authoress, with all the melancholy sagacity of genius, foresaw and has described her own death! The dreadful solitude to which she was latterly condemned, when in the last stage of her poverty; her frugal mode of life, her acute sensibility, her defrauded hopes, and her exalted fortitude. She has here formed a register of all that occurred in her solitary existence. I will give one scene—to me it is pathetic, for it is like a scene at which I was present.

"Lavinia's lodgings were about two miles from town, in an obscure situation. I was shown up to a mean apartment where Lavinia was sitting at work, and in a dress which indicated the greatest economy. I inquired what success she had met with in her dramatic pursuits. She waved her head, and, with a melancholy smile replied, 'that her hopes of ever bringing any piece on the stage were now entirely over; for she found that more interest was necessary for the purpose than she could command, and that she had for that reason laid aside her comedy for ever.' While she was talking came in a favourite dog of Lavinia's, which I had used to caress. The creature sprang to my arms, and I received him with my usual fondness. Lavinia endeavoured to conceal a tear which trickled down her cheek. Afterwards she said, 'Now that I live entirely alone, I show Juno more attention than I had used to do formerly. *The heart wants something to be kind to.* And it consoles us for the loss of society to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it.'"

D'Israeli adds, that this unfortunate young lady died soon after writing the above passage. I have given her case because it is an everyday one, though the world seems to be little aware of the fact. Those only whose pursuits have led them into an extensive intercourse with those who live by their labour, can have any conception of the disappointed expectations, the heart-sickness of hope deferred, the

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physical destitution, and the broken hearts, which arise from rejection of authors' works on the part of publishers, or the neglect of the public, should their works ever see the light. Instances of this kind are numerous in the history of the reading-room of the British Museum.

I could give in detail several other instances of a similar nature; but in cases where the parties are alive, it would be improper to make even a general reference to them.

It is curious to witness the enthusiasm which some literary men display in expounding and defending some wild crotchet, which even were it a sound hypothesis, could be of no practical utility whatever. But the more wild and visionary an hypothesis is, it will generally be found that its votaries are the more thoroughly convinced of its truth, and the more zealous in its defence. The reading-room of the British Museum has seen many martyrs to an enthusiasm in favour of extravagant theories, which, even had they been sound, could have been of no practical advantage to philosophy, science, or society. I may mention one instance of this kind. I allude to the case of the late Henry O'Brien, author of a work on the "Round Towers of Ireland." That clever and learned, though visionary young man, was seized with a very extraordinary crotchet respecting the origin of the round towers of his native country, and, with the view of establishing his hypothesis, he applied himself with a consuming anxiety and application of mind to the perusal of works on the subject in the British Museum. Before his labours were finished, it was seen by those who knew him that his incessant application to literary pursuits, in conjunction with his enthusiasm in favour of his peculiar notions on the subject just mentioned, was undermining his physical constitution. He lived to see his book, developing and defending his theory, published; but he did not long survive. His premature end was most probably accelerated by the very harsh manner in which his work and himself personally were treated by the critics, coupled with the fact of its having, notwithstanding all the labour he had expended on it, met with no sale worthy of the name.

I have known others, again, waste years of their time in incessant application to literary research in the British Museum, and yet never succeed in meeting with a publisher of the results of all this amount of labour; while their own means would not admit of their publishing their work on their own account. I doubt not that there are many valuable works which are for ever lost to the world from these causes. Such individuals, in the majority of cases, have either fallen eventual victims to their disappointments, or they have entirely abjured literary pursuits, except merely, perhaps, as an occasional source of recreation.

I have been surprised, on the other hand, at witnessing the fortitude with which some literary characters have borne up under repeated and severe disappointments in their endeavours to acquire for themselves a prominent place in the republic of letters. And what is worthy of mention is, that, so far as my own personal observation goes, I have seen much more of this moral fortitude, this hoping against hope, exhibited by females, than by those of our own sex. I know one who has spent years of her existence in the production of

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a work, and who used to be seen constantly in the reading-room of the British Museum, living on little better than chameleon's fare, that she might indulge her passion for book-writing; and yet, though the book has been finished for two years, and she has, through the intervention of literary friends of distinction, tried every publisher in London, with the view of getting it out, without success,—she still clings to the confident hope that it will by-and-by be brought before the world and meet with the most signal success. Dr. Johnson, or somebody else, once said that half the blessedness of life, even as regards the present world, springs from hopes which are not destined to be ever realised. This, I am satisfied, having seen the manuscript, is a hope which will never be realised. Still, as the delusion is a pleasing one, and is likely to be as lasting as the lady's existence, it were a piece of gratuitous cruelty to try to undeceive her. She once mentioned to me, that the most celebrated phrenologist of the present day—she is herself a phrenologist—told her on one occasion, after having examined her cerebral developement, that the organ of hope was so large that it was worth at least 500*l.* a year to her. As she has not a fourth of the sum in what commercial men call hard cash, it is a very fortunate circumstance for her that she possesses this very handsome annual income in the shape of a particular craniological developement.

I used often to meet with another—one of our own sex—who was blessed with an equally-abundant supply of the commodity of hope. There was, however, this difference between the two, that while the lady was a person of great talents and a most cultivated mind, the other could lay no admissible claim to either. Having the advantage of some money, and not meeting with any one who would undertake the publication of his works; which, I should state, were all compilations, the result of very hard labour though very badly executed,—he became his own publisher. But alas! the books, though published, never sold. One after another fell still-born from the press. Still he persevered for years, compiling, printing, and publishing, boldly maintaining that the reason why his works did not sell was, that their merits were too great to be at once appreciated. He tenaciously, however, clung to the conviction that, to use his own expression, "full justice would be one day done him," and everlastingly quoted the case of Milton's "Paradise Lost," as one precisely similar to what his own would turn out to be. "One morn," some months ago, "I missed him on the accustomed hill," and have not seen or heard of him since; whether he had squandered away all his money in paper, printing, and advertising, and found his hopes vanish as his cash disappeared, I have not the means of knowing; though I think the hypothesis an exceedingly probable one.

Little do the readers of works requiring research know what amount of labour is sometimes required before the authors have succeeded in ascertaining or clearing up a certain point. There are instances on record in the history of the reading-room of the British Museum in which literary men have spent a whole week in the search after some particular fact, or admissible authority for some fact, and yet have not found it, after all. I myself know linguists who have spent several successive days in that room, in tracing out the root whence some

particular word has been derived. People talk of manual labour: it is not half so exhausting or oppressive as this. West India slavery, I am assured by some literary men, can be nothing compared with this species of mental exertion. To the reader all appears smooth and easy: could he only form an adequate idea of the anxiety and exhausting effort it cost the poor author to hunt out, to use a sporting phrase, some of the matter which the book contains, authors would receive a greater share of popular favour than they sometimes do.

Perhaps there is no portion of the public money which is better appropriated than that which is devoted to the support of the British Museum, considered as a general institution. That part of the sum annually voted by the House of Commons to defray the expenses of the Reading-room and Library, is applied with a peculiar advantage to the public. The utility of this part of the institution is singularly great. The extent of it may be best estimated by trying to form some idea in one's own mind as to what would be the injury to British literature and British statistics of a practical kind, which would ensue from its destruction. The precaution taken against any calamity of this nature by means of fire, by refusing ever to let light of any kind, or under any pretext, into it, is deserving of all praise; and it is one which, it is to be hoped, will never cease to be taken. To have the place open from nine o'clock in the morning to four in the afternoon all the year round, and from nine in the morning to seven in the evening in the months of May, June, July, and August, is surely affording opportunity enough to the great body of literary men to prosecute their various inquiries; and if there be some persons whose convenience, owing to their other avocations, those hours do not suit, why then, all that can be said on the subject is, that the convenience of a few individuals must give way to the general good.

I have already stated that the British Museum was instituted in 1753. The library, like most of the other departments of the institution, had its commencement in the acquisition of an extensive collection of manuscripts and printed works which belonged to Sir Hans Sloane; to a suggestion in whose will the origin of the Museum is to be ascribed. From its institution up to the present time, it has been regularly increasing its stores of manuscripts and printed books. The principal source whence it receives its constant additions to its collection, is that of the privilege it has of demanding a copy of every new work published in the United Kingdom. This privilege was conferred on it in 1757, a few years after its institution, by George II., on which occasion that monarch presented the magnificent gift of the library of the Kings of England, which included the libraries of Henry Prince of Wales, Archbishop Cranmer, and other distinguished individuals.

Since that period, the library of the British Museum has been enriched by various gifts of splendid collections of works. In 1763, George III. made it a present of a large collection of pamphlets and public papers, published during the eventful years which intervened between 1640 and 1660; which collection had been commenced by Charles I. To the gift of the library of George III., consisting of ninety thousand volumes, made to the Museum in 1823, I have

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already referred. Besides these large presents, a great many literary men have left their valuable though much less extensive libraries to it. The number of books purchased by the trustees is inconsiderable, compared with the number which have been derived from the sources I have mentioned. In only a few cases have private libraries been purchased. Until within the last few years the average annual amount of money expended on books for the British Museum did not exceed 200*l.*; within five or six years it has been about 1000*l.* This parsimony in the purchase of books for such an institution as the British Museum, is unworthy this great nation.

An impression is pretty generally entertained that the library of the British Museum is the most extensive and valuable extant. I wish, for the honour of the country, the impression were a correct one; unfortunately, however, it is not so. There are no fewer than nine* libraries in Europe more valuable and extensive than the national library of Great Britain. The King's Library, in Paris, by far the largest in the world, contains no fewer than 700,000 volumes. Even the Library of Munich, a place of which one seldom hears, can boast of its 500,000 volumes. What may appear still more surprising, Russia, barbarous and despotic as that country always has been, has its 400,000 volumes in the national library at St. Petersburgh. Copenhagen too, has an equally extensive library. Vienna estimates the number of volumes in its library at 350,000; while Naples, Dresden, and Gottingen, severally lay claim to 300,000 volumes. Lastly, there is Berlin, with its 250,000 volumes; while the British Museum can boast of no more than 240,000 volumes.

This is not as it ought to be: it is discreditable to Great Britain that any other country, especially countries so far behind us in civilisation, literature, population, and wealth, should so far surpass us in the article of a national library. Where, it will be asked, does the blame rest? It rests in two quarters; first, with the House of Commons, and secondly, with the trustees of the Museum. The House of Commons has always been most illiberal in its votes of money to enrich the contents of the Museum generally; while the trustees have somehow or other evinced a desire to expend the money so voted in the purchase of antiquities, curiosities, objects in natural history, &c. in preference to increasing the library. This is deeply to be regretted; for the library is undoubtedly to be regarded as by far the most important department of the institution. I have reason, however, to believe that the cause for this regret will not exist much longer. If I am not mistaken, the legislature will henceforth be much more liberal in its votes of money for the general interests of the Museum, and that a fair share of the money thus voted will be expended in the purchase of valuable additions to the library. This is the only way in which we can ever hope to rival the other leading European libraries. They are severally supported by large sums of money by the governments of the various countries; and consequently have been enabled

* In this number I do not include the library of the Vatican at Rome, there being so many conflicting statements as to its extent. This difference of opinion arises from the non-existence of a catalogue. I think, however, there can be little question that the library of the Vatican is as extensive as the British Museum.

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even in cases where the libraries were instituted long posterior to that of the British Museum, so far to surpass us in the extent, variety, and value of their literary collections. At present we are only adding to the library of the British Museum at the rate of from 4,000 to 5,000 volumes a year, while some of the libraries to which I refer are receiving annual additions to the extent of from 20,000 to 25,000 volumes.

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## THE YOUNG POET.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Young Poet, take the lyre,
And wake its sleeping fire
To the glad wonders of thy own sweet story;
Tell of the palmy state
That crowns his envied fate
Who stands upon the height of minstrel glory.

"Tell of the plaudits loud
Gained in the dazzling crowd,
Where lamps, and gems, and starry eyes are beaming;
Tell of the thoughts that start
Within the springing heart
In the calm hours of solitary dreaming.

"Thou seem'st to me to stand
On an enchanted land,
Lulled to repose by soft and magic measures;
Tell then those joys to me,
Unfold thy destiny,
And sing, young Poet, of its fairy treasures."

The Poet sadly sighed,
"Expect no song of pride,
Lady, from me, no glad and bright revealings;
Mine is a mournful tale,
Mine is a dirge-like wail
Of withered hopes, false joys, and blighted feelings.

"I scorn the servile strain
Breathed by the idle train,
Such flatteries are but worthless dross and glitter;
Like Dead-Sea fruits they smile,
Charming the eye awhile,
But to the taste are mocking, false, and bitter.

"I occupy alone,
An intellectual throne,
My shrinking subjects will not let me love them,
Even my kindred learn
In trembling awe to turn
From the kind gaze of him who towers above them.

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"The thoughts thou deem'st so bright,
Start not at once to light,
The bard must slowly nurse his fragile numbers;
They crown his midnight toil,
His bloom and health they spoil,
And rob of rest his short and feverish slumbers.

"The miner strives in pain,
Wasting his youth to gain
A few bright gems by eager worldlings cherished,
They shine in courtly halls,
But none his lot recals,
Who in the brilliant labour slowly perished.

"And thus the Poet's thought,
To palaces is brought,
All to its flashing rays their homage render;
Its owner droops the while—
Alas! his funeral pile
Was lighted by his mind's destructive splendour.

"Lady, thine eyes are dim;
Oh! shed no tears for him
Who owns that sweetest, best of consolations,
The thought that he has given
To serve the cause of Heaven,
The freshness of his earliest inspirations.

"I have not weakly bowed
To the deluding crowd,
But it has ever been my high endeavour
That all who read my lays
May learn His name to praise,
Whose mercy and whose love endure for ever.

"I grieve a sway to hold
O'er triflers vain and cold,
Their fickle heartlessness has deeply tried me,
But in a land more blest,
I trust to gain the rest
That earth's ungrateful children have denied me."

The poet ceased; and I
Took back with streaming eye
The lyre that he had wakened thus to sadness;
And, when I hear the throng
Speak of that child of song,
I think on him with mingled grief and gladness.

With grief—because I deem
Heavier, each day shall seem
The bonds that fetter his young spirit's lightness:
With joy—for I believe
He shall in heaven receive
A crown of lasting and immortal brightness.

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# THE MAD CAPTAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES."

THE inspiring tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England" had just ceased its echoes through the decks of his Majesty's sloop * * * *, when her captain, better known by the name of Mad Mac, than the more christian one given by his godfathers and godmothers, accosting me as officer of the watch, though I was first lieutenant—"Keep her close in shore, *sir*." And he stalked with all the stateliness of a new-made commander down the companion ladder. How the noble chief had attained the above cognomen I have no personal knowledge, but report whispered something of outrageous passion nearly allied to insanity, and of the reef-point of a topsail shot from under the hand of the man who was tying it, by *his* pistol-ball. Be that as it may, from long experience I am convinced of the truth of the observation of a celebrated counsellor, whose out-of-the-way simile having excited the stare of the Court, pursued his address with—"My lord, in fact, all men are mad at times, and this has been my mad moment."

Captain Mac's madness assumed the offensive form of pride and austerity, which nothing could soften but the magic name of a noble lady—some far-off cousin, a hundred degrees removed. This magical word sometimes procured me an invite and a share of a bottle of claret from the great bashaw.

"Captain Mac," addressing my superior respectfully, "I think it my duty to mention that I feel it impossible, *being new to the climate*, to keep myself awake at watch and watch, and liable to all calls, as first lieutenant, both by day and night; and as Mr. Bennett has passed for lieutenant, we, that is, the second lieutenant and myself, hope that you will permit either him or the master to take the third watch."

"Quarter-master," said the captain, "desire my clerk to bring me the Articles of War. Now, sir, you will be pleased to attend to this. 'If any person in the fleet shall sleep on his watch, he shall be punished with death.' So much for the first part of your request. For the latter, the master and Mr. Bennett are not commissioned officers, and I am instructed by the Admiralty to intrust his Majesty's sloop with them alone."

He issued a written order that no boat should leave the ship without his special commands, or sail be shortened, without *his* directions. These orders we soon contrived to get rescinded in the following manner:—being all ready, we allowed the squall to press the ship on her beam-ends, and then loudly called down into the cabin that the masts would go or the brig upset, unless instantly relieved. This would bring a screaming command from the sleeping commander, to let fly everything, and he, for his own comfort, saw the necessity of leaving the shortening of sail to the discretion of the officer of the watch.

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The sloop anchored off Aruba to water. This small island is the resort of smugglers, run-away slaves, and all kinds of run-aways, from the Spanish main. The captain, after landing, let his gig return, *without note or message*, towards sunset. The signal-man reported the captain on the beach, waving his handkerchief. This conveyed an intimation, but could not set aside the written order respecting the boats, which we were told to obey on our peril.

"Are you sure, coxswain, that the captain sent no order about his gig?"

"None whatever, sir, but shove off, and go on board."

"Very well, Mr. Pipes; turn the hands up and hoist in the boats."

"Arn't I to go for the captain before dark, sir?" said the coxswain.

"Certainly not, for I have a written order that prevents me from sending a boat."

The coxswain touched his hat, and, with a knowing smile, walked off.

When darkness ensued, a fire blazed on the beach, but the second lieutenant and myself were steady-going officers, and could not act on a surmise that the captain might want his boat, and send one in defiance of his written order—O no; we knew the service better. So leaving orders with the officer of the watch, to hoist out the boats at daylight, and send them for water, agreeable to his written orders before leaving, Dick Grant (the second luff) and myself joined our messmates at supper, and a merry supper it was, for one or the other of the mess popped their heads up the companion, to see how well the captain managed his fire, and their reports of its drooping or burning brightly were received with uncontrolled bursts of laughter, for his tyranny and oppression had turned all our better feelings into intense hatred. Let the censorious figure to themselves hell upon earth, and they will form but a faint idea of the misery of a sloop commanded by a *morose, tyrannical* disposition, then imagine the actors overgrown boys, and they will be near the truth.

At six A.M. the officers were drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive the captain, who did not appear with his usual neatness of attire, and looked pale with rage. The boatswain's shrill pipe manned the side, and the officers uncovered as Captain Mac stepped on the deck of his Majesty's sloop.—"I ask you, sir, as first lieutenant, in the presence of your brother officers, if you were not acquainted with my being on the beach, and waving for my boat yesterday, about sunset?"

"It was not only reported to me, but I saw you myself."

"Then what could induce you to keep me all night among a set of villains that I am astonished did not cut my throat for my epaulettes?"

"This order, Captain Mac, and the dread we all entertain of being brought to a court-martial for disobedience."

He snatched the paper I held to him, and tore it to atoms.

"If I die of the fever I am now suffering under, you are my murderer, and I fear, gentlemen, you are all aiding and assisting."

And down he went to his cot.

The doctor in a short time relieved our anxiety by information that his illness proceeded from suppressed passion more than the fever of the climate. He recovered, but with no improvement in disposition.

This has been a long digression; but now to return to my tale.

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We were running off the wind, along the island of Curaçoa, pretty close in-shore. "Captain Mac," called I, down the companion, "the course we are now steering will take the brig within point blank of the Dyke Fort."

"*Keep your course*, sir; and if the blackguards dare to fire on us, cast loose one of the carronades, and blow them into"—*I should blush to write where.*

"Gunners, clear away the foremast carronade; give it elevation, and point it for the fort now opening the point."

At this moment a twelve-pounder from the battery whistled very melodiously over us.

"Their shot carry outside of us, sir."

This communication was unnecessary, for the captain, with his mouth full, appeared on deck, and, with much spluttering, ordered the main-topsail to be thrown aback, and the people to quarters; and we turned to with a good will, and answered their fire in fine style, throwing a number of well-directed shot into the fort.

Our commander, who prided himself on his gunnery, now pointed one of the carronades, and fired, without taking out the monkey-tail.

The recoil of the gun threw it with furious violence between his legs, and his escape was miraculous. "A miss is as good as a mile," said the captain; "but what signal is flying on board the commodore?"

"Our signal to come within hail."

"Fill the main-topsail—haul aboard the fore-tack."

And we passed under the stern of La Franchise.

"I am delighted, sir," said Captain Murray, "with the way in which you scaled your guns; really it was very pretty firing; but I called you off for fear an unlucky shot should cripple a lower mast or yard, as I cannot afford to lose a sloop so efficient from the squadron."

Here the polished manners of the commodore got the better of his love of truth; for the discipline of the sloop was, as may be imagined, very so-so, and capable of improvement.

"Sir," said my good-natured chief, "this brig is in very bad order."

"She is, sir," replied I, pulling off my hat.

"Then the fault must be yours or mine."

"Yours, sir, I think," again bowing.

"How will you make that appear, sir?"

"In this way, sir; by every effort you have endeavoured to lower me in the estimation of the crew, and this conduct to the second officer is enough to disorganise a ship."

"Give me an instance, sir."

"Yesterday, Captain Mac, you ordered me as first lieutenant of the sloop to lower down the jolly boat, and pick up an empty cask; when I desired a midshipman to perform that duty, you countermanded it, and obliged me to do it myself."

"O! you are a bit of a lawyer I see, sir, and I will avail myself of the first opportunity of breaking you."

"Sir, I feel particularly ohliged for your kind intentions, and shall guard against them to the best of my power;" and with a low bow I quitted my amiable commander.

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The commodore made arrangements for storming the Dyke Fort on the night of the day that we had cannonaded it. A hundred volunteers were to land at ten o'clock at night, under the command of Mr. Fleming, the first lieutenant of La Franchise. I was honoured with the command of our quota from the brig, namely, twenty picked seamen, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and pikes. Our party drew up on the beach on a very dark night, neither moon nor stars visible. The storming party consisted of the same number of seamen from the four ships, and twenty marines from La Franchise, under one of their own lieutenants—the whole commanded by as gallant a man as ever drew a sword, Fleming, first of the commodore's frigate. My orders were to keep the party compact, by bringing up the rear. A Dutch guide moved with the forlorn hope in advance, composed of a serjeant and six marines, and were followed at twelve paces by the remainder of the jollies with bayonets fixed. "To the right face,"—and we moved off the beach, striking into swampy ground, at a brisk pace. In a short time we found ourselves bewildered among high canes. A halt was called, and the Dutch guide ordered to the commanding officer. I saw some confusion in the van of our small party, and heard along the line, "Officers to the front." On reaching Fleming, I found the Dutch guide had escaped, by an imposition practised on the advance, that he wished to communicate with the commanding officer. From the height of the canes, and the darkness of the night, he easily contrived to elude the vigilance of those he had devoted to destruction. Great consternation prevailed among the staff, which was not lessened by the sound of an alarm gun from the fort.

"That sound directs us where we should go, and the quicker the better. Officers, to your posts, and keep your men together. Double quick time, and follow me."

Thus spoke our gallant commander—and the party pushed rapidly on until stopped by a heavy volley, but ill directed, on our marine advance, who fell back on the main body. "Close with the front," was vociferated along our line. I thought I perceived a greater inclination for the opposite way; and by threats, with the point of the sword, had just closed with the front, when with a loud shout the Dutch party, who had fired on the advance, broke from their ambush, and crossed bayonets with our marine force. Lieutenant Fleming, who was at their head, received a bayonet through his jacket, which was flying open. The thrust, which was intended for his heart, was made with such force, that the Dutchman fell from not meeting the expected resistance of his body; and as he lay prostrate and bareheaded, our gallant commander's sabre flashed even in the darkness of night, and was in the act of descending on his head, when the Dutchman rose upon his knees, and with upraised hands implored the mercy he ill deserved from his gallant opponent. The truly brave are always the most merciful; and Lieutenant Fleming stayed the uplifted weapon, and with self-possession that did him honour, collared the trembling wretch; and under fear of instant death, compelled him to lead us to the Dyke Fort, into which we scrambled in the best way we could. As my muscular power was not sufficient to


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get over the wall, with my cutlass guarding my head, I, being then of slender make, contrived to crawl through one of the embrasures, and found the fort in possession of the gallant Fleming, who, if alive, I believe, still remains a lieutenant up to this day; his noble captain dying shortly afterwards, his interest died with him!

When with difficulty I had crawled through the embrasure, all the time expecting my quietus in the shape of a ball, bayonet, or pike, as an intolerable noise prevailed, interspersed with sundry sharp cracks from pistol and gun, with pleasure I found myself again in an erect position, and taking a survey of the scene before me. In the centre of the fort, drawn up with military precision, stood the jollies, headed by their officer, conversing with Lieutenant Fleming, who was directing the seamen to prepare the guns—being seven twelve pounders—to receive the flying camp of the Dutch commandant, whose fierce attack was momentarily expected.

"I am glad to see you, youngster," said my bold commander; "I feared you were among the missing or dead."

Some lanterns were making darkness visible, and in my hurry to reach him, I fell over a Dutchman in the agonies of death: he had been shot in the groin, and in a short time expired.

"I congratulate you on your easy conquest," said I.

"Easy enough of all conscience. Most of the fools went out to lay in ambush; had they remained in the fort, we should have found tough work of it; but now we must prepare to receive the gallant Dutchman's flying camp. Take a lantern, and this Dutch prisoner will show you the magazine. See if they have cartridges filled; if not, prepare ten rounds for each gun; and be careful you do not blow us into the air, by firing the magazine. And, mister," to the marine officer, "throw out a line of picquets on the land side, the foremost one well advanced, with orders, if alarmed, to fire, and fall back on the fort.

Bearing a filthy lantern, whose dirty horn gave a dim light, I followed my guide down a flight of steps to the door of the magazine, which having forced open, I found a great quantity of powder, and many rounds of cartridges already filled, and forthwith proceeded to make my report.

"Very well—we will hold this fort against any force they can send till daylight, when, after blowing it up, we will effect our retreat as we best can, to the boats; you, or the marine-officer, visit the out-posts every fifteen minutes, as the utmost vigilance is necessary. The sign and countersign are Church and Chichester, which no foreigner can well pronounce."

"Agreeably to orders, I scrambled over the wall, and with a light and hasty step, a pistol in each hand, and a wary eye, I approached the different sentinels, who, fully conscious of the necessity of vigilance, at some distance challenged with "Who goes there? rounds, advanced rounds, and give the countersign;" at the same time making their muskets ring as they brought their bayonets to the charge position, and the clink of the cock fell sharp upon the ear. "Chichester and all's well," ended our interview, until I came upon the advanced one. He stood like a man thoroughly alarmed, and said he had heard

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female moans. "Hist!" said the soldier, and the sobs and heart-searching groans, in the soft voice of the gentler sex, broke the silence of the stilly night. Led by these mournful sounds, I passed the sentinel, and in some brushwood I found a poor attenuated female, apparently of the half-cast, lying on the damp earth, with a dead infant in her arms. I conjectured that she had been shot through the body in making her escape from the fort, for her language to me was unintelligible, though her groans and shrieks spoke the universal one of suffering. I supported her head, and applied my canteen to her lips; the beverage which she eagerly swallowed seemed to revive her, and with the maternal affection so strongly implanted in woman's breast, whether black or white, she held her infant to me, seemingly unconscious of its death. I tried to raise her, with the idea of supporting her to the fort, but her excessive agony when moved obliged me to replace her, and I sat down, making my knees a pillow for her head. While cogitating on the best mode of affording relief to the poor forlorn one, for I dared not risk the safety of the whole party by taking the advanced sentinel to my assistance, I heard his sharp challenge uttered in tones of alarm, and his still sharper shot, with his hasty retreat on the fort. Being well aware that no quarter would be given by the Dutch commandant, with that instinct true to nature, though it went to my heart to leave the wretched woman, I again placed my canteen to her lips, and fled, and that with such good speed, that I arrived with the outposts, who came flocking into the fort according to their orders. The man who caused the alarm averred that he heard the measured tread of infantry, and the prancing of horses, but I think the beating of his own heart must have deceived him. We remained on the watch, and made every disposition for a desperate defence, and as day dawned, laid a train to the magazine, and evacuated the fort, the marine force covering our retreat.

"A volunteer to fire the train!" cried the commanding officer, and several stepped forward. "Here we must regulate by length of legs, and a capacity to use them. John Wilson," calling to one of the volunteers, "I have seen you active in running up the rigging—I select you to fire the train when you hear the report of my pistol; and remember, you run for your life. Mr. ——," addressing me, "lead the party to the boats, which I now see approaching the beach. Quicken your pace, as I am going to fire the train in five minutes."

I heard the signal, and in an instant there arose a volume of flame, overhung by a dense and heavy cloud, and for miles the island shook, as if from an earthquake, while the fort, with all it contained, was scattered over the face of the country. Our gallant lieutenant, with his long-legged coadjutor, joined us in perfect safety, and we entered our boats without crossing sabres with our flying enemies. Glad to find myself safe on board the brig, unpleasant as she was, I had scarcely refreshed myself with clean linen, when a letter was put into my hands, which caused great astonishment, and in a great measure displeasure. A youthful relative, in the first year of his apprenticeship, had quitted the plodding desk, and without any permission but his own, entered in some West Indiaman from Liverpool, had got im-

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pressed by La Franchise, and was now serving in her as a mizen-topman. He, thinking I still remained in the channel-fleet, where he had last heard from me, was amazed at recognizing my voice while forming the storming-party on the beach on the preceding night.

"And so, my dear * * * *," he wrote, "I hope, from your situation and knowledge of the commodore, who is a perfect gentleman, you will induce him to take me on his quarter-deck." This Captain Murray did in the kindest and most gracious manner, censuring the youngster for not having made himself known to him before. I could have got him rated midshipman on board the sloop I was first lieutenant of, but I prized his happiness too sincerely to place it under the control of Captain Mac.

St. Pierre, the author of the most beautiful of all pretty stories, "Paul and Virginia," very prettily remarks in his Studies of Nature, "that where the great Creator places dangers, he likewise gives the means of avoiding them by such signs as must strike the most careless observer; for instance, the sea breaking on rocks or shoals creates a white foam, and the darker the night, the more plainly it is seen. The voracious shark swims with a fin from his back, considerably above the water, and is obliged to turn upon that back to seize his prey. And from the same beneficent principle and beautiful order observable throughout the creation he makes the human countenance an index of the mind."

The hard lines of cruelty and cunning were so legibly impressed on Captain Mac's countenance as to become strongly repulsive, and I am convinced no human being ever felt, or could feel, affection for him; there was an affectation of suavity, and a smile playing round an ill-formed mouth, but it was hollow and deceptive, and truly verified the scripture, "that the heart of man is deceitful above all things." His first appearance created in me a repelling sensation of disgust and dislike, which I found on nearer acquaintance daily augmented. How inexplicable is the attraction or repulsion of the human countenance, denoting in the gentle sex those amiable and endearing virtues which, old as I am, have inclined me to bow down and worship them as a superior race, nearer to angels than frail humanity, and to such expressive faces the heart fills with affection, and the hands spring to render service.

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## VENICE, AND ITS DEPENDENCIES.*

When I reached the shores of the sea, and beheld the towers, the churches, and the habitations of Venice, rising before me from amidst the waters, the celebrated verses recurred to me in which it is said, that if Rome be the work of mortals, Venice is that of the gods.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari.
I nunc, Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, arces
Obiice et illa tui maenia Martis, ait.
Si Tibrim Pelago praefers, Urbem aspice utramque
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.
Sannazaro.

I entered the gondola with eagerness which was to transport me to the city of Neptune; and as the four oars shot rapidly across the lagune, and the city rose up at every stroke an imposing spectacle before me, my heart bounded with joy.

Amid these happy islands, these memorable marshes, has man shown a marvellous example of the successful daring of which he is capable, when necessity is the spur to his industry. The dwellers on the main land, driven, by the devastations of barbarian conquerors, to fly for refuge to the swampy islands which lay in the depths of the Adriatic, here laid the foundations of the most powerful of the Italian republics.

Indefatigable were their labours! with piles and clay they supported the banks, and consolidated the swampy soil. Here they raised their miserable cabins of wood, and poor but out of danger, rejoiced that they had found an inaccessible asylum amidst the universal ruin. They were soon joined by new fugitives—new islands were made habitable to shelter them. Numerous barks soon rode on the waves of the Adriatic, penetrated among the rocks of Istria, the islands of Dalmatia, the promontories of Puglia and Calabria, and like swarms of laborious bees peopled the lagunes, and went and came in every direction. But the city could not prosper without heedful superintendence.

It was natural that to men alike poor and free, no other form of government than that of a commonwealth should present itself as fit for them; and though considered inadmissible in large political unions, this form has a beneficial influence on small ones, and fosters them admirably in their infancy. Love of this peaceful asylum, want, and the labour consequent upon it, concurred to render this small people enterprising and daring. The number of their citizens increased with revolving years, their wooden houses became changed into commodious and enduring abodes—their commerce extended beyond the gulf, and every shore of the Mediterranean resounded the fame of the Venetian name.

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* From the Italian.

In course of time democracy succumbed to aristocracy, and on the aristocratic spirit was based the future progress of the republic.

When I say that Venice is built on the waves, I make use of no figure of speech: it is not land rising above the water, it is the bed of the Adriatic itself, which serves a populous city for its foundations. Its streets are canals—barges are its wagons—gondolas its carriages: and the lagunes which surround it, seem formed expressly to contribute to its security and accommodation. It is a beautiful and singular thing to behold vessels of every form and size threading the city in all directions, and flags floating on the tops of the masts, breasting the roofs of palaces, and the cupolas of churches. The piles on which the city is built, connect together numerous islets, which are but a short distance apart from each other; when they are not so connected, the intervals between them form canals, which penetrate and circle round the most central parts of the city. There is scarcely a dwelling which you may not approach in a gondola, scarcely any which you may not also reach by land, through the lanes or alleys, called here *cale*, and which are united by about five hundred bridges. The grand canal, as it were the great artery into which the others flow, divides the city by its tortuous course into two parts, and presents an imposing spectacle to the stranger who passes through it in his gondola, in the superb edifices which line its sides.

The celebrated Rialto is the only bridge thrown over the grand canal, and famed as a monument of bold architecture. A row of good and regular shops, mostly jewellers and goldsmiths, crown it on each side. It was built in 1587 in the time of the Doge Pasqual Cicogna, at a cost to the republic of 250,000 ducats, or about 750,000 francs.

The grand canal is a continuation of the arm of the sea, which divides the island of Guidecca from the Piazza San Marco. This island is in form a half moon, and protects great part of the city, stretching away towards the western horizon. We admire in it the magnificent Temple of the *Redentore*, raised by a vow of the republic at the public cost on occasion of the plague which devastated Venice towards the close of the sixteenth century: it is the work of Palladio, and considered one of his most perfect. Alongside the Giudecca lies the small island of San Giorgio Maggiore, in the midst of which is the grand church, dedicated to that saint: the noble architecture of its façade is also Palladio's, and its tower, at once graceful and bold, forms, with the surrounding group of houses, a point of view singularly elegant and picturesque; and we may almost fancy it placed there as a beautiful scene in a theatre to delight the eyes of those who pass from the Merceria into the grand piazza, or who promenade in the Piazzetta San Marco.

The delicious shore of the Schiavoni extends in an opposite direction to the Giudecca: it bears away to the eastward in a semi-circle, broad enough for a commodious walk. This walk is crowded, at all hours of the day, by men of a hundred countries, and commands great part of the port of Venice, and that large reach of the lagune which is closed in by the Lido and the Murazzi: the Lido is a very long and narrow tongue of land, covered with houses and market gar-

dens. The Murazzi are edifices erected at enormous expense, which extend beyond the Lido, and with it, secure the city from the inundations which might be caused by the sudden rising of the winds and tides. The principal ornaments of this picture are the graceful islets of San Spirito, San Secondo, and others, which rise here and there, out of the waters, with all their churches, gardens, and houses.

The spectacle which presents itself from the top of the campanile of Saint Mark, is without a parallel in Europe: this tower is of prodigious height, and there is no object which can impede the view from it on every side. Venice, from this elevation, appears a city swimming on rafts; and the groups of radiant islands surrounding it, ingenious contrivances, fantastic phantasms, with which the scene is, for the moment, embellished. Vast is the horizon which bounds the view. On one side it vanishes in the sea beyond the Murazzi and the Lido, and on the other is lost on the continent, adorned, near at hand, with innumerable habitations, which glisten white amidst the verdant green of the fields, and the wooded hills, while far in the distance, rise the white and majestic chain of the mountains of Friuli. The gondolas, the only conveyance for the upper classes, are the ever fresh admiration of strangers. Nothing can be more elegant than their form—thirty feet long, they are only four broad in the centre, the widest part, from which they diminish gradually, till they terminate in sharp ends. On the prow there is a strong projecting iron, somewhat in form like a saw, which seems, in the rapid flight of the gondola, to menace with destruction all that opposes its progress. A sort of tent, or cabin, rises from the middle of it, supported on half hoops of iron, and enclosed on the four sides, having windows and blinds, which can be opened or shut at the pleasure of him who reclines on cushions of down luxuriantly within: it is painted and furnished entirely with black, and bears some resemblance to a funeral bier. The gondolieri manage these boats with surprising skill; they dart across and alongside each other with a rapidity which terrifies the stranger not accustomed to it; they turn suddenly into the narrowest canal, and know how to save themselves harmless from every unforeseen encounter.

That which most conduces to make the aspect of Venice unique, next to its position on the waters, is the character, or rather temperament, of its inhabitants. One is forced to believe that the vapours, loaded with salt, which rise continually from the water, exercise a stimulating influence on the fibres of their brain. They gesticulate with vehemence, are animated in conversation—they laugh freely, and frequently, enjoy music passionately, abandon themselves with eagerness to amusement, forgetting, in the midst of it, all their misfortunes. They have, in a word, a life, a fire, which you do not meet with in other parts of Italy; and to which their charming dialect gives peculiar grace, abounding, as it does, in sarcasm, wit, and proverbs. It is peculiarly bewitching in the mouth of the Venetian ladies, whose charms are rather courtesy and wit, than beauty. In their dress they prefer the attraction of brilliant and various colours to the simplicity of elegance. Nothing can be more favourable to the stranger, either as giving him an opportunity of forming agreeable

acquaintance, or passing away his time pleasantly, than the custom they have of collecting in the evenings in the handsome cafés of the Piazza, and seating themselves in turn there, amid the ever-shifting crowd.

As may be supposed, from what I have said, the Venetians are much disposed to live from day to day, to occupy themselves with the present, and think but little of the past or the future; listening to them, the republic seems to have ceased to exist for many ages—they scarcely remember it.

The Carnival of Venice has lost nothing of its celebrity in better times. In this season of the year the Venetian character shows itself in its true light, such as I have described it. They assemble after dinner on the bank of the Schiavoni, then covered in great measure with booths, rope-dancers, marionettes, &c., and presenting a most lively scene. When tired here, they return to the Piazza, then crowded with masks. Thence they repair to the Phœnix to hear the opera, and towards midnight go to the Ridotto. Here they parade many hours in its ample halls, and receive strangers. Acquaintances meet—they gossip, they dance, make comments on their friends, eat, in a word, do whatever best pleases them. The *élite* of society come here without masks.

As I was seated one evening in a corner of the Ridotto, resting myself, and quietly observing what was passing around me, an old gentleman placed himself beside me, and we spent some hours in pleasant conversation. He was a polished and highly-educated man: we spoke much of that which was most interesting in the scene before us; many anecdotes respecting the beautiful women, who were passing from time to time, were related to me by my pleasant companion; but as I rather desired an idea of general manners, than individual history, I questioned him of these, and will endeavour to give the substance of his reply, conscious how impossible it is for words to convey the grace of his conversation, in the idiom of his country, and full of acuteness and wit.

"Venice," said he, "is, in the present day, a city very similar to all others in its manners. Many years of dependence on a foreign government have much modified those which were peculiarly its own." Here he sketched for me an intelligent picture of the republic in its latter days—of the slackening of the aristocracy in the principles of severity and despotism, which had sustained it for so many ages—of the moral debasement of the middle class—of the incessant, ever-increasing encounter between ancient and modern maxims. He enlarged with peculiar pleasure on some particulars of the private lives of the nobles of Venice; and speaking of the Ridotto itself, in which we were seated, "Here," said he, "it was that gambling, the most unbridled passion of the nobles, was encouraged and protected, to our shame, and the scandal of foreigners. This patronage was carried so far, that the privilege of asylum was given to these halls as it was to the most venerable churches. Here and there, in the corners of this saloon, in the recesses of the windows, and in the rooms encircling this, were many small tables covered with gold, on which the fortunes of whole families were risked in a moment.

You are assuredly not ignorant that fraud lurks in faro and bassette, and even where there is fair play, the banker or dealer has a decided advantage over the pointer or player. Well, then, it was the privilege of the nobles of Venice alone to bank in the Ridotto, nor did they seek to keep this privilege secret, or throw any mystery around it—nor was it those alone who, being of small fortune, might be less blameable for having recourse to such means of alleviating family distress. Some of the most illustrious senators, holding the first offices of state, had their bank in the Ridotto, where they dealt in person, wearing the toga, and other insignia of their high dignity. Enormous sums were lost and won without a word being uttered, without any signs of impatience, of pleasure, or of pain. Old men said, this was the best school in which to learn how to bear the strokes of fortune with philosophical indifference, but, in my opinion, it was rather the school of wastefulness and fraud. A republic, which by its geographical position must be commercial, ought above all to hold industry in honour, and favour that distinction of wealth, which is the consequence and reward of individual labour, and in which alone consists national prosperity.

What could be more mischievous to our republic than this unbridled play, this sudden change of fortune from hand to hand, this flattering road opened to the mania of acquiring wealth rapidly, and without labour? We had among the nobles men of very small fortunes, who were called *Barnabotti*, because many of them lived at first in the quarter of San Barnaba. These men courted the society of rich merchants, and dealt for their account in the Ridotto; nor was it rare to see a Barnabotto with two masks, one on each side of him, who never quitted him a moment, and who sacked the money diligently when the play was over.

"The Loves," said the old noble facetiously, "made their harvest during the carnival. Few were the ladies, however closely they might be watched by the eye of their husbands, or by relations yet more jealous than husbands, to whom it did not chance during this season to avail themselves of the liberty of the mask and come to the Ridotto. When a noble had gained the affection of a lady, he was punctually informed of her every step, and knew how to follow her everywhere. The convents were generally agreed upon as the place of meeting; and here was found the confidante of the amorous intrigue."

"Beautiful office!" I exclaimed, laughing.

"It is not surprising," rejoined the Venetian. "Remember that in thirty or forty convents of women, there were many which admitted none but ladies of rank—that these were generally placed there without any vocation for a religious life, and that in these convents they were allowed a great deal of liberty, to indemnify them as it were for the vows they had been forced to pronounce. The reply of a nun is well known, whom they wished to persuade that in respect to the habit she wore, it was incumbent on her to lead a more decorous life."

"'I wear this dress,' said she, 'because it does not please my parents to provide me with one of another form and colour.'

"Would you believe that the parlours of convents were rendezvous

of masks during the carnival, and that at the grate itself, nuns were to be seen dressed in masquerade, and sometimes but with little decency?"

My surprise was very great. "The nobles," he continued, "married without being known to each other; sometimes without having seen each other; I, myself, when I married, now fifty years ago, (but hush!) did not see my betrothed until a few days before the marriage. Curiosity to behold her had led me frequently to pass beneath her balconies for a few weeks preceding the ceremony. Well—one day I discovered a hideous visage looking over one of them. If this should be my beloved, thought I! Happily, I had frightened myself without cause. It was not the face of my bride."

In families composed of many brothers, it was generally the youngest, or he who was the least promising, who married, because the dissipated life which was led in Venice, made all desirous of living free, unencumbered by ties. This suited the ambitious best also. They were more free to give themselves up to affairs of state, to political intrigue, when they had no domestic cares."

I wondered when I heard the aged Venetian, who had himself formed part of the aristocracy, trace so free and severe a picture of it. He perceived it, and concluded with these words—"In truth, our republic resembled in my days a majestic tree, whose roots are eaten away, whose pith is rotten, and which falls before the first blast."

The conversation of the aged noble brought to my remembrance a tragic story.

In the commencement of the seventeenth century, a young noble, of whom the chronicle gives us only the baptismal name, Leonardo, returned to his country from Paris, whither he had accompanied the Venetian ambassador. The chronicle adds, that he was of a most ancient and powerful family. Gifted with a generous soul, adorned with polished manners, surrounded by powerful friends, eloquent, brave, and humane, he soon became the object of love to the people, of envy to the aged aristocrats, and of imitation to the youthful nobles, who honoured him as their chief.

Venice had no honourable office, no brilliant dignity to which Leonardo, not yet thirty years of age, might not aspire. He led a gay life, however, amidst ambitious projects, and cares of state, and had, in accordance with the custom of the day, his casino, a temple consecrated to mystery and pleasure.

One day his most intimate friend entreated him to grant him the use of this for a few hours, in order that he might conduct thither secretly a young lady, with whom he wished for some conversation, and of whom he drew, with all the eloquence of love, a most enchanting picture. Leonardo consented, striving in vain to learn the name and condition of the lady. Urged by curiosity, he resolved at last to conceal himself in one of the rooms through which the unknown fair one must pass, and in which, when she laid down her zendado, (mantle of thin silk,) he could see her, unseen, and retire without being observed. His plan was successful. The lovers entered this room towards midnight—the youth murmuring a few words 'he ear of his mistress, took from her, after a slight resistance, the

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close wrapping zendado. More perfect beauty had never met the eyes of Leonardo. A mixed expression of candour, virtue, and sweetness, was the great attraction of this almost divine face. Her hair was fair, her eyes a vivid blue. Such was the force of the impression, that Leonardo, to dissipate it, was obliged to keep in mind who was her companion, and for what purpose they were there; then, this simple and pure expression was to him only an error of nature, an hypocritical mask, and he conceived towards this beautiful creature only repugnance and disgust. These feelings, united with astonishment at her marvellous beauty, stamped her features indelibly on his memory.

Many months passed away, and Leonardo, in the vigour of his age, beautiful in his person, conspicuous for his endowments and honours, was desired as a son-in-law by the most illustrious of the aristocracy.

He yielded to the representations of an aged friend, who proposed his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of a powerful senator. Leonardo obtained the consent of her father, and permission to present his homage to the beautiful Eliza—that is, he was allowed to pass beneath her balconies two or three times in the course of each day. She frequently showed herself there, but her form and features were always totally concealed by an invidious veil. Leonardo was in despair at this extraordinary reserve, which it seemed to him could proceed only from dislike and contempt; but he was told that a vow to the Virgin forbade the maiden to uncover her face before any man but her father. It is easy to imagine with what enchantment this mystery and delicacy enveloped Eliza in the eyes of her admirer. We know how powerful is the influence of the imagination in love, and how it feeds itself on the indefinite and indeterminate. At length the day of the nuptuals arrived; the friends and relations of both families assembled at setting sun in the house of the aged senator; Leonardo, after the custom of his country, received the guests at the door of the palace. He was the last to enter the grand saloon, and his emotion was for a time suspended by the imposing spectacle before him. The nobles occupied seats raised above each other, around the hall, in the manner of an amphitheatre; at the end of it a priest, clad in pontifical robes, was kneeling before a magnificent altar. Warlike trophies, arms, and weapons of every variety, hung from the walls blackened by age, and the splendour of the wax-lights was not sufficient to dissipate the gloom which reigned in the vast circle. When Leonardo appeared the bridesmen threw open the doors of the interior apartments, in which the bride, surrounded by the matrons of Venice, awaited the moment of the ceremony. All eyes were directed towards them, and those of the bridegroom, with inexpressible impatience. After a moment of hesitation the bride advanced. The cry which burst from the lips of Leonardo was lost amidst the shouts of admiration and enthusiasm which were raised on all sides at her extraordinary beauty; but to the eyes of the miserable Leonardo this pure and lovely maiden, who advanced half-veiled in white, symbol of a spotless life, was no other than the mistress of his friend! He saw her again with that eternal mask of ingenuous

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innocence which had already so much provoked his disgust; a thick cloud obscured his sight—terrible, but short was this moment of weakness! He soon regained power enough to cover, if he would, with public shame her, who had dared to be willing to bring him infamy as a dower; but the sight of her aged father, the thought of his desperation, pity for the fair creature who stood before him, the generosity of his soul, all determined him to incur rather the reproach of inconsistency and caprice, in the eyes of his fellow-citizens; and when the maiden, having received the paternal benediction, advanced towards him, he went backwards two paces, and commanding silence by a gesture, exclaimed, "She can never be my wife! Never shall I be her husband!" Eliza raised to him for a moment her bewildered gaze, fell motionless at his feet, and was carried to her own apartments. Excess of astonishment had held the assembly mute; but the fainting of Eliza was the signal for noise and confusion. The seats were vacant in an instant—all rushed into the middle of the hall, demanding explanation—the aged senator alone remained in his place. He made a violent movement when he heard the unexpected words of Leonardo, and afterwards followed his daughter with his eyes as she was borne from the saloon. It might have been almost imagined that this tranquillity was not disturbed, but for his fixed look, and the trembling of his convulsed lips. All at once, putting aside the crowd, he advanced close to Leonardo, and grasping his arm with force—"Hast thou then resolved," said he, "to disgrace me, and all belonging to me—to hurl contempt on all that the republic holds most worthy? Speak! Is this madness to have an end?"

"Never!" replied the other, with a firm voice. At this word cries of vengeance resounded through the hall. The friends and relations of Leonardo were furiously assaulted by those of Eliza—insult, defiance, the clang of steel, the cries of women and priests, who sought safety in flight, drowned the few conciliatory voices which still spoke of peace, when the aged senator, bridling his own anger, employed all the force of his eloquence and authority to prevent the effusion of blood—when he had succeeded—"Go," said he to Leonardo, "I renounce vengeance—I commit it to Him who punishes the injuries offered to gray hairs."

A few days after this, Leonardo perished by the hand of an assassin. He was found pierced by twenty strokes of a dagger.

Before visiting the monuments of Venetian greatness I do not think it will be out of place to give an outline of the political form which the republic maintained for so many centuries. To do this with any clearness, it is necessary to recal some of the facts which concurred in creating and modifying the constitution of the state, and the spirit of its government.

The small islands dispersed in the lagunes were each of them, in the first instance, governed by its own magistrate or tribune. Dread of the pirates of Sclavonia constrained these small isolated republics to form themselves into one; and Luca Anafesto, a citizen of Eraclea, was named by common consent head of the new association, and took the title of Doge or Duke. For many long years the new republic

was the sport of furious storms. Some of the doges wanted to make themselves despots, and fell victims to popular fury; others were the delight of their fellow-citizens, and were permitted to associate their brothers and sons with themselves in the sovereign power. The irruptions of the Hungarians, wars with Lombardy, and the pirates of Istria, crowd the annals of the infant state: from these I will relate a curious story.

It was the custom of Venice to celebrate the marriages of her citizens on the day of the Purification of the Virgin, in a church situated on the small and desert island of Olivola (now Santa Maria Formosa.) The relations of the brides bore to the church, in a chest, the money and treasures which were to constitute their dowry. The magistrates of the city presided at the ceremony, and that was a day of universal fête, in which the youth of Venice, uniting themselves to their brides by the ties of love and religion, gave promise to the state of a generation of good and useful citizens. The night preceding this solemn day the pirates advanced to a group of sterile islets close by, and there hid themselves. With the first dawn the square before the church was crowded with people, and the marriages had commenced, when suddenly they beheld the armed corsairs on the threshold of the temple. The terrified and unarmed crowd dispersed hastily; the robbers made themselves masters of the chests of treasures, seized the trembling maidens, forced them from the altars, hurried them into their galleys, and by force of rowing were soon far distant. The air was filled with the lamentations of the women.

These new Romans did not find Fortune favour them as she had the ancients, and when the Venetian youth followed and overtook the robbers, these second Sabines did not throw themselves between the combatants, nor promote peace between them. Terrible was the conflict! The corsairs remained all dead or prisoners, and the brides of Venice, reconducted in triumph to the church, completed the rites so wildly interrupted in the morning. But to return.

In the year 1173 the plague raged fearfully and devastated Venice. The doge died of it, and the city threatened to become a desert. It possessed at that time only a single tribunal, called the Quarantia, because composed of forty judges. This body gave the first impulse to the aristocracy of Venice. They decreed that from each of the Sistieri, or sixth divisions of the city, two electors should be named, and that to these twelve should be committed the care of selecting from the citizens generally four hundred and seventy individuals, in whom should reside the power of determining those questions which till this time had always been discussed and decided in the popular assemblies. As this council was changed every year, the hope of admittance into it was left open to all, and the mode of election by sestieri removed every suspicion of undue preference. The people did not perceive that this was the first link of the chain which was to bind them. The Quarantia, on pretence of preventing the tumults which frequently accompanied the election of the doge, ordered, that eleven electors should be nominated, in whom should reside the power of choosing the doge by a majority of votes. They also decreed

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that the grand council, which were the representatives of the people, should nominate six counsellors, without whose advice the doge should not have power to do anything.

In consequence of these regulations the grand council was formed prior to the election of the head of the republic, and seventy of its number, themselves removable every year, composed the senate denominated I Pregadi, or the prayed or entreated, from the custom which the doges had hitherto followed of praying or requesting the advice, now of one now of another, of the most eminent citizens, in all public emergencies.

Sebastiano Ziani was the first who was called to the ducal chair by the new mode of election. Under his government the republic humbled Frederic I. and increased greatly in power. The magistracy of the Avvogadari was created at this time. Their function was that of conservators or guardians of the laws, and public accusers. This new institution emanated from the grand council, and thus, step by step, the people lost all their rights, the doge did not regain those he had lost, and the aristocracy increased rapidly in power on the degradation of both.

On the death of the doge, Giovanni Dandolo, the people rose tumultuously, and sought to get back their lost influence. But all their endeavours were fruitless, and Gradenigo, the new doge, punished the attempt with severity, making it the pretext for taking away from them all hope of entering the gran consiglio. He proposed and obtained a decree, ordaining that it should then and in all future time, be composed of those only who then constituted it, and their descendants. By this decree admittance into the sovereign council of the republic became the exclusive privilege of certain families.

This bold enterprise, which annulled at one stroke the sovereignty of the people, was accomplished at the moment when the Genoese fleet had weakened the power of the republic by two signal defeats. Some disturbances were the consequences of this fundamental change, but they were put down by proscription and exile. Among them the conspiracy of Baiamonte Tiepolo is famous. He, with the Querini and other malcontents, plotted the massacre of the gran consiglio. He advanced towards the piazza at the head of an armed multitude of his followers, and dubious, at least, must have been the result of the terrible conflict which must have ensued between the supporters and the opponents of the aristocratic supremacy, if accident had not effected that which arms and artifice might equally have found impossible. At the sound of the popular clamour, curiosity carried an aged woman to her balcony. In looking over, she inadvertently struck against a flower-pot—it tottered and fell, and struck the head of Baiamonte, who was passing at the moment beneath her window: he expired on the spot.

At this sight, dismay and terror took possession of his adherents: they hastily dispersed, and the conspiracy was at an end.

Gradenigo then obtained the nomination of a commission, to make strict investigation after the instigators of the past disturbances. This grew in time to be considered an institution so necessary in a

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state continually exposed to the plots of the enemies of the power of the aristocracy, that it was declared perpetual; and thus originated the terrible Council of Ten, in which resided the principal part of the executive power. Posterior to this was the erection of the state inquisition, composed of two members of the Council of Ten, and one of the counsellors of the doge; the two first remained in office one year, the latter eight months. The innovator perceived that the republic would be always in peril, as long as the discontent of the people could find strength in that of such of the nobles as were excluded from the gran consiglio. He consented, therefore, to open it to all of them, and by this means established a line of separation between the two classes—the one destined to command, the other to obey.

Even this latter class was again divided into two categories. To the *citizens*, who formed the first of these, or the second class in the state, men of certain professions and privileged callings, there was one post only of importance, one brilliant object of ambition, left open—that of high chancellor (gran cancellière,) and some others of trifling moment, which were considered beneath the dignity of a noble of Venice, such as residents at foreign courts, consuls, secretaries, &c. The third class, or the *people*, had no part whatever in the political government, and lived in the most entire dependence on the will of the aristocracy.

The aristocracy, elevated on the ruin of the popular power, and the degradation of the ducal, conscious that its supremacy was not based on the consent of the many, applied itself to sustain by policy the edifice of its power, and succeeded in maintaining it for many ages. This was the policy which, under various disguises, multiform and ever-shifting appearances, constituted the spirit of the Venetian government. In it is to be found its fundamental principle—the history of the republic is nothing but its unceasing application.

Machiavelli asserts, that to maintain itself is the first duty of every government. None ever more than Venice has made this maxim the basis of its policy. In no country whatever has the science of government, considered as the science of power, been more studied, better understood, and more diligently practised, than in Venice. A rare foresight directed the employment of the energies of all into the service of the state, and the increase of its power; but there was no care whatever to secure and guarantee to the subordinate classes the most precious of their social interests. Armed with a rule and level which they held always stretched over the heads of all, the vigilance of the government repressed those who wished to raise themselves above the common rank, and forced those to return again in to the crowd who showed any disposition to get beyond it. Free from all control, independent of every form, the Council of Ten pronounced sentences from which there was no appeal, and which were executed without delay. They beheld everything, they punished all, they were never merciful to crime, hardly ever to error, and that which proves above everything the power of an energetic legislation, the sentiment of obedience was not confined to the inferior classes, it was equally strong in the first families of the state. Merit, virtue, glory, were only so many titles

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to a more active and suspicious supervision. More than once, a great public service became a capital crime. Venice is in danger from a popular tumult—one is found daring enough to present himself to the enraged multitude, and succeeds in calming it. To what reward may he not aspire?—The next day he has disappeared!

Proscription, which in other countries is an accidental and passing evil, was naturalized and permanent in Venice. In the fulness of mutual confidence, two citizens, weary of the yoke, permit themselves the expression of words and vows which they tremble at having uttered as soon as they have parted. One of them is true to friendship—the other betrays it.—A few hours pass away—one of them has ceased to live, and his betrayer is rewarded!*

Having spoken of the spirit of the Venetian government, we will now consider the mode in which that spirit manifested itself in the different relations of the republic, internal as well as external. And first, of the singular condition of the head of the republic.

It was natural that an ambitious doge, calling to mind the prerogatives of which his predecessors had been deprived, should seek to use the influence, which his high station gave him, to regain them. It was therefore their diligent care so to circumscribe this influence as to render it innocuous, and they so far succeeded as to convert this, the highest dignity of the state, into little else than an oppressive slavery; in fact, there remained nothing honourable about it beyond the personification of the majesty of the state, the presidency by right of the councils and magistracies of the republic, and a double vote in case of an equality of voices; beyond this, the doge, encircled by counsellors, without whose advice he could not move a step, exposed to feel himself repressed with disapprobation, and even menaces, on the least infraction of any regulation, without the power of nominating to any office, excepting that of the prebend of St. Mark's, constrained by the scanty allowance assigned him, to considerable expenditure of his private fortune, was truly nothing else, in the latter days of Venice, than a richly-dressed puppet, made a show of, on days of parade. Even after death, he was persecuted by the jealousy of the aristocracy. Senators were appointed with the title of *correttiori*, correctors, or censors, who passed in review the conduct of the deceased, and where they considered that he had outstepped the limits of his prerogative, they demanded that it should be mentioned with disapprobation in the funeral oration. Where the abuse was thought to be occasioned by defective regulations, the censors had power to make new ones, and it was, in fact, by their repeated innovations that the heads of the state were subjected to an infinitely humiliating discipline of which the exclusion of their sons and relations from every office or embassy was not the least painful privation.

To show more forcibly how hard and dependent was sometimes the

* Ils (les Dix) se defirent d'un gentilhomme de la maison de Loredan, qui avoit appaisé par sa présence, une émeute, que tous les magistrats de la ville n'avoient pu calmer, ni par menace, ni par promesses, supposant que celui là aspiroit à la tirannie, qui avoit le secret de se faire si bien obéir, et dont le crédit alloit plus loin que celui du sénat.—*A. De la Haussaye. H. du G. de Venise*, page 593.

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condition of the doge, I will relate the misfortunes of the Foscari, one of the most touching episodes of Italian story. Here we must remember that the condition of the Venetian aristocracy fluctuated with the vicissitudes of time and fortune. It approached democracy, when the nobles were numerous, and by their wealth and influence counterbalanced its power, and tended towards an oligarchy, when riches were concentrated in few hands, influence in a few families. The first tendency prevailed when the republic was victorious, when her commerce was flourishing; the second during long wars and public calamities.

In all times the forms of the grand council were democratic rather than otherwise; those of the senate oligarchical; and in certain cases those of the Council of Ten despotic; and to this last appertains the history of the Foscari.

Francesco Foscari, by his popularity, ambition, and love of war, became an object of aversion and fear to the powerful oligarchy of his time, which was then principally included in the Council of Ten. Giacomo, only son of the doge, was accused of having received money from Visconti, Duke of Milan, put to the torture, and condemned to exile in Napoli di Romania.

Falling dangerously ill by the way, he obtained permission to remain a prisoner at Treviso, and lived there some years, when it happened, that Almorò Donato, one of the most influential of the Council of Ten, was treacherously put to death. The council suspected Giacomo of the guilty deed, subjected him again to torture, but drew no confession from him. He was nevertheless banished to Candia. Sometime afterwards the assassin of Donato confessed the crime on his death-bed. The exile appealed, but in vain, to the justice of his judges; and overpowered by an irresistible desire to behold his parents, his sons, a young wife whom he tenderly loved, and his beloved country, he wrote to Visconti, imploring his interference, and contrived that the letter should fall into the hands of his jailors. This appeal to a foreign prince was a crime against the state. Giacomo was brought again to Venice. He did not deny his deed, he pleaded the motive which had driven him to it. The words of the miserable man did not move the council: he was sentenced to thirty stripes, and when released, all his limbs were lacerated by the torture. In this state his family were permitted to visit him. Francesco, borne down by years and sorrow, dragged himself, propped on a staff, to the dungeon in which his son was lying. The dying man besought him to let him close his eyes in the paternal mansion. "Return," replied the old man, "return to Candia, since your judges command it."

Saying these words, the aged face of the doge streamed with tears of the most poignant grief. He fainted in the dungeon, and Giacomo ended his few remaining days in the land of exile. From that time Foscari lost all power of mind and body. He was nearly ninety years old. The malice of the Ten continued to poison even the last hours of his existence; they had not patience to wait until death should end his days; they gave him to understand that as he was unequal to his duties from his decrepid state, he ought to abdicate.

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" You command me, I obey !" replied the old man. They signified to him that he should lay down the ducal ornaments, and quit the palace in three days. Foscari, clad in the dress so long laid aside, and supported on the arm of his brother, quitted with tottering steps that abode, which he had inhabited thirty-four years, to the honour and glory of the republic. He expired three days afterwards, at the sound of the festive bells which announced the election of his successor.

The priesthood was always an object of great and vigilant attention to the Venetian aristocracy. It was a fundamental regulation in the discipline respecting worship, that no priest or bishop, were he even a noble of Venice, should be admitted into either of the councils, or any of the offices of state. The great ecclesiastical benefices of Venice, and of the Estuary, were in the gift of the gran consiglio; and by the nomination of Rome itself it influenced those of the adjoining continent. The people of the capital were free to choose their own priests. Clergy and laity, were alike subject to the civil authority, in civil and criminal cases. A diligent examination always preceded the publication of the papal bulls, which frequently encountered a resistance they were unable to overcome. The anathemas of Rome often thundered against the audacity of Venice, but they always spent themselves in the lagunes. Julius the Second brought the republic to the brisk of destruction; but it was as a great prince, and warrior alone, that he was formidable to it. Here it may appear strange how it happened, that the Venetian clergy, in the conflicts which arose between civil and ecclesiastical authority, should have chosen to obey the civil power—a fact, directly contrary to the temper of the times; when the multitude, immersed in every kind of vice, gave itself up to all the thraldom and exaggerations of superstitious ignorance, and when the doctrines of utility, if studied at all, were only the speculations of some few elevated and splendid intellects. To diminish this reasonable surprise, it should be observed, that in order to keep the priesthood submissive, the government favoured, in its members, that liberty and independence in principles, which characterized the Greek church in the first ages of Christianity; in fact, the Venetian priesthood was Greek in its origin, having been instituted in the time, and in accordance with the canons, of the Council of Chalcedon. It will be seen in reading the history of the middle ages, that the eastern church was always more dependent than the western on the civil power. Perhaps this was the consequence of the celebrated saying of Constantine, which he uttered before the assembled prelates of the empire, in the Council of Nice, and which passed afterwards into an axiom, " You are bishops within your churches. I am bishop everywhere else."

The good will of the clergy being secured by favour and indulgence, there was nothing which they were not ready to do, to serve the republic.

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# THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.[1]

## A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAVENDISH," "GENTLEMAN JACK," &c.

### CHAPTER II.

"Now let us have good plot and counterplot."

In the last chapter we left our hero safely returned to his cabin. That narrow prison in the gun-room, over which his faithful friend, and therefore we fear we must add his faithless sentry, again watched. As he laid himself upon his cot, his heart still throbbed hurriedly, not so much at the dangers yet before him, as at those which he had escaped. For, in truth, it is not always that even the most fortunate may escape unscathed from the lion's den into which they have voluntarily thrust themselves.

He had now leisure to contemplate the gulf before him; but every additional thought devoted to the consideration of its dangers, the more impressed upon him how near the difficulty of escape amounted to impossibility. The next morning was to witness his trial by court-martial. The very word carried with it the fact of the sentence being unfavourable. He was to be tried for offering to strike a superior, and his judges were all to be of a grade still higher. The result was scarcely so doubtful as to need the mockery of justice in attaining it.

"Now," said Ramsay, "I will suppose myself broken, and my enemy severely reprimanded. What remains for me but to betake myself to the shore, and there a press-gang terminates my hopes and liberty together—like some wretched otter, which hunted from the sea just gains the land to die. Ay, but it is at bay. Good thought! and so if nothing else is left for me, well I——"

Again and again he turned on his sleepless and uneasy pillow, racking his brain to devise some method of escaping the toils so craftily laid for him by his relentless persecutors. But he took thought with himself in vain. No alternative presented itself to him but submission or suicide; and as for the last, it was never too late to decide on so poor a resource. In this extremity it occurred to him that the surgeon, who was the most able of his messmates, might hit on some mode of aiding him, though he himself could not. Resolving to summon the son of Æsculapius, therefore, to his counsels, so soon as morning fairly advanced, he dropped off into those uneasy slumbers in which the unhappy patient is for ever falling, yet happily never hurt; or devoted to the merciless jaws of some horrific monster, to be found neither non the earth or in the sea. After freely experiencing this kind of purgatory, he suddenly started up, vividly impressed with the fearful belief of having overslept himself till that hour of the court-martial, which left him no time for deliberation.

[1] Continued from vol. xix. p. 319.

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The sudden striking of seven bells, however, reassured him such was not the case; he had barely slumbered four hours, however like an age they might have passed.

The time yet wanted half an hour of eight o'clock; his servant was standing beside him, ready to assist in the operation of dressing, and he at once sent a message to the surgeon, begging the favour of an immediate interview. By the time that Ramsay had gone through the usual operations of the toilet, old Vulnerabilis, as the surgeon was humorously called by his messmates, stood beside him.

"Well, noble Ramsay, how fares it with thee?" demanded his visiter. "Thou fearest not, surely, the fate of thy gallant Scottish ancestor in days lang syne—a violent death in prison dim. What ails thee? have thou and thy dinner disagreed? Have a caution with this for the future, then; beware of sumptuous feeds. Thou art not the first man whom salt horse and black peas have betrayed. Give me thy fist: dost thou need most the lancet or the spoon?"

"Boy, leave the cabin," said Ramsay, addressing his servant.

"My dear doctor," turning to his friend, when the coast was clear, "a truce to your jokes. I have sent to consult you in a case where neither spoon nor lancet can avail, unless you can sever my fetters with this, or convey me beyond the reach of persecution in that."

"Is it so, then? Truly, my noble Ramsay, these are but small means for a great undertaking. But how haps it thus? Has the complexion of thy fortunes grown so much darker since last evening?"

"Ay, as the night which followed it."

"As how?"

"Thus. I have learnt, no matter how——"

"*No?*" slily interrupted the surgeon, putting a finger on one side of a very long nose.

"None, doctor," responded Ramsay; "but let the intelligence itself suffice—I have learnt—"

"Out of a most agreeable book doubtless—a very beautiful page truly."

"But, doctor, listen."

"As Hamlet says, 'I will.'"

"Well, I learn that on my being dismissed to-morrow fro[m] the service, which is the sentence already prepared for me, a press-[gang] will be waiting for me; that as soon as I land, I may be impressed [and] brought back on board this ship to serve as a foremast seaman, w[hat] I lately commanded as a commissioned officer."

"Impossible, my boy!"

"You may well exclaim so; but I have too certain and melancho[ly] intelligence of the fact. All that remains for me to do is to see by any stratagem I can foil these wretches at their own weapon. only became acquainted with the fact after the arrival of that mean hound, young Livingstone, on board. Since then I have been racking my brain all night to discover some mode of baffling my tormentors; but my ingenuity can devise none, unless indeed it is that last one adopted of the scorpion; which, after all, is, in my opinion, but a poor revenge on wretches who desire no better sport."

"Pooh! it's not to be thought of on this side Bedlam. The devil may make us feel the weight of his horn if we can devise no better escape than that."

"If we do, the credit must be yours then; for I have nothing further to devise in it. You, as a good sea lawyer, may be able to hit on something—I despair."

"Then, sir, you do what a Ramsay never stooped to do before."

"True, doctor; I did not exactly mean to use those words."

"I should think not, sir; truly, I should think not. Despair is a word for fools, as suicide, I told you lately, was for madmen. Impressment is it they resolve on?"

"It is."

"Has the admiral yet consented, do ye know, to the issuing of the warrant?"

"Yes he has, though with great reluctance, and that on the strict understanding that it is not to be put into force till I am fairly landed."

"A blot on his escutcheon for that same. He who with the power of prevention in his own hands, and an uninterested party, can suffer wrong to be executed towards another, is only, in my opinion, removed from the guilt of the perpetrator by being a criminal of a deeper dye. Vacillating old fool! It is enough to stir our blood when creatures such as these command us. Now to our task: no doubt, you say, remains as to the correctness of your information?"

"Not a shadow," replied Ramsay, smiling.

"Good; the first thing to be done then is to consider who are the exempted parties from the operation of this cruel outrage of the constitution, and see if we can put you in the position of one of these."

"And who and what are they?"

"Wait here but a minute and I will bring you the act. I have the atrocity in my cabin, which I keep much for the same reason as we do vipers in a bottle—for their curiosity."

"Ay, but they are caged like me, though not for fear of their teeth; so methinks you might have left out your injunction to *wait* for your return."

"I only did it, my boy, because, like my vipers, you are in such overflowing spirits."

"Too bad, doctor, too bad; I thought so old a Joe had been too tough for your table."

"Sir, you mistake the nature of that food, which, like other *game*, is always the better for keeping."

In a few minutes the doctor returned from his cabin, and taking the desired book from his pocket, said, "I think I have found out the mode of setting these fellows at defiance after all."

"My dear doctor," returned the prisoner, taking his hand, "where will be the end of the numerous obligations you have put me under?"

"I care not where, my boy, so long as they leave you happy; but then, this is my plan: 'referring to the bond,' as Shylock hath it, I am not mistaken in supposing that both masters and mates of traders are privileged persons, as far as regards the infamous operation of the press-warrant. All that now remains for us to do, is to get, therefore, some appointment for you in one of these capacities."

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"If that be my only chance, I fear my fate is sealed. Consider the chances of obtaining such appointment betwixt this hour and four o'clock this afternoon, by which time, in all probability, I shall be turned adrift, to help myself as I best can."

"And what of that? 'Is there no balm in Gilead?'—and hath not my people a physician?—my life on it I manage the matter by that time."

"*You*, doctor?—you forget you are a prisoner only in a little less degree than myself—your evidence is material on the trial. Depend upon it you will get no leave to go ashore till your words have been made to condemn your friend, and your power rendered useless to aid him."

"If thou sayest sooth, then am I a Dutchman, and that, believe me, is against all ocular evidence, or my father had a marvellous great demand for bait in my young days, with a wonderful little conscience as to where he got it. No, no—descendant of the immortal Allan. If we have no gentle shepherd to do us a good turn, the wolf shall want his sheep, I hope, for all that. I have a trusty friend on shore, who would venture something to serve me. By good luck, he is not greatly in harm's way of either captain or admiral; so I'll write, and charge him on his fidelity to run, haste, fly, nor stop by the way; but to dan, harrass, and persecute the shipowners each,all, and singly, till he has done my bidding. I can send my message by my trusty bottle-washer and associate, who shall act with the quickness of Mercury. Be thou only silent as night upon the subject."

"Ay, or the grave either."

"Good!—then you may safely rely on me; and now let us arrange a signal or two. As soon as you see me with my hair brushed up strait an end from my forehead, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' don't be alarmed, most noble Thane, for then you shall know I have your new commission safe in the unfathomable recesses of my pocket; so incontinently clap your hand upon the seat of learning, which Horace insinuates to be the proper name of that tender region just below the waistcoat, crying out, 'Please you, most learned president, I have the mulligrubs,' or any other well-sounding complaint; but obtain an order for my attendance, and I will order thee a private examination, discover the expediency of giving a piece of paper, and a glass of cherry-bounce, and so return you to the custody of the provost marshall, in a condition to defy the pope, the devil, and pretender. Now, we have been talking long enough to excite the first-lieutenant's suspicion; so, on going into the gun-room, I shall, as *in præsenti*, which means, in the presence of one Midas, order my assistant to compound for you a haustus nugarum, or one ounce of noisome cask-water, to one dram of powder of post, which when you have carefully shaken together, you will be pleased to—"

"What! swallow it—doctor!"

"No—throw it into your wash-hand basin. So God prosper thee, and *vale!*"

The surgeon extended his hand, which the young lieutenant shook most gratefully, after which the former, in the presence of his messmates, and in most learned terms, ordered the said haustus nugarum.

The gun-room mess sat down to breakfast at the exact period of eight—none of them, the doctor excepted, feeling very comfortable or happy, and all firmly believing that in the mind of the poor prisoner anxiety had brought on absolute illness. In a few minutes the gun-room boy appeared with the draught.

"Is that physic?" demanded the first lieutenant, who was a most thorough-paced toady and spy of the captain's.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Bring it here then, sir. I want to taste it."

"Taste it, my dear boy," said the doctor." Lord bless me—I never had the least notion you were fond of physic for breakfast, for I have plenty, even nastier, down in the gun-room. How much would you like to have? Steward, bring in a quart basin."

"Sir, I'll thank you not to venture any of your ill-timed jokes on matters of duty. I tasted the medicine, because it was my duty to see that nothing in the shape of laudanum was administered to a prisoner awaiting sentence of court-martial. However, I find it is not that,"—using his handkerchief with a shudder at the abominable flavour of the draught.

"No, faith," quoth the doctor; "I should think it is not; if you only knew what you'd been drinking you would require little breakfast."

This speech, which was uttered in an affected low tone, as if to escape the ear of the prisoner, had so nauseating an effect on the first lieutenant, that he was obliged to rise suddenly from the table and hurry upon the deck amidst the laughter of them all.

"That's a dose for him, at any rate," quoth the doctor, "if he never gets another."

## CHAPTER III.

### The Court-Martial.

Little time did the doctor of the frigate lose over his breakfast on the morning of which we are writing. Hastily quitting the gun-room, he repaired to the cockpit, and sending his assistant to dress for the shore, despatched in his own person the various compounds that required to be dispensed for the sick of the frigate. This matter over, which, by the way, is never a very ceremonious oneon board of a man-of-war, old Vulnerabilis, who was rather inclined to obesity in his figure, waddled away to his cabin to indite the note to his trusty friend on shore, having spared in this no degree of earnestness which could further the purpose in view. This being carefully sealed in a couple of antelopes, (as the hall-porter of the Union Club expresses it,) to guard against accidents, the doctor repaired on the quarter-deck, snuff-box in hand.

"Well, doctor, what do you want?" said the first lieutenant, as he took the sweet pinch offered to him, yet knowing, nevertheless, that the box was rarely or ever volunteered unless the proprietor had some favour to ask in return.

"What do I want?" reiterated the surgeon, "nothing very particular—only a little point on his Majesty's service. In making out the sick-list this morning, and giving attendance thereto, as my friend

Six-and-eightpence would say, I find we are completely out of a very necessary medicine, so I came to speak to you relative to sending Bathurst, my assistant, on shore for some."

"But how can that be? In ten minutes you will have to start for the guard-ship, where, as you know, your testimony is important."

"True, my dear fellow; but then you see testimony, evidence, and the like, form one of those classes of subjects on which the law will allow you to have no assistants whatever; so that *job*, I fear, I must endure myself."

"You know that I alluded only to the ship being left without medical advice."

"O, bless her old timbers, is that all? I've been giving her plenty of that ever since the day I joined, saying, whenever I've gone over her old sides, You'd better go below, my dear, before I come back again; but all in vain; so I begin to fear she's as deaf as a post. No, no; I've gone through all the duty till this evening, and don't think I'm so bad a disciplinarian as to permit any one to fall ill between hours. A pretty enervating state of luxury we should then be got to."

"Well then, send him,"—and the lieutenant, tired of being badgered, turned to some more amusing part of his office.

In less than five minutes from the obtaining of this permission the assistant-surgeon was on his way to the shore.

"Inshallah!" muttered the surgeon, as he watched the departing boat, "there is one chance the less for these sons of tyranny; and if our gentle shepherd be not a merchanter before a morning more be grown to a noon-day, I'm mistaken in my friend—but that's not likely."

While Vulnerabilis was thus congratulating himself on the success of his schemes, his arm was touched by one of the side boys. "The boat's waiting, sir, to take you on board the flag-ship for court-martial."

"Has the prisoner's boat then started, boy?" demanded the surgeon.

"No, sir; it will follow you."

"Come, doctor, doctor; the moment of starting's past."

Thus admonished, the surgeon stepped over the side into the cutter, in which were waiting such of his other brother officers, as, having witnessed with himself the transaction that gave rise to the trial, were now with him called upon to give evidence of the same.

Having shoved off from the frigate, and gained some hundred yards ahead of her, they perceived the prisoner, still under guard, descend into a second boat, which put off to follow them, while the captain and his wretched animal of a son, the cause of all the evil, formed a third party in the gig of the former. Punctual to the hour of nine the court-martial assembled, and the necessary forms having been gone through, this wretched mockery of justice proceeded.

In the first place, Lieutenant Livingstone had applied for a trial on Lieutenant Ramsay, for offering to strike him. The application being granted, the father of the prosecutor is named as one of the judges from the paucity of captains then in harbour not otherwise making up the necessary number. On the other hand, Lieutenant Ramsay demands a court-martial on Livingstone for unofficer-like conduct. This also is granted, and the same judge is, from the same reason, retained among the rest to try both causes. The formalities of opening the court

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having been gone through, the witnesses were called, and, from amid all the tedious delay and prolixity of court-martial examination, these facts appeared upon the evidence. In the first place, that Mr. Ramsay, being one of the officers of the frigate, and introduced by her captain to his table, did then and there meet the said captain's daughter, and have the audacity to become attached to her. That he had thereafter seized sundry and divers opportunities of ingratiating himself in her favour, to wit, on the quarter-deck, main-deck, and captain's cabin. There was something also murmured about the *waist-nettings*, but this the worshipful court was pleased to reject as not being evidence.

The next matter that appeared was to the effect that the said fair Emily's brother, having taken great exception to these proceedings, lost no opportunity of remonstrating with either party, without producing much effect beyond that of greatly increasing said treasonous affection of both. That finding this to be the result of his labours, he had ventured on still warmer expostulations, to wit, calling the aforesaid suitor a damned puppy, and other expressions equally expressive of his, the prosecutor's regard, and the desire he entertained of his, the prisoner's alliance; on which the prisoner did then "offer to draw" the claret of the said prosecutor, without even so much as condescending to produce a corkscrew.—For all of which the most irrefragable testimony having been adduced, Lieutenant Ramsay was broken, and rendered for ever incapable of serving his Majesty again.

The two parties now changed position as prisoner and prosecutor, and the same testimony having been delivered in a slightly different way, Lieutenant Livingstone was dismissed the service in consequence of ungentlemanlike language. In consequence, however, of *the great provocation* he had received, he was forthwith reinstated with much admonition how he should in future guide himself. The honourable court now broke up, fully satisfied of having in every way discharged its duty according to its oath; but more especially the father, the mild, the amiable Captain Livingstone, whose only wishes and intention towards the prisoner were now merely to "cut his liver out, and nothing more." On Ramsay the blow fell with less violence than his enemies had expected. They knew not, in the first place, how fully he was prepared for the stroke, nor, in the second, that his whole faculties were absorbed in preparing to escape the deeper gulf, into which it was the firm resolve of his enemies to plunge him. Anxiously had he looked from time to time at his faithful friend, the surgeon's head, but the quills did not yet bristle on "the fretful porcupine," and when the court broke up, he found himself standing solitary and avoided. Around young Livingstone, he saw several of his late messmates crowding forward to offer him their slavish and hypocritical congratulations—men whom he had often heard condemning the same creature behind his back for all the meannesses under heaven. His father also, and several of the other members of the court, came forward to shake hands with, and take him below to luncheon, while on Ramsay the only looks bestowed were those of cold indifference or half-concealed contempt. And this from many, who, in the sunshine of his day, had basked and laughed with him, ready to receive any favour or obligation in his power to grant. His blood boiled

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fiercely in his veins as he thought of these sad proofs of human littleness. But then, thought he, it wil lbe the same in all times while the abject species shall endure, and they are only fools who expect aught beside. What says the immortal Shakspeare!—"Men's eyes did scowl on Richard—no one cried, God save *him!*" As these bitter thoughts passed through his mind, he questioned of himself what should prevent him from stepping forth, and hurling insult and defiance in his late accuser's teeth, now the bonds of the service no longer held him down in slavery. In another instant he had done so; but the thought of her to whom he was betrothed intervened. That reflection convinced him that any mean and despicable triumph over himself should be permitted, rather than that he should provoke an encounter which might end in his taking her brother's life—an accident that would place an insuperable barrier between himself and the object of those deep hopes and strong affections, for which he had already not only perilled, but lost all. Mustering all his fortitude, therefore, to receive with the panoply of scorn, the keen arrows of desertion, he looked at his watch with that feverish anxiety which is the first offspring of misfortune. "What if even my tried old friend should waver now: we know not who may fall away from us till the hour of trial comes. If the appointment, for which I am so anxious, should not be obtainable, then am I indeed lost; yet, if it were, surely by this time I should have received it. At any rate I can linger here no longer. I suppose I must, therefore, go through the form of removing from the frigate those few things which another hour may witness carried back, like myself, by force."

"By your leave, sir, if you please—make way." These words, pronounced in a loud authoritative tone, as if they came from the lips of a man wholly unsubservient to any control, save such as pleased himself, came upon the ear with a sudden surprise, and strangely contrasted with the low sickly whisper of the thronging underlings, who, as they had no voice for the acknowledgment of a soul, took care to put as little soul as possible into their voice. The accents, however, struck more sharply upon Ramsay's senses, and, turning round, with delighted eye, beheld make toward him a portly figure, whose topnot stood as perpendicular as the back of a drill serjeant. Many members of the court had not retired, and anxious to commit his friend as little as possible, Ramsay did not intend to recognize his messmate by more than a private look; but the other, elevating his voice into a still louder key, strode forward with glowing features and outstretched hand, saying, as he greeted the late prisoner with a friendly hake, "Ramsay, my dear boy, I congratulate you on being a free man at last—how are you——"

Had the Palladium, as of old, in Troy, dropped down among the surrounding bevy, they could not have viewed it with more utter surprise than this audacious outbreak of friendship and good-feeling in a spot whence both seemed, by universal consent, to have been banished. Had the gift of empires been in Ramsay's power, the noblest of them all had been his friend's—so dear to us in adversity becomes the jewel of fidelity, the value of which in our prosperity we had scarcely known. To this, however, it should be also added,

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that had Ramsay's possessed wealth and empire, beyond that which mortal has ever yet owned, no gift, however costly, could have brought to the bosom of his friend half the satisfaction then glowing in it from the knowledge of self-worth—no idle dream of ill-based vanity, nursing itself in the belief of virtue, which the first rude touch of affliction would dispel; but the ineffaceable consciousness of one who has fought the good faith, and stood firm when all beside have fled. According to agreement, Ramsay at once complained of severe indisposition, and the surgeon, taking him into the unoccupied cabin, beyond that in which the court-martial had been held, was no sooner satisfied of their being alone than he put into his hand an appointment as captain of a merchant brig, then lying in harbour. Some difficulty had been experienced in obtaining this, but as the surgeon said, he had placed the matter in the hands of one whose every effort had been excited to attain the end in view. With eager eyes, and a voice so agitated as almost to prevent the expression of his thanks, Ramsay ran over the paper.

"Then, with this, doctor, you think I may venture without a fear."

"Vertue? ay,—there—no thanks. You will find me ashore to-night at my usual rendezvous—so let us be content then to drink better luck for the future;" then opening the door, he said aloud, "Perhaps you will wait till the surgeon can send you something." Ramsay obeyed this hint, and presently received a couple of drachms of red lavender in some sugar and water, which, after all the anxiety gone through, did him at least no harm.

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Revenge.

With a proud and honest heart did Ramsay now commit himself to the boat that was to bear him back to the frigate to obtain his various luggage, &c. Here a fresh indignity has been thrust upon him. The vacancy in the ship's number of lieutenants, caused by the court-martial, had been filled up by the admiral's clerk within a few minutes of its taking place, having been given to one of the commander-in-chief's protégees. This young man Captain Livingstone had seen beforehand. He knew that the appointment was to be his, and he was ordered, so soon as his commission should be filled up, to repair on board the frigate without a moment's delay. This he did; and until Ramsay's things could be removed from his late cabin, those of the new officer remained on the main-deck. These Captain Livingstone espied the moment after he came on board, and learning the cause of their being there, gave instant orders to have Ramsay's trunks and other property turned out pell mell upon the lower deck; with this addition, that if the unfortunate owner did not appear on board within half an hour, to be thrown overboard. That such would have been their fate too, no one who knew the character of the captain could doubt. Fortunately, as Ramsay thought, he himself arrived ten minutes before the expiration of the specified time. He found many small articles of his property stolen, and the whole

tumbled over into the dirt and holystone dust of the lower-deck. All of them injured, and not a few spoiled by the treatment. "Thank heaven!" muttered he, "I am nearly out of their power now, so it is not worth while to grieve over this abject, petty act of despicable meanness."

A shore-boat was already waiting for him alongside. Into this his traps were quickly handed, and he followed the last parcel. Among the seamen and junior officers were many who loved him, not only for his bravery, but many acts of kindness, any opportunity of doing which he had never neglected. Many of these crowded round the gangway, and had the captain been absent from the quarter-deck, would doubtless have testified it in their own rough way; but now no one dared to step forward, and indeed Ramsay would have been greatly grieved if they had done so, since no one knew better than he, how great would be the animosity which such a step would draw down upon themselves, and how unavailing the tribute of kindness to himself. He certainly did pause for a moment, and look round to see if any of his own messmates were there. Not one, save the officer of the watch, was to be seen, and he was busily engaged in looking in the opposite direction.

On his way from the lower-deck, Ramsay had looked into the gun-room, and seeing no one, of course concluded that they were all on deck. He now saw that they must have retired to their cabins; and as for the surgeon, he had remained on board the flag-ship for dinner. Thinking that such faint-hearted sycophants well deserved the despot that commanded them, he was about to step over the side, when a tiny hand was put forward in his way, and a youthful voice said, "Good by, Mr. Ramsay; I wish you every happiness."

Ramsay looked down, and as he did so, perceived the youngster of his watch, a boy of scarcely fourteen years, whose native nobleness of heart had so immeasurably shamed his seniors. Grasping the lad warmly, he contented himself with looking the gratitude he felt, and descended to his boat; for he was fearful that had he spoken, the captain's attention would have been drawn to what might otherwise have escaped his notice. It was a good, but vain precaution. Before he had gone a hundred yards from the ship, he turned and beheld his little friend Beverley at the mast-head. His heart too truly instructed him as to the cause of this punishment, and cursing the tyrant in his heart, he directed his attention towards the shore.

As he approached this, he beheld, near the landing-place, waiting there, one of the ship's barges. Lieutenant Livingstone was sitting in the stern-sheets, and her crew were fully armed. "Well do I know your object, my good gentlemen," muttered the ex-lieutenant to himself; but I think you will find yourself outwitted. Fiercely did his passions boil in his bosom, as he thought of the perfidious cruelty intended towards him; but he determined to give no provocation to outrage in his own conduct, and meet theirs with cool contempt.

As the boat drew up near the barge, he saw that she did not contain her regular crew—men whom he well knew, from their having often fought under his orders—but a collection of all the greatest vagabonds in the ship, against many of whom he had, in the exercise

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of his duty, proceeded with rigour. The midshipman of the boat, too, was a coarse, brutal young man, who had once, at his instance, been disrated for drunkenness on duty.

Ramsay at once perceived the drift of all these manœuvres; but taking no notice of the matter, he landed himself, and proceeded to help the boatmen in getting out his luggage; while so doing, Livingstone quitted his barge, and his crew following him, he no sooner perceived that Ramsay's last chest was landed, than drawing his sword, and pointing to the late prisoner, he exclaimed, "Seize that man, and handcuff him."

Two or three of the seamen rushed on Ramsay as this order was given. "Back, you scoundrels!" cried he, levelling the first man at his feet. "What does this outrage mean, sir?" addressing himself to Livingstone.

"That you are impressed in the king's name," replied the latter, while his men gradually circled round him.

"As for impressment, sir, from that I am exempt. Here are my papers as captain of the British trading barque, Elizabeth, now lying in this harbour."

"What!" cried Livingstone, perfectly taken aback, as Ramsay, with a smile upon his countenance, held forth his protection for a perusal.

For an instant there was a dead pause. Suddenly a hand was thrust forward, and ere Ramsay could conceive the possibility of such an act, the papers were snatched from their possessor, and torn into a thousand pieces. That this atrocious act was perpetrated by the midshipman of the barge, Ramsay had no doubt, for he knew his hand. No time was, however, given him to deliberate on his own conduct. The destruction of his papers at once pointed out to the lieutenant the mode of carrying his iniquitous purpose into execution, by feigning entire disbelief of their having ever existed.

"Seize him, my men—seize him, my men—seize him, his papers were all a lie!"

"Death to the first man who attempts this violence!" replied the prisoner, furious at this treatment.

Snatching from the hands of one of his boatmen a splendid service sword, with which he had often led on some of the very shipmates who now attacked him, its glittering steel soon circled round the head it was so well accustomed to defend; and the seamen, who well knew both the weight of that, and the arm that wielded it, stood a moment back.

"Forward, and seize him, cravens—forward, and seize him!" shouted the lieutenant, no way anxious for the honour of doing the deed himself.

"Don't you hear the order?" repeated the midshipman. "Forward, you blackguards!" and he threw himself in the van, attempting, as he did so, to strike down his foeman's guard.

Ramsay received the blow near the hilt—a slight turn put by the midshipman's cutlass, and in the next moment his own was buried in the fellow's bosom.

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"Now then, my men, now's your time—seize him—seize him from behind."

But ere this order could be obeyed, right and left swept the sharp steel of the enraged lion, and death strokes fell at every blow.

"Close on him, all of you at once, and beat down his guard," cried Livingstone, unintentionally drawing within reach.

Forgetful of his former feelings as to his sister, the hot blood of our friend no longer allowed him to make such nice distinctions. Dashing forward, he aimed a blow at the lieutenant's head, but it only reached him sufficiently to lay bare the face in a most ghastly wound from the eye to the chin. Before he could recover himself a dozen seamen sprang upon him, and he was again a prisoner.

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## THY LAST LOOKS AT PARTING.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THY last looks at parting
Remain on my mind,
Like the beautiful tints
That the sun leaves behind,
When quitting poor Nature,
His sorrowful bride,
Whose tears in his absence
Can never be dried,

Thy last looks at parting
I cannot forget;—
I bow to their magic,
I gaze on them yet:
Oh! words cannot breathe
Half such eloquent speech,
As the eye, the sweet book
Of the spirit, can teach.

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## LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.[1]

In winding through a wild tract, which our gallant courier chose to declare pre-eminently perilous—it is the object of these gentry to keep the panic alive, I presume—his valiancy thought fit to play off the fanfaronnade of demanding the loan of a pistol. He might very well have jeopardized his carcase for the worth of it; but I knew well enough that this ebullient valour of his would, in case of need, have certainly flashed in the pan, whatever the pistol had done; while those who chose to stay behind would have had to settle the account. It is plain, I think, that when the few and far between, yet little angelic, visits of these Birbanti do occur—I speak of the robbers, not the couriers; that is, of the highway not the bye-way ones—perhaps there is no wide difference between them, and the one is far more likely to play the decoy-duck than the scarecrow to the other—but it is to the Brigand unequivocal I allude, whose object, in ordinary cases, and when his ferocity is not awakened by political excitement or personal vengeance, cannot be violence, it seems to me; besides that, your Italian, with all his sins, is not gratuitously cruel; his vices are of another order; at all events, this is a comforting thought in the midst of a cut-throat defile. Moreover, in the good old freebooting days, the assault was generally by surprise, and with reserve enough to overpower all opposition. They never attacked, in short, unsupported, and rarely shed blood when unresisted. And when, in addition to this *rationnel* of the case, it happens that your camp is encumbered by the sort of baggage that would hang, in the very crisis of the brawl too, like Overreach's "undone widow" upon your arm —for it is only in pictures that a lady comes in well in such dilemmas— why I would suggest whether a *lasciar passare*, to the tune of a purse of napoleons, were not, though not the most heroic, the less troublesome settlement of the difficulty by far; the more especially, as all that an individual could do, would scarcely tend one jot toward the abatement of the general evil. And then, why it is but feeing after all. Fancy them gentlemen of the profession, road attornies, and then thank your stars it is no worse.

Some fifty years since though, or less, the case was not always to be trifled with; and on the gates of some of these grim towns, human heads, on which a price had been set, might be seen blackening in the sun. Indeed, it was in these territories that no less a worthy than our old historic and histrionic acquaintance, with the odd sobriquet, that reminds one of Rabelais' "reverend père en diable'—Frà Diavolo—Friar Beelzebub, that is—played his sanguinary pranks. It was in this very Itri indeed, den of Cacus that it looks, that this worthy serpent of worthy egg was hatched; and in its congenial woods and wilds that the future hero first fleshed his virgin poniard. To be chief of malefactors and gallérians, so promising a personage was naturally soon advanced; and so exemplary a homicide did he, in

[1] Continued from p. 282.

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fulness of time, become, using his practised hand in butchery on so royal a scale, that, during the revolutionary scuffle, the Spanish Bourbons on the throne of Naples, or off rather, called him, with others like him, "devil with devil d——d," to the command of their hordes, showering largesses upon them one and all, and even styling the delectable villains their trusty, deserving, and well-beloved cousins, so great was their loving kindness; while cully Britain patted them all on the back, and paid them for their iniquities into the bargain. There was a mountain robber once, who, when brought before Alexander, told the proud conqueror of half the world, that the difference between them was, that one was a small thief and the other a great one. And this Frà Diavolo, in mingling, as many others have done, the double calling of buccaneer and soldier so well, would seem as though he sought still further to justify the sarcasm. Our hero, however, for misfortunes will happen to the worthiest, came to be hanged one fine morning, not by his beloved cousins, though that would not have been at all singular, but by the wicked French, who stepped cruelly in between the sympathising friends, and, denying the sanctity of cut-throats taken in war, deliberately cast the devil out of the world, and left his swarthy cadavre in the air to prove the exorcism. In giving up the ghost, he incontinently d——d the Queen of Sicily and Sir Sidney Smith—a not unjustifiable malediction, but which there is not time to explain.

If too much had not been said touching these desperadoes, we should beg another story, *apropos* to Fondi, if only because everybody tells it, besides that it is so memorable as to be commemorated by an inn in the place, thence baptized "Locanda Barbarossa," which at once unfolds the tale, and vouches for the truth of it. This Barbarossa, Hayraden Barbarossa—he had no relationship to the fine old Ghibelline emperor, nor resemblance to him save in his beard—was a kind of half corsair and half soldan's admiral, at the time that he came, with his pirate fleet, one night, one winter's night, tempestuous of course, to this same lugubrious Fondi, for the purpose of kidnapping the Countess Julia di Gonzaga, a great beauty in days when every countess was a beauty in virtue of her rank—this was three hundred years ago—besides that, she was sure of a knight to assert her so, were she as ugly as the Countess de M———t now is. Reputation, however, is better than desert at all times; and Julia being, according to report, a beauty in her day, was amiably intended by this sea Diavolo as a beauty for his Dey. He meant her for the sultan's seraglio, in short. Motive is all in this world no doubt, and loyalty too is so fine a commodity, that when its service fails, the conscience is consolation enough. Luckily the service did fail in this instance; for the lady, disturbed in her dreams by the uproar the brutes, in their anxiety, made, sprang from her bed, leaped the window, and fled to the mountains. I have consulted the most unexceptionable authorities for an account of the costume she had on in her flight, but they are all silent; and I am truly concerned to think the inference should be that she had on nothing to speak of. They all, however, are very explicit on a point of much greater importance—for virtue is virtue, though it have not a rag on—which is, that the

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lady made good her escape, and balked Bluebeard of his prize; when, as a consolation to his disappointed affections, he chivalrously sacked the town instead of the lady, rifling even the tombs, so unscrupulous was he, and ended, since one woman had run away from him, *dans la nuit tous les chats sont gris*—by running away himself with as many as he could lay his hands on, as small change for the countess. All delicate means were resorted to, in short, to inspire regret in the mind of the fugitive beauty at her not being delivered over to the tender mercies of this Turkish Tarquin. Who now could suppose the people here would wear the memory of this outrage as a feather in their caps? Yet, besides the inn, they have stuck up a tablet in their church in memorial of the honour, and would fight, I dare say, any day and any hour, with any neighbour town, who disputed the credit of their grandmothers having performed a part in this second rape of the Sabines; so *bizarre* is human vanity. And now get thee behind me, Fondi and Itri, whose dirty haunts I wonder how the deuce I have stayed so long in.

Leaving Itri, you descend the hill on whose crest it stands, driving for the most part among vines and umbrageous trees, till, approaching Mola, the aspect of the country lights suddenly up as though a cloud had broken, and advancing through a lane of green branches, lo! the bright bay of Gaeta, the northern haven of the Neapolitan states, one of the noblest of the many useless Italian ports on the Mediterranean, expands upon your right,—blue promontory, and sea-green shore, and air-clad isle, spread out over the waters; and a white, handsome, unlocanda-like locanda, lifting its front from among gardens and orange grounds, is the pleasant finale of an easy morning's drive. Some bare-legged gipsy-looking things in most piquant costumes, bearing very classic-shaped pitchers on very Greek-shaped heads, smiling as we passed, presented the figures which, at this spot, strike all travellers.

Gaeta, which you see on the opposite shore, built on the point of a bluff foreland, which joins the main land but by a low isthmus, commands both the bay it stands on, and the gorge of the defiles of Mount Cœcubus we have just traversed, at the point of their conflux with the plain of the Garigliano, and is therefore the key-fortress on the north-western frontier of Naples. In old times it was the chief city of a Greek dukedom, of which Terracina was the northern extremity. During the Lombard ascendency in the sixth century, one of the Lombard kings overran the peninsula, and, striking his invading standard into the beach at Reggio, asserted his sovereignty over the whole of Italy—a piece of vain bluster, for a naval force, which the Lombards were without, always gave the Greek, as well after the fall of Rome as before her rise, dominion over the coasts at least of Magna Græcia. The Lombards never possessed Gaeta, and the only doubt would seem whether, before the conquest of Charlemagne, it was possessed by the Greek absolutely, or as a kind of legionary dependency. To the warlike monarch and able prince who, at the end of the eighth century, conquered Italy, all, more or less, stooped; but amidst the strife which succeeded Charlemagne's death, Gaeta was among the first to emerge, and with the municipal and republican

institutions she, in common with other states, had retained, to erect herself into a principality, owning a dependence, actual at first, but merely nominal ultimately, upon the empire of the East, in the same way that the northern and Tuscan states, as they passed from the Carlovingian shadow, owned a supremacy of a like nature in the emperors of the West. These, however, are obscure periods; and it is not easy to penetrate their darkness. Gaeta, as she gathered strength in maritime commerce, Freedom's unfailing precursor, struggled hard, in league with the other independent powers of Lower Italy, to keep alive the torch of freedom in days when perhaps those republican states—Naples, Amalfi, Salerno, and the rest—stood alone in the world as holding that sacred torch still unextinguished. The consolidated kingdom of the Normans, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, of course absorbed the whole of the cluster of free republics of southern Italy and Gaeta shared their slavery, as she had shared their independence, and reaped the power and the public virtue, which are its never-failing concomitants. When Alphonso laid his memorable siege to this fortress, in the middle of the fifteenth century, during his struggle for a throne which he won, as he did the city, by his magnanimity more than by his sword, Ligurian Genoa, re-awakened for an interval, had fleets upon the waters of Gaeta, and marts upon her shores. Their place is now filled but by the straggling fisher's boat, and may-be by some lone dwelling here and there, where cattle are stalled in the lower chambers.

Among other agreeable things at Mola is, that its inn boasts for landlord a hospitable Samaritan who takes the stranger in, and gives him food and firing, pouring oil upon his *fagiuoli*, and only charges him double in the reckoning; and as that is only half what the Levite and the Scribe do, we were enticed, for that reason among better at least, to continue in quarters there during the next day. We say nothing about the house, though the frescoed vault of its saloon brims over with celestials, as though the artist had thought the more divinities he crowded in its four corners, the more divine for painting and painter too. We will say nothing of this; but hasten to the terrace where the aroma, gushing at intervals from the orange and citron groves that stretch towards the sea, invites our contemplation of a scene not unworthy of the post it holds, as porch, as vestibule, to the bay of Naples.

Between us and the sinking sun, arise, like a diadem over yon western headland, the snow-white walls and battlements, white as summer clouds, of antique Gaeta; bright hills are above the borgo in the bend of the crescent shore, the beach below glitters in light, and all is mirrored in the deep purple of the glassy sea, that fawns upon the sands without a wave. Within the gulf's other promontory is all the Elysian world that fills the western horn of the bay of Naples, the azure rocks of Ponza and Ventoteno, soaring from the sea beyond its point. While below the intervening hills, where cape after green cape shelves down with its vines into the sea, a line, as of flame, marks the soft indentations of the shore like a fringe: it is from the flow, into the haven, of the dimpling waters freshening there beneath the setting sun. Then look beyond through the villaed vineyards,

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through the coloured air, filled with a radiance that is indescribable, and there, far away, blue mountains prop the sky, arrayed in its æther, or as aerial snows, Vesuvius among them, in mid distance, lifted to heaven on his throne of fire.

Nor is this all, nor is it the best; for here, where we at this evening hour stand, stood, it may be, the very dwelling, as below the groves beneath arose the baths, and from the casement opposite you may see the tomb, of one of the greatest spirits among the great of Rome's most glorious era. Yes, along these very sands, whose shell-strewn cushion we have just now trod, has doubtless oft at such an hour trod—the matchless scenery we now look upon many a time has glowed beneath the glance—the glories we are surrounded by were among the first that beamed on the boyhood, and were the last that gleamed on the dying frame—of Tullius Cicero. Yes, here among these Formian hills, that hid his home from the Etesian gales, great Tully drew the breath of that existence that was and is a dower unto the earth.* Here, amidst luxurious edifice and shadowed walk, where now is the vinedresser's home, the cot of the rude fisher, whose cobble only rocks where once rode the painted galleys of old Rome—here rose the Formian home the great Roman loved so well, the hearth where Scipio was once his guest, the roof that was his refuge in that day, when, alas! for him, for Rome, and for mankind, he fluctuated amidst the terrors of the time, and fell at length by the suborned dagger of one whose life he had saved.

Rome's new Catalines, in aping, while they surpassed, the enormous treason of their exemplar, could not be unmindful of the great denouncer of rebellion, before the terror of whose fulminations their prototype had shrunk, had quailed, had writhed, till, starting to his feet in agony unendurable, he broke through the gathered multitude of Rome, and fled like a fury from the senate-house. What, unto spirits like the feeble Anthony and the wily Octavius, were the grace of clemency? Julius, offended once by this same Cicero, still honoured the exalted patriot—for when did noble natures yield them to base hate, like minor beings? It is their essence to honour thus, for they alone can weigh each other. But the sanguinary triumvirate, into whose villain daggers the sword of Cæsar had been molten, what were magnanimity to them? Cæsars without a Cæsar's soul, their spirits felt the rebuke of Cicero's virtues, sharp as did Cæsar's side the sword of Cicero's friend—and so they writ him down for butchery. And the Roman, the music of whose very name was Freedom's, whose virtuous existence was the last hope of his perishing country, became like a beast to the hunters to be hounded from the face of the earth. It was thus, when reviving Liberty in old Rome was strangled, marked her assassins the hour of the consummation. The craven in his cruelty and the hypocrite in his guile, poured thus their libation unto Rome's new tyranny. And fit was the offering—the life of Freedom's vindicator to the spirit of Despotism. The heart's blood of Rome's re-

* Lest this be impugned as not literally true, I would observe that the Samnite mountains, where stood Arpinum, the birth-place of Cicero, as it was of Marius—two men who at different periods had saved Rome—are of the same chain as the hills above old Formiæ, and may be easily seen from them.

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publicans was a meet baptism for the newly-spawned empire. When Nature shuddered, upon Freedom's fall, it was fit that Freedom's Cains, to propitiate their new demon, should offer up the great champion of the liberties of mankind.

The monument said to be Cicero's is less defaced than any on the Appian Way. A stunted circular column, resting on a huge square base, it resembles the rest of these sepulchral structures, but it is crowned by a lantern with windows like an observatory. Standing as it does among green woods, removed from the road, it is not impossible this sepulchre was erected on the spot where the tribune and the centurion met the litter on its way from the mountain villa—for there were two, the Villa Superior, whose vestiges we probably see on the hill-side now, and the Villa Inferior of which the vaults and baths upon the shore may still indicate the site. Plutarch too talks of a wood through which they were bearing the illustrious fugitive towards the shore. The spot almost answers to the description to this day. But peace to thine ashes, Tully! Repose they a few paces far or near, what matters it? Around was thy dwelling and thy place of rest. The scenes encompass us that soothed thy quietest, perchance thy happiest hours. The mountains whose majesty were nutriment to thy spirit are on high; the sea rolls beyond that led thy thoughts unto eternity; above us and around are Tully's cradle and his grave: through twice ten centuries has that name survived in virtue to embalm the precincts where his dust reposes, and still through all the vicissitudes of as many yet to come shall his undying memory consecrate the spot and justify the fame of Italy.

Homer, Virgil, Horace—the witchery of these sounds winds higher yet the charm of these classic haunts, and only Tully's tomb could eclipse their memory awhile. Homer's large Læstrigones and Lamos' towers, and Artacia's silver streams, were here: so aver the initiated. And the concave, cliff-surrounded Bay of Mola and Gaeta's sea-beat rock, jutting into the tide at its mouth, answer exactly to the site sung of in the 10th Odyssey, where dwelt those ghastly Anthropophagi. And, as the twilight sables over the heavens, you might almost believe the island cones beyond, glooming through the dark azure of the sea, to be a reinforcement of the monstrous brood, wading from Sicily to their old colony. Homer planted his Læstrigones at the utmost geographical distance of his hero's wanderings; his super and sub-natural worlds the same; the same too with his terrible sorceress. Sensuality turns men into beasts near at hand, but distance with her "lends enchantment to the view." And thus did we, in like spirit, in those days when there were giants, and we put our faith in Patagonians, push the man-mountains to the extremity of a scarce-known continent, for fear we might discover our own lie. The Indian thus sees the dwelling of his Manitou beyond the great waters, and thus the gnome-like priest placed the home of his arch-fiend in the earth's mysterious depths, and his paradise in the impenetrable stars; —he ranked the stars with the meteors of the night, to be sure, and thought heaven made of polished stones, I believe—he thought it in the atmosphere, at all events, as the worm might in the silken coil around him—heresies of the orthodox which one might forgive but

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for the breaking on the wheel of whoever soared beyond them. Now, however, the scales have fallen from our eyes; the veil of the old world's ignorance is rent; the wide expansion of our horizon is not a wider vanity; the wondrous wisdom we think so much of is not another folly; and all the mighty knowledge we heap up so busily doth not consist in—placing our Læstrigonia in obscurer latitudes.

As for Virgil, he moors his gallies, with a line or two, in Cajeta's oozy ground, to bury, in the Hesperian soil, the nurse of the pious Æneas. A single waive of his puissant pen—the stedfast work is transmuted into her monument, and again he ploughs the Tyrrhene seas on his majestic keel. This was enough for Cajeta for ever, but it is not enough for poetical polemics, who, because Virgil says, forsooth, that the ghost of the *Nourice* gave her name, all a ghost can give, to the rocky point, must go to war on the point more rocky still, whether the ghost named the promontory or the promontory named the ghost. Why, Virgil found the name there, to be sure, and to his purpose, and so stole it. Who that had left the caudle-cup could doubt of the matter? He took up the popular appellation of the foreland and wrapped it, like a winding-sheet, round the limbs of the old dame, and the cerecloth has aided their conservation, no doubt, as he meant it should. Stealing, and giving odours, poets, those chartered libertines, have laboured thus, in their vocation, in all ages and in all countries.

It is recorded to the credit of the mountain bandits, that they here, in reverence to the muse, once sheathed their knives to let a poet pass, that poet the bard of the "Gerusalemme," on his way from Naples to Rome; and the same story is told also with regard to Ariosto.

> And so the Eumathean conqueror did spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground.

Kindred incongruities, with more recent, more frequent, and more authentic instances, wherein the brigand has held the pistol to your head with one hand, and the crucifix in the air with the other, thinking heaven less offended than propitiated all the while—deeds these the natural spawn of seed that is sown where men's very consciences are taught to confound virtue and vice, while ignorance is perpetuated in their minds as the hot-bed for the knaveries of a sordid priesthood. *O curvæ in terris animæ et cælestium inanes!*

The traveller is greeted at some distance from Mola by a wide, level, houseless savannah, the plain of the Garigliano—a plain that has often, with its river and its rampart of mountains, formed the contested frontier of the Campania, as the Po and its banks and fields have of the Campania of Upper Italy, the plains of Lombardy. The houselessness of this rich desert would tell us a tale of its atmosphere if nothing else did. Yet, so strangely do good and ill work together in this heterogeneous world, that this *peste* of Italy—this malaria, has often been of greater service to its inhabitants than a purer air would: not individually exactly, unless indeed the Italians, like the Pontic monarch of old days, or the Mussulman of new, have learnt to make poison nutriment, as the goat thrives on venomous herbs—and they

are loth enough to own its existence certainly, until Italy's malaria, if one may believe its inhabitants, like happiness with many mortals, never is but where they are not; but what I mean is, that their mephitic atmosphere has often been that safeguard to the places it infests, which the sword in Italian hands might not have been. And of this the oft-contested swamp of the Garigliano furnishes a memorable example, for its putrid exhalations once saved Naples.

When Gonsalvo di Cordova* stood opposed here to Louis XII. of France, like two hounds quarrelling over the carcase they had stolen, and the atrocity of the Partition Treaty of Grenada, in 1500, out of which these hostilities grew, would justify any epithet that would reach the perfidious framers of that infamous compact—the two armies were long held here at bay, on opposite banks of the river, like hounds in the slips, all operations being suspended by the autumnal rains, which, after being protracted to an unusual period, ceased at last only with the year. In such a fen, sickness was not long in doing its work. The impatient Frenchman foamed and chafed at the obstacle, till one kind of disorder was added to another, and the army grew undisciplined as well as diseased; while the constant-minded Spaniard, though he had the worse encampment, patiently watched his hour, and striking the foe in his feebleness, scattered his once glittering host to the winds, the few who, in flying to Gaeta, escaped the sword, only reaching their homes to die of the fatal sickness caught in these pestilential swamps. It was the war of the kite and the snake, however, like all contests of late days, for Italy; and when we talk of Naples being saved, it is only true inasmuch as the French, having the Milanese at the time, might, if they had conquered Naples, have gone far to win the so-long-desired monarchy of the Italian peninsula. Certainly, as far as Naples is concerned, no despotism could have been more deadly than that fatal rule by delegate, Gonsalvo himself being the first, which began with the Spanish dynasty, and lasted two mortal centuries. Perhaps the struggle was more like that of the frogs in the pool, for Charles V., like a royal gander, soon after pounced down and gobbled up both combatants.

The wreck of an old aqueduct shows itself here and there in the plain of the Garigliano, like a *ricochet* shot on a lake. It looked like a long passage that led to nothing. But while marvelling that a river should be thus lifted into the air, but to duck down again, like Arethusa, into the sands, we did at last discover something like ruins of edifices amidst the green expanse, a lonely wall or two with weed-grown arches mingled, where the wild fox and the snake might hold fit tenancy. And is this all of Minturnæ's amphitheatre? And yonder rotting arches—are they all now left of the Minturnian Aqueduct? But there is a stagnant marsh, there all rank with weeds and rushes, is there not? Perhaps that were the sole spot of all unchanged that

* This Gonsalvo was one of seven champions who, in their virtues, according to Sir W. Temple, deserved crowns without having worn them. Whether the court of Spain would have concurred in this I know not, but they recalled him from his vice-royalty, suspecting that he at least was of that opinion, since he had manifested one of the virtues of royalty, in a decided inclination to get rid of the vice, and, without showing cause to the court, to establish the rule absolute.

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was Minturnæ. And that foul marsh! It was the place where he, the six-times consul—Rome's second founder—the twice-hailed saviour of his country—took refuge, when hither he fled, driven forth like a hunted wolf—a Cain without, at that time, a Cain's crimes—by those same arrogant patricians, who had stained his laurels and marred his triumphs, who had stirred up strife and hatred all around him, and stung his stern soul to ferocity. Why—*why?* For that he was plebeian born—a peasant had been his sire. His claim to the state's honours was, that he had deserved them—a rebuke your noble never pardoned yet. When the lowly-born win elevation, it is a gain he extorts—he tears, in most unequal wrestle, from the gripe of men who yield in humiliation but to abhor their victor, and await the hour of vengeance. But Marius balked their bloodhounds here, at least, and lived to mark the day of his adversity by deeds that will evidence to all time the grandeur of the Roman character. In the gloom and solitude of his dungeon, and condemned to death, the terror of his aspect and his awful ejaculation to the Gaul—"Homo! audes occidere Caium Marium!"—palsied the hand wherein the dagger gleamed, and shook the assassin from his purpose. And, an exile and a fugitive, he uttered, from the ruins of Carthage—a wreck like his own fortunes—that response to the African prætor, which is a proverb through the world to this hour for majesty, for pathos, for sublimity. We have much to regret that it did not come within the scope of Sallust to follow the career of Marius to its close. We might then have hoped for that just narrative of the retaliatory proscription that followed his resumption of power—the great stain on the stern soldier's character—which, remembering that his death was the triumph of his dread enemy, who was the instrument and representative of the Roman aristocracy, we were little likely to hear from other sources,—certainly not from the patrician pen of Plutarch, nor from the panegyrist of Tiberius, Paterculus—neither was Livy a much better friend than the others to the party of the commons.

The Garigliano is the chief river of the Neapolitan dominions. You cross it by a chain bridge, of all things, so prim, and trim, and white, and well-constructed, it is quite a satire on the rest of the country. It looks like a contortion of galvanism on a dead body, a mockery of life that makes death more hideous, so out of keeping is it with all around. From the Falernian hills, which appear on your right as you advance, still flows the Falernian juice, such as it is. It is very racy—in Horace, and very excellent—in Martial, and is still drunk out of—enthusiasm.

Little that is noteworthy marks the road for some posts after the Garigliano—at least I believe so, but I was too ill to observe what there was or what there was not, except that it rained like the very devil, for my consolation. Old Latium, the traveller leaves behind, with its boundary stream—the Liris—the old name of the Garigliano—and with it the country of the Volscian, and traverses the heart of that campania where Cicero to the Muses lived and Scipio to his friend. Ambrosial clime!—the cold of the north was nothing to it. O skies for ever fair!—it never poured half so heavily in old England. And since Favonian breezes, soft as lover's sighs, reign here, we can

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only lament, since there is so little wind, that what there is should be so damnably high. Whoso would track the tide of war between Hannibal and Fabius, which here rose and fell, and, taken at the *ebb*, led on to Rome's fortune, may ransack Titus Livius.

The greatest curiosities it was my chance to see were, God save the mark! some London faces. Odd, to pass and stare so far away on the selfsame people one has met, and passed, and stared at, twelve or fifteen hundred miles off. They are at once a wandering genus, these Britons, and a gregarious—not a social certainly, for you meet them all the world over, always in flocks, and always fighting, with others, or each other. These were flocking back from flight connubial, I'd be sworn to it, from certain indications, "quæ nunc perscribere longum est," as that venerable author, Propria quæ Maribus observed long ago. There is no sooner a conjunction copulative among these odd-mannered islanders, these outlandish hyperboreans—this common of two genders this singular plurality is no sooner made such by that connubial hyphen, that "dog with three heads," the parent, the procurator, and the parson, than away must flee the heterogeneous thing, this epicene monster, to congenial regions, strange as itself—must sail the seas, and climb the alp, just as a man rushes among woods and wilds when, his senses reeling under some mental shock, he seeks for breath in rapid action that would take away other people's, and feels any home stifling that is less broad than the broad wilderness. My counsel, which they won't take, is, "Don't take the journey, or, if you must, postpone it at the least." It is not the perils by waters, nor the perils by robbers—what are they to the perils from each other? The chances and changes of travel, many, new, and strange, throwing open the hidden doorways of Truth's palace, believe me 'tis trying the honey-moon too hard. The scheming mother is no longer near with her glozing lies, simulation and dissimulation have no longer place, you are laid stark to the bone. And O the many who, comparing the mutual feelings they bring back to their home with those wherewith they left it, have weeping wished they had never gone, or going had never returned! As for those rare birds of the earth, *they* seldom fly in flocks, who are the lovelier in all eyes the closer they are seen, who are the most adored by those who know them most.—Go where ye list, ye rainbows in the clouds of life! with thee, if there be peril, 'tis where thou lingerest, and to others not thyselves. O si sic omnia.

Capua, the penultimate *relais* before you reach Naples, is not remarkable, and therefore is remarkable. But never mind, where there is nothing, nothing stands between the present and the past, and the past is all to Italy, the present little, and the future, I fear, less. Modern Capua, a cheerful city for a walled one, stands where stood Casilinum, which, after his victory, held Hannibal so well in check, and is a mile or two from the Campanian capital, whose name it assumes, and which you afterwards leave on your left. Tifata and Taburnus, and the mountain fastnesses of the tough old Samnites, tower beyond the new Capua as beyond the old, and the Vulturnus rolls, in clear stream, by its walls.

The dilemma of Capua, and of many other of Rome's allied, or

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provincial cities, in that great crisis of her destiny, the second Punic war, was sufficiently embarrassing. Fidelity to Rome, and an assault by Hannibal, or defection from Rome and Roman vengeance, were no pleasant alternatives. It may be plain enough now which evil was the less, and that honesty to Rome was the best policy; the choice was not quite so clear then. In Capua, however, the offence was two-fold. Its perfidy had been black enough, yet was that a far more pardonable sin than the less heinous, but more injurious one, to Roman vanity, to Roman pride, or, to use the more euphonous term, to Roman majesty, in that she had been lured to the Carthaginian cause by the bait of being exalted into the metropolis of Italy. Crime enough to make Jove himself wroth for the city of his auspices. Yet were there consequences evolved even from this backsliding, which might have gone, as perhaps they did, in mitigation of her subsequent sentence, which were the services to Rome she had unwillingly rendered; for it is no exaggeration to say that, if the enervating effects of her voluptuousness upon the invader's army be true, Capua actually was to Carthage what Cannæ, but for Capua, might have been to Rome, and no loyalty of the city could have served the commonwealth as its treason did.

I would venture, as not irrelevant, a word here respecting the oft-repeated censure cast on Hannibal for his measures after the victory, when it is assumed he had only to march upon Rome to capture it, and so finish the war—and Fabius and Scipio, I suppose, were to do the obsequious to the conqueror for a supper in his pretorium, or sue to his Numidians for an audience. If this be sooth, Sir Hannibal, few moments since mother Eve vacillated between obedience and the great sin, have been so pregnant with fate as those wherein thou pondereds the counsel of Maharbal at the close of the battle.* But thou wert frugal, and forborest the great harvest his presumption proffered, and sooner than disturb the dynasties and the destinies of the world, didst lay silly siege to the Roman camps, and chaffer with the prisoners; at least so Livy, but little thy friend methinks, asserts of thee more than once. What! did Hannibal then not dare to run the race he had but to run to win? Was the judgment of Hannibal such as to miss what all besides could seize? The magnitude of the designs of this Napoleon of old days were a sort of madness in any less than he. And was the mind of the consummate soldier, who staggered Rome as much by the gigantic scope of his operations, as by the energy and celerity of their execution—for these he possessed but in common with all great generals, in the other he surpassed them all—was this a mind to lag behind other men's? Which were the more likely—that his never-failing skill and sagacity were at fault, or that the knowledge were imperfect of those who, judging chiefly on the evidence of that false witness, the result, "sit by the fire and presume to know what is done in the capitol?"

Here are one or two of the obstacles which can escape no one. Two Roman camps, fortified of course, remained close to the field.

* "Non omnia nimirum eidem dii dederunt: vincere scis, Annibal, victoria uti nescis," were the lieutenant's words, according to Livy, on the refusal of his general to follow his advice. They have become a proverb.

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They offered slight resistance. Yes, but that had to be proved; and a capitulation so ignominious as to fill Rome with indignation must have filled the enemy with an equal measure of surprise. But the Roman army at Canusium, where Scipio (Africanus) was, on Hannibal's right, that did not capitulate, nor would it, when hanging on his rear as he moved through a hostile country filled with Roman colonies and tribes, not a single one of which swerved for a moment from its faith to the Republic.* It hath pleased Livy to state the loss of the Carthaginians in a battle, in which fifty thousand Romans were massacred, as little important. Hannibal's dispatching his own brother to Carthage for men and supplies does not seem as though he deemed it so. And many cities and people of southern Italy are enumerated as having declared for him. It would seem either that this were mere simulation, or that they were not very potential confederates, since they could so feebly replenish his strength. The truth is, that these slippery allies, with the exception of Capua, were equivocal friends in every sense, since, even if their fidelity could be trusted, they were more likely to require support than afford it. At all events their adhesion, true or false, their assistance, great or small, could only be obtained by Hannibal's remaining at hand to obtain it, and would be endangered by his removal to a distance. It should be remembered, too, that he had no port on either sea, by which he could receive reinforcements, so that a force was imperatively necessary to keep open his communication with the gallies. And besides this, he must, if he had marched to Latium, have garrisoned all the conquered places, or surrendered them. Who, then, considering even these few facts, can believe that Hannibal, with harassed and diminished troops, was in a position, after the battle of Cannæ, to seize Rome by what we should now call a coup-de-main? That Rome too, whose defences had been strengthened after the battle of Thrasymene, (and he is reproached for not attacking the city after that battle too,) while he was so little provided with the means for such an enterprize, that the small city of Casilinum, manned with less than a thousand troops, was able to keep him at bay the whole winter.

But it is written that the panic was so great in the capital after the battle. Panic! Look at Hannibal's declarations to the prisoners when he released them, and the conditions of peace wherewith he charged Cartholo, who accompanied them to Rome; and then turn and see the indignant senate refusing the ransom and the services of the miserable men, while they ordered in scorn the baffled Carthaginian instantly to quit the Roman territory. If this be fear in

* Montesquieu says otherwise. But I find no place named between Samnium and Rome, in Livy at least, as having failed in fidelity. But the President makes a far worse slip in the "Grandeur et decadence," chap. iv. Cependant il paroit, *par Tite-Live*, que les cens n'etoit, pour lors, que d'environ cent trente-sept mille citoyens"—this "pour lors," meaning "le fort," as he says of the second Punic war. Why at the closing of the lustrum, eighty years before the time referred to, the number of citizens was 262,322, so at least I find from this same *Tite-Live*. A strange mistake enough, and not an unimportant one in judging of the judgment of Hannibal, because the force behind the walls of the city is a most material element in the question of whether they ought to have been attacked or not.

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Rome, the sooner philology finds new names for courage and fortitude the better. Hannibal knew better how to interpret the momentary consternation of indomitable Rome, and his judgment was too just a monitor to allow him, general as he was of but mercenary troops, whose allegiance perhaps had only till then been held firm by their unbroken course of conquest, now unwisely to tempt his fortune and stake all on the hazard of one desperate cast. Rome had not waited till Hannibal menaced her to prove that the day of her disasters ever dated a new epoch of higher energy and more prosperous fortune, nor was their great foe, who had passed aloof from Rome after the day of Thrasymene, likely to abjure his caution, when, crippled and reduced, still greater caution became a still higher duty. The truth is, that Hannibal had not men enough to reap the harvest of his victory. What he did proved him probably the geatest soldier the world ever saw. Is not this enough, without tarnishing his laurels with hypercriticism?

However, he *did* march to Rome. When her armies were occupied before Capua, he sought thus to draw off her strength from the siege. Rome had drafted off legion after legion between the two periods, and there was panic enough among the populace as he rode by the walls; and yet he only marched up the hill to march down again in time to witness the fall of his confederate Capuans, and to furnish one dispute more for Archæology; that is, whether he approached the city by the Via Latina or not. They debated this in Livy's day even, as they debated also as to where he crossed the Appenine, and where he crossed the Alp. The discussion is somewhat protracted. I wonder when we shall have the verdicts.

I thus jot down a few suggestions which arise on a perusal of Rome's great historian, whose impeachment of Hannibal's soldiership has been repeated, from pen to pen, to this day, except for Montesquieu, until "Hannibal's blunder" has become a proverb, that we talk of as of Atalanta and her golden pippins, or Ulysses and his singing women—as his sirens, no doubt, were. I dare say they'll turn up the remains of some antique "olympic," at the Syrenusæ in some fashionable *scavo* or other, one of these days. If they do, remember the prophecy's mine, that's all.

Devil take Hannibal! He has detained me fighting his battles here over again till there is no time left for other things—the Caudine Forks among the rest; for the precincts of this Capua are most historically conspicuous, as being the site of the two greatest disasters that ever befel the Roman legions, the fight of Cannæ, and the blunder of the Furcæ Caudinæ, where two consular armies, entrapped in these Samnite mountains, passed scourged and insulted under the yoke; a blunder of which Rome made many—enough to have overwhelmed any less constant spirit than hers.*

* I beg to refer the curious in ancient topography to a memoir incorporated in the "Tour of the Southern Provinces of Naples," by the Honourable Keppel Craven, well unravelling the puzzle of these Caudine Forks, for their position has become the theatre of geographic war, as the site of Waterloo will in a generation or two perhaps. This memoir, which is written by Mr. Gandy, assigns the defile or plain between Airola and Sant Agata dei Goti, as the scene of the calamity, and not that

But drive on, postilions, and farewell Capua, and with it Horace and the Appian Way, which ended here, or wound off, under another name, to Caudium, and Beneventum, and Brundusium. And those broken flag-stones then, which the traveller bumps over in the mountain towns on this route, *are* the same identical pavement laid by Roman pickaxe and spade more than two thousand years ago! What, the real Regina Viarum, is this? The unequivocal highway of republican Rome which Appius Claudius built, and over which the Roman chariots rolled, and the Roman legions marched? By Jove, the thought is plaister to one's contusions. I wonder if our Appius Claudius, M'Adam, will leave as enduring a monument. The Briton voyaging here treads where, had he trod some centuries since, he would have been stared at by Romans, as he now stares at the Red Indian. He now looks upon Rome's degenerate sons, as their great progenitors would have looked on his. Sol turns the world's unceasing wheel, and whose day shall come next?

Appius was censor of Rome, and so was the elder Cato. Yet would I back the moral of the aqueducts that Appius reared, and the noble causeway he constructed, against all the stiff maxims and wise saws of his quaint old successor. If there be no royal road to knowledge, there is a republican one, or was, and that was the Regina Viarum. Its broad blocks were as virtue's foundations, the stubborn cliffs cut through to let it pass were as vice mown down before it, the morass drained to receive it was as the mind's corruptions cleansed, and its unswerving course was, though the term be musty, as the mighty march of intellect; for commerce, civilization, knowledge, light, and life, rolled round the world on the great pathways of which the Via Appia was the antitype; and I wonder when your frowsy moralists, chewing the end of their small ethics, will do mankind as good service.

H. W. B.

between Arienza and Arpaia, as commonly supposed, nor that between Montesarchio and Arpaia, as contended by Swinburne. It appears that the place was difficult to reach in any way, a sufficient explanation of the mystery that has so involved the question, since it does not require much of a Caudine Fork in general to stop an antiquarian. The yoke referred to in the text consisted of two spears stuck upright in the ground, with a third laid transversely upon their tops.

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## THE BLACK SILK DRESS.

In a neat cottage, dignified in the lease with the title of ——— House, just two miles and a furlong from St. George's Hospital, and with chimneys commanding a view of the River Thames, resided in married blessedness, Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday — more correctly speaking, Mr. and Mrs. James Doubleday, for there were elder branches of the same tree that had been also grafted on. They were 'well *to do*' in the world; by which I don't at all mean that they had a snug income, and kept a gig; quite the reverse—they had nothing, and therefore everything remained to be done—well, if fortune should so decree. Mr. and Mrs. James D. were an extremely affectionate couple, much to the mortification of their oldest friends, who had predicted indifference, if not estrangement, in that very original apothegm, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window." Poverty did come in, but love met him on the threshold, and if he could not eject him, at least he made him conduct himself decently; in no one instance did he ever get the upper-hand. Mr. James was a lawyer, or what is not always the same thing, a barrister. He had been "called," but certainly not "chosen." Year after year he had pursued his profession without ever coming up with its sweets; he had gone the circuit as steadily as a horse in a brick-field, or the hand of a clock, and once in the course of seven years had been fortunate enough to be asked to hold a brief for a friend—but not the fee. He prosecuted a very great rascal in a clear case of burglary, and the culprit being acquitted, it was very generally reported that Mr. Doubleday had been retained by the Royal *Humane* Society. Notwithstanding this hope deferred, his heart became in no way sick; he looked around him, and saw unqualified boobies with well-stuffed bags, and with this clear evidence, that real merit was not essential to success, he consoled himself even in his most modest moods. His wife was a pattern of excellence, not of the patch-work fashion, with bits of virtues and accomplishments tacked showily together, but as it were a richly wove tapestry, in which the finest silks are most happily disposed of. She had, however, one very great weakness—she loved her husband too much. Her judgment was destroyed by her partiality. If he sentimentalized in rhyme, she declared it more touching than anything in Lallah Rookh—any bombast in jingle was more spirited than Marmion—while his powers of description of character or scenery threw Waverley into the shade. If he had been in the church, he must have been Archbishop of Canterbury; as it was, she was undecided whether he would be Speaker of the House of Commons, Prime Minister, or Lord Chancellor. Satisfied herself with an humble path in life, she lived in the dreamy grandeur of a spendid future, because the principal actor was her own precious James Doubleday. One evening in

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the present month of the present year, that is August 1837, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. were strolling arm-in-arm through a very pleasant garden that surrounded their dove-cot, when the following conversation took place :—

"My darling, I want you to do me a favour."

"Well, my dear; what is it?

"I want you to buy me a black silk dress."

"I can't afford it, my love."

"Perhaps you may soon."

"I see no prospect of it. There's the butcher's bill to be paid, and the baker's, and the green-grocer's, and half-a-dozen others—to say nothing of half a year's rent."

"Yes, precious; but you know you have a large sum of money to receive next month."

"True, Kitty; but it's fully bespoken."

There was a pause in the discourse for a minute or two, and when the lady spoke again it was about the flowers, and the beautiful evening, in a tone of voice as sweet and cheerful as if she had suffered no disappointment.

In half an hour from this time they were seated at table, the wife with her work, the husband with his books and papers.

"I'll tell you, James, how you might buy me a black silk dress," said Kitty, looking up from her needle.

"Well, dear?"

"Write something."

"What do you mean?"

"For a newspaper, or a magazine."

"Pooh! who'd ever take it? Have I not tried at least ten times? and succeeded once."

"That's because you write too well—too sensibly."

"Nonsense."

"Well—I'm sure it is so. Hasn't every one praised every paper you've ever sent?"

"Yes! and refused them."

"For the reasons I have stated."

"Be it so, if you like—at any rate you'll admit that to *us* they have been worth nothing."

"I do—but they might be."

"How?"

"Publish them in three volumes, with a taking title—for instance, 'Temple Tales, or Out of Term Triflings.'"

"The notion is not a bad one—but they must bide their time."

"Well, what I want you to do now, is to strike off something light and sketchy, or short, but *intense*—something that shall caricature the follies of life, or embody an atrocious crime; nothing between these extremes produces the slightest impression—the secret of success is excitement."

"I fancy you are right to a great extent; but I am afraid I cannot do the facetious, or the horrible, with any effect."

"Why, my dear husband, you have seen a great deal of life, and certainly not walked the world with your ears or your eyes shut."

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"No; but were I to relate anything that I have seen or heard, I should lack the very essential you dwell upon. People call realities twaddle, while extravagancies or impossibilities are greedily swallowed and comfortably digested."

"I see how it is," said Kitty, lighting a bed-room candle; "I must do without a black silk dress."

"I had much rather you had fixed on any other colour," observed her husband quietly.

"I wish black, because I am getting so horribly stout; what is your dislike to it?"

"A black silk dress, my dear, always recals to my mind a most melancholy transaction, which I should have wished never to have known."

"What *can* you mean?" inquired the lady with the greatest possible interest. "And why have you had a secret from me?"

"It never was my secret, nor the secret of any one—it was but too well known. I have never mentioned it to you because there is little pleasure in recalling———"

Mrs. D. put the extinguisher on the candle, and drawing her chair to the table, declared most emphatically, that she would never go to bed again until she had heard the history of the black silk dress."

"But, my dear, there's no fun in it," said her husband.

"Never mind."

"Nor crime."

"Never mind."

"Nor interest, but of the most painful nature."

"My dear James," said the determined lady, "it will be late before we go to bed if you don't begin at once."

Mr. Doubleday immediately commenced.

"You are aware that when reading for the bar, now about ten years past, I spent all the time I could call my own with my mother. You must have often heard her speak of her little paradise, and of the delight with which she looked forward to the hour of my arrival from the busy metropolis. Her cottage was situated at the end of the village of ———— in the county of Berks, twenty-three miles from town, and about two from that glorious pile which looks what it is, the abode of royalty. There was but one other cottage in the village that was inhabited by persons of independence; in it resided an old lieutenant in the navy, his wife, daughter, and an adopted orphan, the son of a gunner, who fell in the last general engagement of the war, and who had sailed for many years under the same flag as the lieutenant. The name of this family was Graham. Soon after we became neighbours, we grew to be friends; the greatest treat I could enjoy was drawing the veteran into a history of his life, or the more eventful features of it. Every day had something of interest attached, for he had been forty years afloat, and that for the most part in the stirring times of war. Ellen Graham was about eighteen. She was tall, fair, and extremely prepossessing; her manners were quiet and unobtrusive, and if she wanted the polish of high life, she was not deficient in natural grace. Her education had been extremely plain—she had been taught no accomplishment; but as a set off to

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this, all that she did do, she did well. She walked with as much elegance as if she had been drilled by the first ballet-master, and she talked with as much propriety as if she had had a continental finish. Her voice was as musical as if it had been formed by Liverati, while in essentials she might have taught nine-tenths of those who would have deemed her an uneducated girl. Nearly of the same age as Ellen, was her companion of many years, Robert Huntley, the gunner's boy. He was a tall handsome lad, with a countenance beaming with kindliness and sincerity; cheerful as the lark at sun-rise, his life knew no cloud. He had no recollection of the affection of any beyond those by whom he was surrounded, and therefore when he sometimes heard of his father's gallant death, he gloried in its honour without being sensible of his loss.

"It was natural that these young people should become attached. Nothing fosters a kindly feeling so much as dependence, when it is mutual, and dependent indeed they were upon each other for all their happiness and comfort beyond what they both drew from the affectionate care of their protectors. Ellen had not the means of going into company, if company had been accessible in their retirement, and Robert did not even make the acquaintance of those, who would have been happy to have added him to their party in the various sports of boyhood. I believe I was the only person with whom he shared any portion of his time away from his own roof. On one or two occasions he had accompanied me to London, and while I was chiefly engaged in the chambers of a pleader he would amuse himself with the "Lions" of the metropolis, returning to a quiet dinner in my rooms, and a bed. It was during one of these visits that our conversation having turned upon the Grahams, I suspected for the first time that Robert's love for Ellen was much more than a brother's—that, in fact, he was passionately attached to her—that he believed he was safe in encouraging his devotions—and that he looked upon Ellen as his future wife. He never admitted this, or any part of this; but it is as impossible for man or woman to disguise themselves in these affairs, when they trust themselves to speak upon them, as it is for a third party to reason either of them out of their rashness or folly."

"I believe that," said Mrs. D. "for I remember my aunt sent me into Yorkshire the very day I promised never to see you again."

Her husband smiled, and continued—

"I hope there is no harm, my dear, in my now confessing that this conviction gave me a little pain. I had certainly never persuaded myself that I could not live without Ellen, but I had drawn many very pretty pictures of living with her."

"In what year was this?"

"The same year, my love, that you insisted on passing the autumn with Lady Clasher, when that booby of a nephew of Lord Drumdoodle was there on a shooting excursion."

Mrs. D. nodded.

"When I satisfied myself that Robert's happiness was so centred, my first object was to ascertain which way the needle pointed in the other compass. By a little dexterity I saw thoroughly into the case,

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and finding it due Huntley, I resolved with great magnanimity to sacrifice my own wishes, rather than be a thorn between these flowers."

"About a month after I had taken this noble resolve, I was strolling along the pleasantest path of the river—Ellen was my companion. Our conversation was of the melancholy cast, not because either of us had a trouble in the world, but because it was a delicious evening, just warm enough to make the faintest air welcome, and because the moon was full in the heavens, and chequering the rippling water with gold. Who is not inclined to melancholy when 'such things be?' I confess I had been reflecting how many more full moons and delicious evenings there would be, and how essential Ellen would be to their enjoyment; and I was ruminating on the disinterested part I had written down for myself, and I am afraid wavering in my honesty, when Robert overtook us, having heard at home the walk we were to take."

"I don't think much of the young lady's notions of propriety, at any rate, though I dare say the evening *was* very fine," observed the attentive married lady.

"It is extraordinary, Kitty," replied Mr. D., "how differently the same things strike us at different times. Do you remember our leaving our party on Dartmoor—just for an hour—and wandering so far that we couldn't find our way back, and being out till three o'clock in the morning, when we were picked up by an early shepherd?"

"I've good reason to remember it," said Mrs. D., "but that was an accident."

"And so was the moonlight walk by Eton," continued her husband. "I had called at the cottage—Ellen expressed to her mother a wish to take a stroll, who not feeling inclined, asked me to escort her, promising to send Robert to join us. As I have said, he came."

"Well!"

"Well! we walked for an hour before we thought of directing our steps homewards: Ellen was between us. Robert had evidently something on his mind; he was low-spirited, and took but little share in our conversation. It was impossible to avoid remarking the difference in his manner, usually gay and animated—then, if not gloomy, at least subdued.

"'When shall we three meet again?' said I musingly, after a silence of some minutes.

"'Never!' exclaimed Huntley, in a tone that startled us. 'Never!' and his voice trembled.

"'Nonsense,' said I; 'I but gave utterance to a hackneyed quotation, without thought or meaning.'

"'It was well-timed, my friend,' he replied earnestly—'it was well-timed. I was *thinking*, never! at the moment that you spoke.'

"'Dreaming,' said I cheerfully. 'We will meet to-morrow.'

"'It is not likely,' said he, 'I go to London in the morning, and——'

"'To London!' observed Ellen, with surprise.

"'Yes, Ellen, to London. All I have been yearning for I have obtained—the means of honourably supporting myself. Your father's



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interest has obtained me a cadetcy—I am ordered to be in readiness to sail within ten days.'

"The poor girl shook as if with the palsy; she tried to speak, but an indistinct murmur alone escaped her lips. Of separation she had never thought—to be told of it thus suddenly gave violence to the blow. Instead of gazing with enthusiasm at the glorious heavens, as but now she did, her eyes were cast in sorrow to the earth, the elasticity of her step was gone, she hung a weight upon our arms, and was led in unbroken silence home.

"As I turned from the cottage door, Robert whispered me to accompany him on the morrow. I promised to do so.

"Proceeding to London, my companion exhibited to me the alternation of grief and joy; at one moment oppressed with the pangs of parting from the cherished one of his heart, and anon elevated by the prospect of a glorious independence. He spoke of the latter—of the former he dared not speak, but there was eloquence in his silence.

"On the night of the second day after our arrival at my chambers, he opened the door at about twelve o'clock, having rather surprised me by an absence of at least fifteen or sixteen hours. He had risen early in the morning and gone out without disturbing me. When I first looked at him it struck me that he was intoxicated. His eyes glared—his hair was in disorder—his step unsteady: after pausing an instant at the threshold, he reeled towards a chair. I rose and took him by the hand; from whatever cause it might be, he was in a state of the most frightful excitement. While considering what steps I should take, he threw himself upon the sofa, and burying his face in his hands, burst into tears.

"I did not attempt to disturb him, and when he lifted his head, the storm was quelled. His face was haggard, but not distorted; and if he was not perfectly calm, his agitation was, as it were, but the after-swell of the waters when the tempest has passed away."

Mrs. Doubleday here took the liberty of observing, that "she could not for the life of her see what all this had to do with a black silk dress:" to which Mr. Doubleday replied, "Time will show;" and then went on with his story.

"Robert was the first to speak: he told me that he thought joy or sorrow, or both, had turned his brain—that he had been all day as one mad—that he had started, and, he knew not why, walked half way home to have an interview with Ellen, and forswear her for ever—that he had been possessed with the conviction that he was indifferent to her—that her attachment was placed on me—and that with his departure would commence the wreck of all his hopes.

"Becoming perfectly calm as I talked to him on the cruelty of his suspicions of Ellen, and their injustice as regarded myself, he took me by the hand, and said, 'If my friend pledges me his soul that he will not do aught to militate against my happiness, I will believe him. Under such circumstances, a man of honour may remain one, by avoiding temptation; but if a woman swears ever so solemnly to be true, I cannot be confident of more than her sincerity when she pledges me her vow. Snares and temptations are for ever around her. Guilt lurks where all seems innocence. Unless shut out from

the world, she is ever liable to fall—if not from virtue, from her troth.'

"'It is true,' said I; 'but a young heart that has had no attachment, that gives its first freshness of love——'

"'You think may be relied on,' said he, bitterly. 'How many pure and well-principled creatures of twenty summers have, ere middle life, looked back with anguish upon broken vows, pledged even at God's altar!'

"'And how many,' said I, determined not to give way, 'go down to the grave, honoured and lamented, leaving their virtues to live again in the children they leave behind. Of such, Ellen will be one.'

"'I never doubted until now—now that I can no longer be permitted to guard her.'

"'Precisely for this reason you are pleased to despair; because you are obliged to go to Calcutta, you fancy she's obliged to——'

"'Swear to me,' said he seriously, 'that *you* will ever be a friend to Ellen, and never more.'

"'I do swear it,' said I, after a slight pause.

"'And never let her know,' he continued, 'the conversation that has passed between us—the doubts that have distracted me.'

"'No,' said I, 'I respect her too much.'

"We parted for the night.

"He remained in town preparing for the voyage, for some days. The evening before he was to return to the country to take his leave of the inmates of the cottage, he requested me to walk out with him, as he was going to purchase a present for Ellen.

"We took our hats and walked westward. On reaching that emporium of fashion, known then, as still, by the high-sounding name of Waterloo House, to my astonishment he dragged me in. I had expected to sit in judgment on a brooch, a bracelet, or a watch, or perhaps a heart-shaped locket, or some other trinket, and I might probably have done so without exposing myself; but to be taken—one male by another—into the very focus of female frippery—to have to run the gauntlet through a whole bevy of the coxcombs of Cockspur Street, was rather more than I should have chosen to encounter. Declining the offer of nineteen chairs, successively placed in our way, we edged on, simply because we had not courage to stop, and finally, finding that we could get no further, were compelled to speak to one of the heroes of the modern Waterloo, a young gentleman with a florid complexion and black hair, whose weapon was evidently his tongue, and whose armour was impudence.

"Huntley desired that he might see a black silk dress.

"'Black silk *for* a dress, I presume,' said our attendant, balancing two-thirds of his body over the counter by means of his thumbs, and bringing his pumpkin head within three inches of our noses.

"'If *you* please,' said I, meekly, but very much inclined to have caused a 'violent reaction' in his person. And the 'full private' fell into the rear with extreme grace to draw on the commissariat.

"During the thirty-five minutes that he was absent, I asked Huntley his fancy for buying a black silk dress; he replied, 'it *was* a

fancy, and that was all. I asked him, you may be sure, some fifty other things in the time I have mentioned, of which I can remember that 'to go' was frequently repeated. Huntley and our hero both thinking there was 'no hurry,' I was of necessity the victim.

"When the ladies' man returned, he produced a roll of silk, the texture of which he could not have extolled more highly, had he been one of the worms that spun it; and the texture might have been, for aught I know, sufficiently good; but the colour——'

"'The colour, sir,' said the showman, 'is the most approved black. I do assure you——'

"It was mongrel—something between plum and *rifle*-green-*shot*, at any rate. 'Black!' said I, looking at it along my nose.

"'Of the very finest dye,' said he, with perfect composure.

"Here Huntley took it up for inspection, and on expressing rather an adverse opinion, was assured by the 'remnant' of honesty that it was 'precisely the article he wanted.'

"Now of all the impudencies of life, I think the most outrageous is, when you decline purchasing, because you cannot get suited, to be told that the failure before you is to a nicety what you require. Whether the gentleman with the florid face read this in my countenance I cannot say; but removing the silk with a flourish, he very condescendingly promised to see 'if there was anything better in the establishment.'

"On his return he produced silk, black beyond a doubt, though he maintained the only difference was in the light. Nothing now remained but to cut off a given quantity, pay for it, and order it home.

"'How many yards shall we say, sir?'

"'How many?' said Huntley to me.

"'Upon my life I don't know,' said I in a whisper. 'I never——'

"'We usually cut nineteen for a middling-sized lady, and two-and-twenty, if she's at all corp'lent,' said the vendor decisively.

"'Nineteen will do, then; how much is it a yard?'

"'This week, sir,' said the walking pincushion, 'we have been selling this at nine-an'-six; only last week the very same article could not have been had of us under ten-an'-two.'

"So Huntley, receiving nineteen-and-sixpence out of a ten-pound note, gave his direction, and we left the shop. And now, having shown you that a black silk dress *has* something to do with my story, suppose I finish it to-morrow night."

Mrs. D. would hear of no delay beyond the minute or two she occupied herself, while telling her husband that the shop in question had been originally named by the *public*, *Waterloo House*, in consequence of its *heavy charges*, and that the proprietors, catching at the idea, fixed the title, and had ever done their best to support it.

Mr. D. resumed.

"Robert left me the next morning, and I never saw him again. I was obliged to go over to Paris, and before I returned, he had sailed from England. He wrote me a letter, however, in which he told me much of his last interview with Ellen, and if I understood him aright, for he was a little incoherent, he had not buried his doubts and fears in his own bosom: he concluded, however, by telling me that her

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word was pledged—that she was his affianced wife, and that she was to follow him to India as soon as he could arrange for her so doing. In conclusion, he called upon me very solemnly to remember the oath I had taken, always to be her friend—but never more.

"The first time I saw Ellen after his departure, she had on a black silk dress. She looked better in it than I had ever seen her: it fitted her beautifully, and her figure, always elegant, was perfect symmetry. I could not help complimenting her, if telling the truth may be called complimentary.

"'It is a month to-day,' said she, 'since Robert gave me this dress, I mean to wear it for an hour the same day in every month until we meet again—he wished me to do so.'

"'A strange whim,' said I smiling, 'but a very harmless one. You must look to a long separation if you allow yourself to wear it only twelve hours in as many months.'

"'Not so,' she replied; 'my reason for this limitation is that during that one hour I shall permit myself to look into the future, as if in the past there had been no pain—to surround myself with sunshine, —to create a golden land for my country—a paradise for my habitation—to have loved forms and faces about me—in short, to revel in the purest happiness the imagination can compass;—more than an hour at a time of this amusement might be dangerous.'

"'Very,' said I, 'and extremely unprofitable; pray who put this rhodomontade into your head?'

"'Do not call it rhodomontade,' said she; 'perhaps it is foolish, but dear Robert begged me to live thus an hour in every month with him.'

"'Well, Ellen,' I replied, 'if you take my advice, you'll think of your lover all through the month, like a rational woman, rather than indulge in any fanciful extravagancies for an hour; depend upon it, it is more likely to foster affection.'

"'At any rate,' she added, in conclusion of our conversation, 'I shall always wear the dress, as he wished and directed me.'

"Within three months after this interview, the old lieutenant tripped his anchor, and left the shores of this world for ever. It was not without precedent that one who had kept him company through many a trial of hard sailing—his wife—took her departure about the same time, leaving Ellen an orphan, to struggle on as she best might. My brother offered her an asylum, but she had already accepted a home with a distant relative, who resided in Lancashire. A twelvemonth after she had left Berkshire, a rumour reached me that she was going to be married! You may be sure I was not a little surprised; I doubted the identity of the person, but I could not resist the proof that was shown me that it was no other than the Ellen Graham I had so long known—the betrothed of Robert Huntley. When I saw the marriage duly announced in the papers, I am afraid I pronounced a damnatory opinion of all womankind. I know that I looked back with painful interest upon the presentiment of my friend. I considered that I was not called upon to take notice of the ceremony; I felt my obligation at an end. How could I act the part of a friend on the occasion? Would *my* friend have desired it?

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"I wrote to Huntley, and broke the fatal news as delicately as I could, and left England, to travel until I should be eligible, from length of standing as a student, to be called to the bar. When that time arrived—it was rather more than a year—I returned. I dined one Friday in the Inner Temple Hall, and having had six inches of Cambric tied round my neck while I ate my cheese, fell into line, and followed nine other aspirants for legal honours into an ante-chamber. Seated at a well-furnished table sat some eight or ten Benchers, the officiating ministers of the ceremony that was to be performed. A grey-headed old gentleman, with a glass of port in his hand, stated, on his legs, that he had the pleasure to inform us that we then and there received the honour of being 'called to the Bar,' and wishing us all very great success in our honourable calling, swallowed the ruby liquid and resumed his seat. A tall young man with large whiskers made a reply on behalf of himself and party, in a speech that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it, or to whom it has been repeated; and having each dispatched a glass in return, we marched out with the comfortable assurance that we had only to take some very matter-of-course oaths at Westminster before we were at liberty to peril the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects whenever we might have the opportunity of doing so in due course of law. With a view of doing this as soon as possible I resolved to 'go a circuit,' and having chosen the northern, because I had been told it made so many judges, I arranged accordingly. I meant to join at Lancaster on the commission-day, but, owing to the mistake of my clerk, a red-headed youth of fourteen, to whom I paid three and sixpence a-week, I only arrived there three days after. On going down to court the following morning, I decided on making my appearance on the criminal side, expecting more entertainment from guilt than folly. The court was literally crammed. My wig and gown got me as far as the counsel's table, and there I was brought up, as sailors say, 'all standing.'

"'What's going on?' said I, to 'one of the staff,' who was at my elbow.

"'Only a murder,' said he.

"In all my life I had never heard a trial for murder, so I was perfectly delighted. A pause in the proceedings took place, owing to the judge being engaged in a whisper with the clerk of the arraigns. I devoted this 'lull' to an inspection of the dock. All that I could see, and this not easily, was that the prisoner was a female. She was wrapped in a large cloak and seated in a chair, her face being covered with her hands, which rested on the bar.

"Looking round the green-baize-covered table, at which were seated my compeers, I observed a man without the livery that belonged to the situation. He was unwigged—unrobed. He was in deep mourning, but his pallid face told more of grief than any conventional symbols.

"As the case proceeded I found it was one of child-murder; but the nature of the evidence was such that the sympathies of the audience were with the miserable woman at the bar—the mother. The man of whom I have spoken was an object of universal pity. As

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step by step the evidence was elicited, he was wild—haggard—convulsed. Yet he would now and then control his suffering and *become calm!* The principal witness was an old woman. She said she had been engaged to nurse the prisoner through her confinement. When she first saw her, she was very low; she thought nothing of this, for it was common in such cases, but her continued dejection surprised her. The child was born—a boy. The mother rallied, and she no longer had a thought of either doing other than well. On the morning of the sixth day, the prisoner was again much excited. She asked the day of the month, and on being told, smiled. She afterwards talked very incoherently, and among other things said the child was not her husband's—that it was—and again she became unintelligible. The witness went on to say that about one o'clock in the day she had occasion to leave the room, that she was not absent many minutes, and that on her return she saw the prisoner seated in a chair, wrapped in a black silk dress; that on looking towards the bed, she saw the body of her child lying thereon, and on the floor its head. A table-knife, stained with blood, was subsequently found behind the pillow.

"The knife was here produced. The stains of blood were still fresh. For the first time a thrill of excitement ran through the court, accompanied by a stifled expression of horror against the unfortunate prisoner.

"The man of whom I have before spoken had mastered himself up to this moment—he had drunk in the sympathies of those around, and they had supported him; but when he found these fail—when he felt that the poor creature at the bar was the object of even a momentary abhorrence—he could hold back no longer. Disregarding the dignity of the court, he sprang from his seat, and rushing over the table, flung himself into the dock and caught the fainting prisoner in his arms. I saw her face as they both fell to the floor—Ellen Graham and her husband!

"There was an unbroken silence for some minutes. Nine-tenths of the court were affected to tears. It was as painful a scene as I have ever witnessed.

"The medical men alone remained to be called; their evidence placed the question of murder at rest—they stated that they believed a mind ill at ease had induced fever, and that, in the prisoner's critical situation, a temporary affection of the brain was inevitable. They gathered from her attendant that from some causes, wholly unexplained, the prisoner had been in a state of alternate depression and violent excitement from the moment she became a mother until the fatal catastrophe that had occurred. They could have no doubt of the fact of mental derangement.

"The summing up of the judge was a suitable one; and, without turning in their box, the jury pronounced a verdict of 'Not Guilty.' His lordship intimated that she should be properly taken care of.

"It was necessary to carry her from the court; in doing so her cloak fell off, and for the last time I saw the black silk dress—the present she was to wear in remembrance of her lover. Every word that Huntley had spoken of his doubts and fears—every look flashed upon

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me at that moment. I almost felt more for him than for the unhappy creature before me. She was for some time kept in the county gaol, every care and attention being paid her. She had, indeed, after the first month, a room in the governor's house. It was clear that she was drawing fast on to the grave, and it was apparent that, as her bodily strength gave way, her mind returned more and more to a healthy tone.

"I had stated enough to the governor and his wife, who were good people, to account for the interest I displayed in their memorable charge. They promised, when I left the town, that they would from time to time communicate with me. I had not been a fortnight at home when I received a letter, then three days old from some mistake as to its delivery, informing me that it was not possible Ellen could survive many days, and that she had expressed an earnest wish to see me. I went down by the mail that night. I arrived in time to see her alive and to hear her voice; but she was in her last moments. As I approached her bed she recognised me. Her arm was on the coverlid—she could not raise it, but opened her fingers, as if to take my hand once more. I lifted hers, and felt the faintest pressure.—'Beg *him* to forgive me,' said she, in a whisper, and with these words expired."

"Do you mean to say, my dear husband, that this is a true story?" asked Mrs. D. with some interest.

"Every syllable," he replied, "and to its fatal catastrophe there are many witnesses."

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## SONG OF THE RUSHLIGHT.

O! SCORN me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the lay I sing.
'Tis true I am not suffer'd to be
On the ringing board of wassail glee,
My sickly beam must never fall
In the gay saloon or lordly hall,
Yet many a tale does the rushlight know
Of secret sorrow and lonely woe.

I am found in the closely-curtain'd room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb,
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a lov'd one die.
Where the doting child, with noiseless tread,
Steals warily to the mother's bed,
To mark if the faintly panting breath
Is fluttering yet in the grasp of Death.

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I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth
For a ribald crew and drunkards' mirth.
Long hath she kept her wearying watch,
Now bitterly weeping, now breathless to catch
The welcome tread of a footstep near,
Till she weeps again as it dies on her ear.

Her restless eye, as the night wears late,
Is anxiously thrown on the dial-plate;
And a sigh responds to the echoing sound
That tells the hand has gone its round.
She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fading and wasting quick,
And many a time has my spark expired,
And left her still the weeping and tired.

I am the light that often shines
Where the friendless child of Genius pines,
Where the god-like mind is trampled down
By the callous sneer and freezing frown;
Where Want is playing a demon part
And sends its iron to the heart,
Where the soul burns on in the bosom that mourns,
Like the incense fire in funeral urns.

I see the hectic fingers fling
The thoughts intense that flashingly spring,
And my flickering beam illumes the page
That may live in the fame of a future age;
I see the pale brow droop and mope
As the breast turns sick with blasted hope,
Till the harsh cold world has done its worst,
And the tortured spirit hath groaned and burst.

I am the light that's doomed to share
The meanest lot that man can bear;
I see the scanty portion spread,
Where children struggle for scraps of bread;
Where squalid forms and faces seem,
Like phantoms in a hideous dream,
Where the rich may look with startled awe
On the work of poverty's vulture claw.

Oh! many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
Then scorn me not as a worthless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
But scorn as ye will, or smile as ye may,
Ye cannot revile the truth in my lay.

ELIZA COOK

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# WALLINGFORD CASTLE.

FROM THE ANCIENT CHRONICLES.

THE faint and fast fading twilight of an early spring evening had well nigh darkened into night, ere the procession that "dragged its slow length along" the narrow and rugged road that yet bore the right royal designation of "the king's highway," reached its final resting-place. A picturesque procession was that, for Beauclerc was splendid in all his doings; and the twelfth century was an age in which grandeur and magnificence were considered as peculiarly befitting kings; so, surrounded by chain-mailed knights, preceded by billmen and bowmen, and heralds in gorgeous tabards, and the chaplains of the royal household, in their snowy vestments, (for the semblance, at least of religion, sound policy taught the astute Beauclerc to preserve,) the scholar king, and the Empress Maude, his daughter, journied onward from Northampton to the castle of Wallingford. And twilight had yielded to night, and the hind had retired to his straw bed, and Compline had been sung in every church, and the emphatic benediction, so characteristic of these unsettled times, "a good night and quiet rest," had been pronounced in every abbey, ere the peremptory blast of trumpets announced to the warriors of the tower-guarded gate of Wallingford Castle, that "le tret hault e puissanz rey Henri" demanded entrance.

Down thundered the drawbridge, up rose the huge portcullis, and the iron-studded gates swung heavily back, as, with stern and eager look, as though he would read the very thoughts of each knight that pressed forward, Beauclerc, on his gallantly caparisoned steed, entered the first court-yard, followed by the empress, clad in long garments, stiff with gold broidery, and mounted on her milk-white palfrey.

"How name you this castle?" said she, addressing the knight at her gilded bridle-rein.

"The royal castle of Wallingford, one of king Henry's staunchest strongholds, and most favourite places of abode," replied the knight.

"Soothly it likes *me* not," said the empress, gazing at the giant outline of tower and battlement, that threw its dark shadow against the clear frosty sky, like one of those immense fortress towns to which her eye had been so long accustomed in Germany, and which had been the scene of so many a triumph of iniquity. "Methinks I should be loath to choose this place as my abode," continued the empress.

"The deer may not more gladly seek covert from the hunter, nor the bird a refuge from the falcon, than thou, Empress Maude, mayst one day hail the shelter of these walls," said a voice close beside her.

"What meaneth this?" cried the empress, turning fiercely round. "Who dareth to speak of refuge and shelter to the daughter of a king, the widow of an emperor?"

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"One who well may warn the highest of chance and change," replied an old man, whose tremulous voice and bent form told of extremest age, and whose long black robe marked him a servant of the church.

"Away, old man, away with these ill-omened forebodings," cried the empress angrily, waving her hand; "preach to serf and vassal of chance and change, but not to the widow of the kaisar."

There was high feasting that night at Wallingford Castle. Stern, and even rude, as the exterior seemed, the inner apartments displayed a scene of gorgeous magnificence, that the royal state of the present day might scarcely equal. Silken tapestry, the produce of Sicilian looms, concealed the stone walls; silken carpets, brought from the land of the paynim, bespread the dais; huge silver candlesticks bore the huge perfumed wax candles; huge silver vases held the wines, and "ipocras;" and huge silver dishes the mighty repast; while the drinking cups, wrought in pure gold, and thickly studded with gems, might have served for the table of the romance-famed Octavian, or decked a cathedral high altar—a service, indeed, to which some of them were afterwards assigned, through the pious care of the worthy abbot, Suger, who purchased them after Henry's death for the Abbey of St. Denis.

And there, beneath the cloth of estate, which displayed in gold embroidery two long-backed and marvellously ill-favoured lions, sate the scholar king with jewelled collar and baldric and rich silken robes, his sandalled feet resting on a silver footstool; and close beside, on a lower chair, inheritrix alike of his pride and of his talents, sat the daughter, whose brow had been spanned by the diadem of the Cæsars; and who, when a child of scarcely seven years, had been led in imperial pomp to Mentz, to become the bride of the emperor, Henry the Fifth.

For some time did Henry sit silent, and with eyes fixed on the ground; at length he raised them, and casting a gloomy look around, said, "Where is Durand?"

The attendant churchmen crossed themselves when they heard that question, and even the warrior barons looked grave; for Magister Durandus was considered as more than half a Saracen, and popular report gave him the character of a mighty magician. But popular report, or clerical censure, the scholar king heeded not: his stern and iron rule had forced noble, and even prelate, to bow to his bidding; and if it were the general belief that Beauclerc to his lawful knowledge had added unlawful, it was a belief that even the very highest dared not to breathe to his neighbour, for secret, certain, and deadly, was Beauclerc's revenge.

"Where is Durand?" said he again, and his fierce eye flashed with rage.

"Wherefore seekest thou Durand?" said a voice at the end of the hall.

Beauclerc started at the sound. "Who questions us?" said he.

The old man, who had before addressed the daughter, now advanced to the very edge of the dais, and throwing back the churchman's hood, calmly answered, "Knowest thou not?"

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"Away, ill-omened messenger," cried Beauclerc in a passion of rage, yet averting his eyes; "away to the grave, fiend, whence thou camest."

"Would that the grave were indeed my resting-place," replied the old man; and the heart-broken tone in which he uttered the words struck each one with pity and with awe.

Who could that old man be—who with beard and hair flowing like snow-drifts over the dark robe, and with features fixed in that immovable rigidity that seemed to belong to the grave, stood there unawed, even unnerved, at the very footstool of Beauclerc? Was he that wandering Hebrew whom legend had recorded as condemned to a pilgrimage, that should end but at the day of doom? Or was it indeed a visitant from the grave? one of the progenitors of the dukes of Normandy, come to warn his descendant of impending ill? Still Beauclerc sat as spell-bound, and his nobles stood marvelling around, to see that haughty monarch, who on the battle field never knew fear, quail beneath the fixed gaze of that lone old man.

"Wherefore seeketh he knowledge of the future, who will not take warning from the past?" said he.

"Away, I conjure thee!" cried Beauclerc, still averting his eyes; "away, unless thou canst bring me back those whom the waves roll over?"

"Hadst *thou* but listened, had *he* but listened to my warning, the white ship had not sunk with its precious freight," was the solemn reply.

Beauclerc clasped his hands despairingly, and could his prisoned brother have seen the agony of that moment, he would have felt that his long captivity was almost avenged. "Old man, whoever thou art, and whencever thou comest," said he, "answer me but this one question, (for well I know that all things are foreseen by thee,) and great shall be thy guerdon."

"I claim no knowledge save what the book of long experience can present—I read not the stars—I possess no charmed mirrors. Would ye see forbidden knowledge, ask it of Durand," said the old man sternly.

"Old man, who canst thou be that darest to trifle with the will of Beauclerc?"

"One who would fain do him service, that through his means this poor land may have rest. King Henry, soughtest thou *her* peace alone, when yesterday thy nobles sware fealty to thy daughter? Empress Maude, didst *thou* stedfastly purpose to establish her peace when the crown of England was promised to thy brow?"

"She who hath worn the diadem of the Cæsars, may well bear the crown of England," replied the haughty empress.

"That crown may be too heavy for thy brow, proud empress, and these very walls may witness thy vain regrets for that which thou mayest no longer retain," was the solemn reply.

"What! shall not my crown be secured to my daughter—to my *only* child?" cried Beauclerc, a thousand vague but agonising thoughts arising in his mind; "speak, old man—wherefore this foreboding of ill?—wherefore camest thou with thy gloomy warnings?"

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"That this land may have rest and peace. Empress Maude, seek her peace and it shall be well with thee; scorn her welfare, and bitterly shalt thou remember my warning of to-night."

The old man turned round, and all unheeding of the summons of Beauclerc, departed.

"Knowest thou how yonder man gained admittance?" said Beauclerc, to the first knight who approached the dais at his call.

To the question no satisfactory answer could be given, and as it was repeated to another and another, still the mystery seemed to deepen; for too well did Beauclerc perceive that the belief that the aged visitant was no mortal being had taken possession of their minds. "Whence can he be? *who* is he?" murmured Beauclerc to himself; "twice before have I seen him, when he came with warnings, alas, unheeded; but this last warning!—who is he that shall snatch the crown from *her* brow?"

With violent effort, unperceived, however, by his surrounding vassals, (for Beauclerc was a perfect master of duplicity,) did the monarch assume a calm and even cheerful air. He commanded the minstrels and jongleurs to appear, and summoned master Sampson de Nanteuil and Geoffroy Gaimar to his presence, and when the latter, in right courtly strains, assured to his patron and his daughter the praise and admiration of all posterity, a purse of bezants, bright and unclipped, rewarded the politic trouvère, and the smile of the monarch showed to all around how little the visit of the mysterious old man had availed to awaken fear or care.

But when, dismissing his menie, Beauclerc retired to his chamber, the foreboding words of the old man returned with full force to his mind.—"Call Durand hither," said he, to his favourite attendant, and the dreaded magister, Durandus, soon appeared at the summons. The conference was long, but none knew its import; and at length the same messenger was sent to the chamber of the empress, to require her instant attendance.

Marvelling at the summons, and not without some vague foreboding of ill, did the widow of the kaisar repair to her father's presence; nor did that vague though strong foreboding pass away when she gazed on the anxious countenance of her father, on the strange garb and repulsive features of the imagined magician who stood beside him, and on the dim mirror placed just opposite, but which gave no reflection.

"The mirror will not answer *our* inquiries," said Beauclerc; "it is *thou*, my daughter, who must ask; for the answer is for *thee*."

But the Empress Maude drew back, nor, until urged by her father, in a tone that she well knew brooked no delay, did she place herself before the dreaded mirror.

"What said the old man of shelter, and in this very castle?" said Beauclerc.

Recalled to her self-possession by her pride, a smile of scorn passed over the brow of the empress.—"*I* heeded not," said she.

"Would that I might see what shall be twelve months after my death," said Beauclerc.

"Ask it of the mirror, empress," said Durand; "the star of Beauclerc is not in the ascendant, and the mirror will return no answer to him."

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The question was repeated three times, audibly and distinctly, by the empress, and the words of incantation were whispered by Durand, and a light smoke, breathing sweet odours, spread itself imperceptibly over the apartment. As that light smoke cleared away, a tremulous motion appeared on the face of the mirror, clouds following clouds passed along the surface, and at length a crowd of men-at-arms became clearly visible, the lion standard of England floating above, and in the midst a knight, on his well-appointed destrere, with the strawberry-leaf crown on his brow.

"Who is *he* who dareth to take my crown?" cried Beauclerc; but the shadows had passed away.

Long and sternly did the empress gaze on the mirror, for anxiety to learn her future destiny had now banished all fear from her mind; and curiosity to know whether that mysterious old man's words would indeed come true, took possession of every feeling.

"What wouldst *thou* learn?" said Durand to her.

"*He* said that I should seek the shelter of this castle gladly as the deer takes refuge from the hunter," replied the empress, with a smile of scorn; "in what guise shall I revisit it?"

Again shadows flitted over the dull surface of the mirror;—they cleared slowly away, and a reflection of the very room in which they stood appeared. But neither Durand nor the empress in imperial robes was seen, but a half-clothed figure, lying beside a coarse and mire-bestained cloak, and wringing, with bleeding hands, the wet from her long unfilleted tresses.

"St. Mary!" exclaimed the empress, "what serf is this?"

The figure turned slowly round, and the features, wan and woe-worn, were her own!

That night both Beauclerc and the empress sought rest in vain, and with the earliest dawn the scholar-king was seated with Durand in his cabinet, engaged in anxious search into futurity.—"I *will* see this old man," said the king; "he alone can show that future which your skill but seeks in vain"—and the offended astrologer withdrew.

Seven days passed away in the chase and feasting, and then the command was given for the royal household to depart.—"I have seen him," said Beauclerc, to his daughter, ere she mounted her palfrey, "and do thou take heed to his counsels—'tis a holy man! and, on my blessing, again I charge thee, take heed to his counsels when I am dead."

The empress looked with amazement on the solemn, the awe-stricken countenance of her father.—"Who is that old man, then?" said she.

"That secret, which he hath revealed to me," said Beauclerc, solemnly, "must never be disclosed—suffice it for thee, that he is one who well may foretel chance and change to those who dream not of them, and well may *he* counsel the young, over whose head the snows of ninety winters have passed—surely not in vain hath his life been lengthened!"

The monarch quitted his daughter's side, the seneschal lifted his long white wand, and gave the word to the men-at-arms who formed the vanguard to go forward, and the long train filed away beneath

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the massive gateway. "Lady Mary!" said the empress, "if ever I enter this ill-omened castle again, it shall indeed be through dire necessity. But away with such thoughts—what hath the widow of the kaisar, the heiress of England's crown, to do with sorrow?"

* * * * * *

Years passed away. Beauclerc slumbered in royal state in his favourite Abbey of Reading, and Stephen, not the empress, had been called to assume the crown by the united voice of nobles and people. He had been defeated, driven from the throne, and was now held in stern captivity, and the crown which Beauclerc fondly hoped would encircle his daughter's brow, was at last, in the cathedral of Winchester, placed on her head by Stephen's thrice-perjured brother, Henry of Blois. And in right royal state did the Empress Maude proceed from Winchester to Oxford, and from Oxford to London, to receive the homage of her citizens. But when, in rich attire and bearing splendid gifts, the fathers of the city knelt at her silver foot-stool, and prayed that boon so dear to the Londoner for many centuries, "the good old laws of King Edward," she spurned them from her presence, and shamed not to call them traitors. Angrily, and breathing no impotent threats, they withdrew, all but one, and he approached even nearer to her foot-stool. "Empress Maude," said he, "remember thou art now Queen of England, pledged to uphold her welfare—take heed that ye fulfil it, or woe unto ye."

The empress turned angrily round, but she said not, "Who art thou?" for the well-remembered features of the old man at the Castle of Wallingford met her eye, and her father's warning words rushed on her mind.

But the admonition of that old man too soon passed from her memory, for she was girt about with evil counsellors; and little did she deem, after she had returned a second scornful reply to the demands of the citizens, that that very night Waleran Fitz-Aylward, whom she had dispatched with intelligence to her brother-in-law, Earl Robert of Gloster, had crossed the river, and proceeded to the army of William D'Ypres, and there given into the hands of Stephen's wife, Maude of Boulogne, herself, the invitation of the Londoners that she should enter the city, and hold it for her captive lord. Little dreamed the empress of this: a gallant feast was prepared at Baynard's castle, and threescore servitors, each of gentle birth, in vair-lined mantles, stood ready to marshall the company; but ere the kingly sturgeon was brought in on his hugh silver dish, ere the bishop rose to pronounce the blessing, a secret messenger whispered that danger was at hand—was at the door; for Maude of Boulogne, at the head of the Kentish auxiliaries, had crossed the river, the citizens had joyfully opened the gates, and were even now proceeding to Baynard's castle, to take captive the empress. And there she stood, thunderstruck at the intelligence, beneath the gorgeous canopy, surrounded but by a few faithful knights, while the golden cups, and the silver dishes, even the perfumed napery was stripped from the tables by those whom but the moment before she had deemed her true and faithful servants; there she stood, uncertain what to do, and looking to heaven in despair, when a voice whispered, "Follow me."

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There was surely strange authority in that voice, for, willingly as the little child obeys the voice of its parent, did the haughty empress turn and follow. Greatly marvelled her faithful knights who that old man could be who had just before brought intelligence of coming danger, and who now seemed prepared to provide an escape from it; and more did they marvel, when following, they saw him lead the empress along the covered way, and open the small wicket gate that led toward the west, just beyond the boundary of the massive city wall; and greater still was their marvelling when just beside the gate they beheld a gallant black palfrey, unbedecked indeed with broidered housings, or silver-belled bridle-rein, but of surpassing beauty, and saw the old man give the bridle to the empress, saying, "Ride for your life."

"By St. Mary and St. Michael," cried Hugh d'Abrincis, "that old man is a fearful magician; alas! my lady and empress, woe worth the day that ye mounted that dæmon steed."

"Then onward, and seize him," cried Fitz Warine; but the old man had vanished away, and eager to escape, for the foemen were now at the gates, they mounted their fleetest horses, and fled by that wicket gate."

A gallant steed was that black palfrey—no dæmon steed, but foaled in the land of the east; and onward he bounded like a shaft from the bow, while the Empress Maude's pursuers urged their heavy war-steeds after her in vain. Onward—onward—fled the daughter of Beauclerc—onward, hoping, yet far more fearing, she might never reach her nearest stronghold; but still onward bounded her coal-black steed, even more than fifty miles before sunset. It was sexts when she fled from Baynard's castle, and the bells were chiming for vespers when she entered the castle of Oxford.

"Cause proclamation to be made, and seek diligently after the old man, who this day hath saved me from captivity," said the empress to Eudo de Marmion, as she dismounted from her weary palfrey; "tell him the gratitude of a queen, of an empress, awaits him." Eudo de Marmion, and two score knights, made diligent search, and caused proclamation to be made, even to the morrow of Lammas, but the old man was not to be found.

* * * * *

Still was Stephen kept in dungeon keep, and in fetters, for in warfare it was indeed a barbarous age! and heeding little the defection of London, while Winchester, with its impregnable castle, and the royal treasury, remained to her, Empress Maude haughtily rejected all overtures for his liberation, even although it was offered that he should yield up his claim to the crown, and quit the land; and she even refused her trustiest ally, the bishop of Winchester, the boon that his nephew Eustace should possess his mother's estates. And now did the perjured bishop bethink himself of his brother pining in captivity, and he renounced his allegiance to the empress.

Sad were it to tell of the events of the next seven weeks—when the golden harvest was trodden down beneath the iron feet of armed men—when the citizens of Winchester saw their fair city exposed

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to a close siege, during which two abbeys and forty parish churches,* besides numberless dwelling-houses, were consumed by fire; and when the desolation was so wide-spreading, and so complete, that in the forcible words of the venerable Saxon Chronicle, "To till the ground was to plough the sea, the earth bare no corn, for the land was laid waste by such deeds, and men openly said that Christ and his saints were asleep."

At length came the eve of Holyrood-day, and pleasant was the chime of the vesper-bell, for it told alike to besieger and besieged, of welcome rest, and an unbroken truce for forty-eight hours; and Henry of Blois himself, in mitred pomp, proclaimed from the cathedral high altar, "The peace of God, in going, in remaining, and in returning, until the morrow of Holyrood."

In the council-room of the castle, in anxious debate with the empress, sat her brother, Earl Robert of Gloucester, her uncle, king David of Scotland, and Earl Milo of Hereford, and Earl Reineld of Cornwall, and Earl Ranulph of Chester—all wise and wary statesmen, and stalwart warriors; and they were deliberating whether they should not be compelled, though sorely unwilling, to raise the siege; for there was scant provision in the castle, and little hope of obtaining more from the wasted country round, when Eudo de Marmion appeared, and with him the mysterious old man.

"O welcome, holy man," cried the empress; "wherefore hast thou staid so long away, when the gratitude of an empress awaited thee?"

"I ask no reward, and therefore I sought none," said the old man, calmly; "and I now come but to bid thee avail thyself of this short truce, for instant flight."

"Flight!" said Earl Robert of Gloucester, angrily; "wherefore dost thou counsel flight?"

"Because that alone remains; Earl Robert, Empress Maude, look on the desolations of these seven last weeks alone, and say, shall such things continue? But I need not say this—look to your garrison, murmuring even now, for lack, not of payment, but provision—look at your stores, have ye wherewith to supply them?"

"What knowest thou of the stores in this castle?" said Earl Milo.

"Well know I that threescore loaves, and fourscore barrels of meal will ill supply five hundred men, even to the feast of St. Michael," said the old man.

"How *couldst* thou know the stores in this castle?" cried Earl Robert in amazement, for the aged stranger had stated their exact amount.

"Well do I know every part of this castle," replied the old man solemnly, "not the store-houses alone, but every postern gate, every secret passage—the winding stair that leads to the covered way, the marble slab that covers the descent to the treasury."

* This number appears incredibly large; it is, however, expressly mentioned by more than one contemporary chronicler, and it must be borne in mind that at this period Winchester certainly was superior to London in wealth and population.

"St. Michael! holy man—how knowest thou all this?" cried Earl Robert, in uncontrolled astonishment.

"Because I myself have ere now descended by it;—a life, not always passed within the boundary of a cloister, and lengthened out even to one hundred years, must needs have discovered many things."

"And thou counsellest us to give up the place—to flee?" inquired Earl Robert, earnestly; for he felt that it was no ordinary being who, with the weight of one hundred years on his brow stood before him.

"I do. Take advantage of this short truce—send the empress forward at nightfall with a convoy of trusty knights—then do you, Earl Robert, follow with the garrison, well prepared to give battle if persuit should be made."

"Counselled like one who hath known the battle-field," cried Earl Reineld of Cornwall, gazing with admiration on that wan and feeble old man; surely those lips, that can so wisely counsel, have cheered on many a gallant company to the fray."

"I *have* known the battle-field," replied the old man, sadly.

"And in age sought the cloister, even like my grandsire, Hugh Lupus," cried Earl Ranulph of Chester, eagerly; "didst thou know him?"

"Right well."

"And thou art an hundred years old, holy man! Surely thou must remember the field of Hastings?"

"I do!" and the old man clasped his hands, and looked upward with a look of agony.

"A gallant fight," cried Earl Milo, "for it gained my father his broad lands."

"A woeful fight!" murmured the old man; "our blessed Lord assoil the souls of those who fell there!"

There was a pause, and then the empress said, "This, then, is thy counsel, holy man, that I quit this castle?"

"It is—this alone can save thee. O! would that I might prevail on thee to relinquish a crown, preserved on thy brow but by bloodshed."

"Never!" said the empress sternly. "Hath not Stephen worn it, and even now strives to regain it, by the selfsame means."

The old man shook his head. "Farewell," said he; "again will ye be in jeopardy, and then we will meet again."

"Nay, holy man," cried the empress earnestly, "we part not thus—stay and receive at least protection, if thou wilt not guerdon; kind attendance, watchful care, these, clerk and lay alike, require in their extreme old age."

"Protection I seek from Heaven," replied the old man; "kind attendance I require not. I have one task to fulfil, and for that alone is my life lengthened out."

"Holy man, what is thy task, and who art thou?" asked Earl Robert.

"That was never disclosed save to one," replied the old man solemnly, "and that was thy father. Well did he preserve my secret, and heedfully will I watch over his daughter's interests."

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"Thou hast done so, holy man," said the empress, "and therefore still stay and aid her."

"I may not," said he, "my word forbids me. Farewell till we meet again."

That evening, not by the chief gateway, or surrounded by knights in broidered contoises, and heralds waving aloft their blazoned banderols, but stealthily, in a close litter, and by the north postern-gate, the empress quitted the castle; and when she had gone the length of two bowshots, her faithful brother-in-law, with heedful care, marshalled his chosen men, and prepared to follow her. In profound silence did the garrison quit the castle, bearing whatever treasure might be thus carried away; and right joyfully that their course lay towards the castle of Ludgershall, where storehouses well filled with provision, and cellars well stored with mead and wine, awaited them. Alas! few, indeed, were fated to reach that castle. The vigilance of Henry of Blois too soon discovered the retreat of the garrison; and regardless of that "peace of God," which, with his own lips, he had proclaimed from the altar at sunset, midnight saw him preparing a chosen band to follow, and give battle to the fugitives. Too soon did Earl Robert's company hear the confused murmur of the armed troop behind them, and too soon did Earl Robert learn the treachery of the bishop: he turned to give battle, and long and bravely did he continue the fight; but he was defeated, taken prisoner, and ere dawn a handful of men, fleeing in confusion, was all that remained of the garrison of Winchester.

It was sunrise, when the empress and her scanty escort, all unknowing of the treachery of the Bishop of Winchester, entered the Castle of Ludgershall. She hastily stepped from her litter, and prepared to ascend to her chamber, when Eudo de Marmion galloped into the court-yard, breathless with haste and anxiety, and told of the fatal encounter at Stockbridge, and the captivity of Earl Robert of Gloucester. "Onward," said he, "onward to Devizes, or Henry of Blois, ere vespers, may sing '*Te Deum*' for the capture of the empress, as well as that of her brother."

The empress turned wildly round, "O! for that gallant steed which bore me from London to Oxford!"

"It is here," said Alan de Fortibus, the seneschal; "brought hither yesterday by two grooms from Winchester."

"He can be no mortal man!" said the empress to herself, well judging to whose watchful care she owed a second time her means of deliverance.

And well did that good palfrey bound along, over hill and vale, until a second time, saved by the fleetness of her steed, did the Empress Maude, secure from danger, dismount in the court-yard of the strong castle of Devizes.

Here, a prey to the bitterest anxiety—uncertain of the fate of that brother, whom perhaps beyond any other being, save her young son, she most fondly loved—uncertain whether the bishop's army were not even now in pursuit of her, and perhaps within only a few hours' march of that very castle in which she sought shelter, the Empress Maude passed two wretched days; and then, for the first time, the

feelings of a better, but too long perverted nature, took possession of her mind. In accordance with the superstition of the period, she made a vow that, if released from the dangers that now threatened her, she would found, and richly endow, a noble abbey; and she vowed too a holier vow, even that she would release Stephen from his captivity, and urge upon her adherent nobles the necessity of obtaining peace.

It was late on the evening of the second day, that an aged man, wrapped in the Benedictine gown, weary and wayworn, knocked at the gate of the outer wall that surrounded the strong castle of Devizes. The warden looked over the battlement that surmounted the gateway, and when he saw an aged monk standing there unattended, and in threadbare garb, he carelessly, almost scoffingly, asked whom he wanted.

"The empress," said the old man, firmly.

"The empress! gramercy," cried the warder, "what hath the empress to do with such as thou?"

"Thou shalt know full well, ere the Compline bell rings out," was the reply; "but hasten, let me in forthwith; 'he speeds well who rides swiftly.'"

The warder stood no longer in parley, for the old man had given the password; so he drew back the massive bolts, and gave him entrance.

"Where are your means of defence?" said the old man, glancing a keen survey around.

"They are within yonder," said the warder, pointing to the second wall; "ay, mangonels, and balisters enow, to put King Stephen himself to flight, ere he could come to us."

"Then wherefore are they not here, ready for the first attack?" said the old man.

"St. Michael and the seneschal alone know," replied the warder; "'tis their business, I trow."

The old man shook his head. "Who is he, yonder, on the gateway?" said he, pointing to a young knight.

"Sir Hugh de Rolmare, captain of the cross-bowmen."

"Bid him come down to me; for tell him that ere the curfew rings out, five hundred of Henry de Blois' choicest men will be within bowshot of this castle."

The young knight at this intelligence swiftly descended. "Holy father," said he, "bring you this message from Eudo de Marmion?"

"Eudo de Marmion and threescore lances were this morning defeated beside Ludgershall," was the reply; "but suffer no time to be lost. Remove the balisters to the outer court, plant them upon the southern gate, and throw up a breast-work as swiftly as ye may, before it, to protect you and your men."

"It shall be done, holy father," said de Rolmare; "by our lady of Rouen, that monk's cowl hath, methinks, replaced a head of mail. Your blessing, holy father, I pray ye; for ye have braced in harness ere now."

"Alas! war is an evil pastime, my son," replied the old man; "and

blessed is the day when the warrior exchanges his lance for the crucifix."

"That day will be long in coming to me," murmured the eager young knight, as the old man went on toward the castle, and he girded the baldric, wrought by the faëry fingers of his ladye love, around his coat of mail, and proceeded to summon his company.

Alas! ere dawn, young Hugh de Rolmare had exchanged the lance for the crucifix, not in the silence of the cloister, but in the stillness of death; and with cold and stiffened fingers, as in ceaseless prayer, he clasped to his lifeless breast the symbol of our salvation.

It was as the old man had foretold—ere nightfall, five hundred of the bishop's choicest men, well furnished with all the ponderous apparatus of mediæval warfare, appeared before the castle; and bravely and skilfully had de Rolmare maintained his post. But the outer gate was forced, de Rolmare bravely fighting was slain, and at morning's dawn the besiegers, with a strong reinforcement from Winchester, advanced to the second gate and summoned the besieged to surrender. Nor was the summons received with the scorn which they expected. A truce of twelve hours, and permission to remove the corpse of the gallant de Rolmare to the Priory founded by his father, were demanded; and to requests so natural, no objection could be raised. Three priests from the besieging party entered the castle to perform, with the three castle chaplains, the rites of the church; and the closely covered bier, borne by six men at arms, and preceded by the six priests chaunting the service for the dead, slowly passed out from the castle yard, while many a stern warrior, with faltering tongue, said a prayer for the repose of that valiant knight's soul.

Next morning Henry of Blois arrived, and he summoned the garrison instantly to capitulate; and he placed guards all around, for he had received sure and certain information that the empress herself was there. "The day is won," said he, when the seneschal brought him the castle keys, "bring the empress to our presence." His commands were vain—the empress had fled, none knew whither; but stretched before the altar in the chapel, with uplifted hands, lay the corpse of Hugh de Rolmare. That bier which, at nightfall, had passed out, contained no dead body—it was over the living that the service for the dead was chaunted; and it was around the body of her that wore the crown of England, that the winding-sheet and death fillet had been bound.

* * * * * *

Safe now in the city of Gloucester, surrounded by her adherents, the Empress Maude was revolving in her mind how she should redeem her devoted brother from captivity, when again that mysterious old man entered her presence. "Holy man, what do I not owe to thee?" cried she, sinking on her knees, and regarding him with the awful reverence due to the inhabitants of a higher sphere of existence. "Thrice have I owed my freedom, perhaps my very life, to thee; tell me thy name, and an abbey, richly endowed, shall be dedicated to thee."

"Arise, Empress Maude," said the old man; "kneel not to mortal like myself."

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"Thou art no mortal," cried the empress; "who can advise like thee? who can foresee everything like thee? who can bend each one to thy will like thee? Thou art some tutelar saint, and no mortal; tell us thy name, that we may do thee homage."

"I am but mortal, as thou thyself art, empress," returned the old man; "and if a clearer insight into the counsels of statesmen, and the fortunes of war, hath been vouchsafed me, it is but the result of an experience lengthened out far beyond that of others. It is for thee, and the welfare of this poor land, that my life is lengthened, and methinks I shall not die until her peace be accomplished."

"And the crown firmly placed on the empress's brow," said the Earl of Chester.

The old man shook his head—"That I know not; but this I know, that the first step now to be taken is to liberate Stephen."

"Is *that* the boon you ask, holy man?" said the empress, angrily.

"It is."

"And what shall the empress receive in exchange?" said the Earl of Chester.

"Her brother!"

"St. Mary! shall an earl be an exchange for a king?"

"Ay—a worthy exchange, seeing that the empress can do little without him. But, O! would that with the release of both from captivity, war might cease from the land."

"War will not cease, if Stephen be at liberty," again replied the Earl of Chester.

"Stephen hath been unjustly held captive, and therefore must he be released:—that boon which the empress at London and at Winchester refused, she must surely grant now," replied the old man.

"I will grant it," said the empress: "but shall I not again regain my crown?"

"*That* Heaven alone knows," replied the old man; "but take heed, and put away all wrong, and injustice, for a crown, ere now, hath been thus lost."

"Say no more, holy man, Stephen shall be set free," said the empress: "but say, what shall I do for thee? Silver and gold, though valueless to thyself, may be useful to others, who may seek thine aid."

"I need not silver or gold."

"Yet stay, holy man. *One* guerdon I can proffer thee, which thou canst not refuse; Abbot Eustace of Glastonbury prayed me for it, but I said him nay; even the Bishop of Winchester asked it, but I would not give it. It is this;" and she unclasped from her neck a massive gold clain, to which hung a locket of gold fillagree and enamel.

The old man started back as she laid it before him. "Ay, well mayst thou wonder at its beauty," continued the empress; "for it was wrought by Stigand, the goldsmith, for the blessed Confessor, and it was worn by the usurper Harold, on the very day of the fight of Hastings. It encloses a piece of the true cross," continued she, opening the outer case, and reverently kissing the crystal that en-

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shrined the sacred relic; "but this right royal gift, which I would part with to no other, I willingly give to thee."

The empress held out the precious, the priceless reliquary, to the old man; but he shrunk from it, and he clasped his hands, and turned away, overcome with sudden emotion.

"Holy man, what ails thee?" cried the astonished empress, still holding out the splendid gift; but the old man still averted his eyes, and drew back.

"I seek no gift, nor will I take one," said he in a faltering voice; "follow my counsels, Empress Maude, and seek the welfare of this poor land, and then indeed I am repaid."

"By the spear of St. Michael, my lady empress," said the Earl of Chester, looking fearfully round as the old man suddenly disappeared, "that piece of the true cross is a relic of marvellous power. St. Mary, 'twas well ye had it around your neck when ye rode that black steed, and journeyed thither; for see ye not that the sight of that holy reliquary alone hath forced that old sorcerer to flee away? O, marvellous is the efficacy of the holy cross!"

"He is no sorcerer, but a holy man," replied the empress.

"St. Mary save me from such holy men," cried the Earl of Chester, in unpretended fear. "I will forthwith pray father Yeslebert to teach me some spell, and I will send to the abbey at Chester for the finger of St. Martin; that may secure me in some measure; but saints know I would right gladly pay two score pounds of pure silver of the assay of the exchequer, for a splinter of the true cross."

The empress smiled at the fears of the earl, nor perhaps was she altogether displeased at them, for she had already repented of her promise to relieve Stephen, since she had received intelligence that very morning, that two of her trustiest knights had undertaken to effect the escape of the Earl of Gloucester; and, regardless of her solemn vow in the castle of Devizes, and her promise to the mysterious old man, her ambitious feelings again prevailed, and she determined to break her word.

Seven days passed away, and each succeeding morning brought her glad intelligence of soldiers returned to their allegiance, of knights and nobles, who had sought the city of Gloucester to proffer the aid of their good swords; and, best of all, the expected release of her devoted brother: and, rejoiced at the unlooked-for appearances of returning good fortune, Empress Maude, on the eve of St. Denys, proceeded in solemn state to vespers at the abbey-church of St. Peter. There she sat, while the rich choral chant of the *Magnificat* pealed along the aisles; but, as the words "*Deposuit potentes a sede*," were sung, a well-known voice said with solemn emphasis, "Even so, for the crown hath departed from thy brow." The empress turned anxiously round, but the too-well-known stranger had already disappeared, and awed and distressed at that solemn warning, with heavy heart she returned.

And true indeed seemed that warning of ill. The attempts to release Earl Robert of Gloucester were all unavailing; her nobles, weary of the unequal contest, were about to renounce their allegiance to her, and with scanty provisions, a turbulent garrison,

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and an ill-fortified city, Empress Maude was forced to sue for the exchange of Earl Robert for Stephen, and to send the baron, whom she most trusted, the Earl of Chester, to negotiate the exchange.

At length, on All Souls' day, Stephen was released from his captivity, and Earl Robert of Gloucester again welcomed his sister. But vain and hopeless was now the contest; and, as a last resource, Earl Robert, placing the empress in the castle of Oxford, with a garrison of tried and faithful followers, passed over to Anjou to endeavour to prevail on her long-neglected husband to send relief. And pent up in that dreary stronghold, Empress Maude passed her melancholy Christmas, and when the feast of Candlemas had come and gone, and yet there were no tidings from Anjou, bitterly did she lament her contempt of the counsel of her mysterious guardian, and earnestly, though in vain, did she pray once more to behold him.

At length the long-dreaded crisis of her fate arrived. Stephen, at the head of a chosen band, had appeared before the city, (at this time entirely surrounded by water,) and summoned the garrison to surrender. To this summons, loud and bitter scoffs were the only reply; and trusting to the deep and swollen waters that bathed the outer wall of the castle, the men-at-arms scornfully pointing to the heavy chain mail that enveloped him and his war-steed, bade Stephen advance at his peril. But the star of the liberated monarch was now in the ascendant; he suddenly recollected that in one part the river was fordable, and reckless of his ponderous coat of mail, he dashed in, and cheering on his gallant company to follow, crossed safely, and made answer to their defiance by breaking open the ill-guarded gate by the blows of his huge battle-axe. In the confusion that followed, Stephen, at the head of that gallant company, entered the city, and while the inhabitants of the castle, wild with terror, knew not what to do, the thundering sounds of manganel and battering-ram too plainly told how swiftly, and how completely, Stephen had determined to follow up his victory.

"All is *now* lost," cried the aged seneschal, rushing to the presence of the empress; "Stephen is at the door!"

Empress Maude advanced to the narrow loophole that commanded the view of the inner court-yard; she heard with appalling distinctness the shrill whistle of the shafts, and the shouts as each well-directed arrow brought down some man-at-arms from the battlements, and she saw the huge battering-ram, with its iron-bound head, slowly raised by the efforts of two score men, and swung back, in readiness, at the word of command, to beat in the massive door, and she clasped her hands, and looked up in agony to heaven, for there indeed was her only refuge. At length the shock came that shook the castle to its very foundations, and the crash that followed proved that its iron-bound door had given way.

"All is lost," said the empress, "and I receive the reward of my pride!"

"Nay, fly! empress, fly!" urged the aged seneschal; "fly! ere Stephen enter."

The empress cast a despairing look at the darkening sky, at the snow-wrapt fields, at the court-yard, crowded with her foemen, and bitterly said, "*How* can I fly?"

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"Follow me," said a low voice.

The empress sprang forward, and fell at the stranger's feet, for well did she know him.

"No time is to be lost," said he; "lay aside that princely dress, and follow me."

Whither should she follow him?—how could she pass unrecognised through the very midst of her foemen?—how? But these thoughts entered not her mind: thrice had that mysterious guardian borne her safely from danger, and should she distrust him now? At his bidding the jewelled circlet was removed from the brow, the gorgeous jewelled collar with its precious reliquary which the old man had so strangely refused, the massive bracelets, the broidered girdle, were all hastily stripped off; and then the ermined mantle, the wimple of Cyprus lawn, the rich silken robe, even the delicate gold-wrought slipper; and in the slight under-dress, scarcely covered by a coarse woollen cloak, with head of russet and sandals of undressed leather, such as were worn by the very meanest of the people, the widow of the Kaisar, the crowned Queen of England, prepared to follow her aged guardian, she knew not whither. Yet ere she went, a touch of gentle feeling was awakened in the breast so long steeled against truth and pity.—"But these," said she, pointing to the aged seneschal and her two attendants, "wherefore should *I* escape and leave them to their fate?"

"Let them give that to Stephen," said the old man, pointing to the precious reliquary, "and it will be a right royal ransom."

The old man pressed his foot against a marble stone just beneath the loophole window; it gave way, and discovered a narrow and almost perpendicular flight of stone stairs. "This was Beauclerc's last invention," said he; "but how little did he foresee that it would afford his daughter, at her greatest peril, her only means of escape!"

And well was that secret way constructed: the narrow stair led to a winding passage, that communicated with the inner wall, and then turning sharply round, continued, until it was closed by a wicket-gate, wholly concealed among bushes, in a neighbouring meadow.

The night wind blew keenly, as that low wicket-gate opened, and the bushes, laden with snow, were pushed aside; but onward the haughty and tenderly-nurtured empress must go, unattended, save by one stranger, to whose care the old man committed her—unattired, save in that coarse and scanty dress; nor, until many a snowy waste had been passed, and her strength well nigh gone, did the welcome sight of distant towers, faintly visible in the grey dawn, urge her weary footsteps to reach that place of refuge. Those distant towers were soon gained. At the summons of her unknown conductor, the gates were soon flung open, and Empress Maude, a third time rescued from captivity, perhaps death, fell on her knees, and returning thanks to Heaven, that had once more heard her prayer, vowed that a fair abbey, dedicated to "Notre Dame du Vœu"* should commemorate her gratitude and her deliverance.

Scarcely casting a look around her, she was led into a chamber, and while the bath was preparing to refresh her toilworn frame, and the attendant damsels removed the coarse cloak, wet with half-melted

* This was built the following year near Cherbourg.

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snow, and the rude sandals from her bleeding feet, she lifted her eyes, half unconsciously,—they fell upon a mirror, and she started back.—"How name you this place?" said she.

"The Castle of Wallingford."

Yes! that which so many years ago had been foretold had come to pass. Joyfully as the deer pursued by the hunter, or the bird by the falcon, had she indeed sought the refuge of the Castle of Wallingford, and there she stood, in that very room where she had laughed to scorn the revelation of the charmed mirror, crownless, robeless,—stripped of every ornament befitting her high station,—wet and mire-besmeared,—a pale, weary, half-fainting fugitive. "Never shall the peace of this hapless land again be broken by me," said the repentant empress; and firmly kept was that vow.

* * * * * *

Three days passed away, but although diligent search had been made, no tidings had been learnt of that mysterious old man. On the fourth day, a lay-brother from the Priory of the Holy Trinity, at Wallingford, sought the castle, with a message from a dying monk, one brother Leonard, earnestly entreating the empress to come and see him. Right willingly did the daughter of Beauclerc obey the summons, for she feared that it was to the death-bed of her unknown deliverer. It was so. And when she knelt by his rude couch, and gazed upon his changed features, her long-repressed tears burst forth, for she knew indeed that he was mortal. "Holy man," cried she, "who canst thou be, to whom everything is known? Can *thy* life have been passed in this mean priory?"

"Only my later years," replied the dying monk.

"And wherefore did ye seek the cloister?—and wherefore, O most holy man! that watchful, unceasing care over my father and myself?"

"Thy father, Empress Maude, supported the rights of the Saxon, and therefore was he dear to me; I vowed to him to watch over thine interest, and hence my care of thee."

"And now thou art dying, holy man! O what shall I do, bereft of my wisest, though, alas! too often unheeded adviser!"

"Look up to Heaven, and ask wisdom there."

"But who art thou, holy man, for thou art no mere monk?"

"I am nought but a sinner."

"Nay, holy man, a saint rather; tell me who thou really art—O tell me, that by thy *real* name, when thou art departed, we may pray to thee."

"Pray to God alone." The old man paused, and gazed on the anxious countenance of the kneeling empress, and he bade the attendants, all except Earl Reineld of Chester, to withdraw. "Empress Maude," said he, "would ye learn who I am, think of him who, if living, could best read a lesson on ambition to ye—of him who, once chief subject in the land, aimed at a higher prize, and lost all. He, whom ye now see with the weight of an hundred and fifteen years on his head, was once chief in this land; but he met the just punishment of his ambition, and while all believed him dead, and *some* mourned over his memory, he lived on, a nameless, friendless, unknown wanderer, bent on one object alone, vowed to one only ex-

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piation of his crime—the welfare of this poor land. Empress Maude, well canst thou tell his name."

"Holy man, I cannot: Harold fell at Hastings, my grandsire William rests at Caen. *Thou* once chief in this land? Who canst thou be?"

"*Harold.* Yes! believed dead alike by friend and foe, I was conveyed, just living, from that fatal battle-field; and when, after years of slow recovery, I once more went forth, I sought the field of Hastings, and there solemnly pledged myself to aid the peace of *that* poor land, whose ruin I had wrought. Surely it was for *this* that my life hath been thus wondrously lengthened out, and surely now, when her peace is accomplished, I shall be permitted to depart. Marvel not, therefore, empress, that he who once was lord of the Castle of Winchester should have known its strongholds, nor that he who wore that very reliquary at the battle of Hastings should have shuddered at its sight. Wealth, untold wealth, buried before that fatal battle, and known only to me, gave me power to purchase whatever aid I needed, and thus enabled me to do what seemed impossible to a mere dweller of the cloister. My work is done; and now, I pray ye, disclose not my secret to those around me, who believe that seventy years since I was laid in Waltham Abbey, but bury me as brother Leonard"

Thus saying, the weary spirit of the old man departed; and, faithful to his last wish, the empress caused his obsequies simply but reverently to be performed in the church of the Holy Trinity at Wallingford.

And while, for centuries after, thousands flocked to the noble Abbey of Waltham, to gaze on the silver inlaid tomb, inscribed "*Hic jacet Haroldus,*" few visited the lowly church of the Holy Trinity at Wallingford, and little did pilgrim ever dream, as his eye perchance carelessly fell on a simple stone, marked only by the cross, that the veritable Harold, the last monarch of the Saxon dynasty, unrecorded, unhonoured, slumbered below.

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## THE YOUNG WILKIE.

DURING an acquaintance of some duration with the midland parts of Fifeshire, I happened occasionally to be thrown in the neighbourhood of the birth-place of Sir David Wilkie, and to come in contact with some of the friends of his father, and several of the schoolfellows of the illustrious painter himself. I had also the pleasure of seeing the first picture in oil known to have been painted by him, together with several others which must have left his hands so early in life, that he himself probably may now be as ignorant of their existence, as of the time or circumstances under which they were painted. Of the numerous particulars and anecdotes which I heard related in regard to the youthful painter, and his earlier works, there are one or two, illustrative of the developement of his genius, the authenticity of which, from the sources whence they were derived, may be depended on; and which, though strictly private, in so far as they refer to him personally, and have not before appeared in a published form, are not so in any sense tending to injure or improperly expose individual feelings; and which, from the position which the subject of them now occupies, as, in a certain style, the most distinguished artist in Europe, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

It may be premised that the district and profession to which the father of Sir David Wilkie belonged, has been fruitful beyond example—where no extreme circumstances could account for the fact—in eminent men, all nearly of the same age, in the present day and generation. There are just twenty clergymen in the presbytery of Cupar, and neither are the riches of the benefices, nor the means of attaining them, such as to confine their occupancy to the *élite* of the church; yet from manses "within the bounds," at nearly the same time, sprang Sir John and Sir George Campbell, Sir David Wilkie, and Serjeant Spankie; while Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Fleming, and Dr. Gillespie, now professors of mineralogy, natural philosophy, and humanity, respectively in the Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew's, have, within these twenty years, been clergymen in this otherwise obscure district of Scotland.

The father of Sir David Wilkie was a clergymen in the small and retired rural parish of Cutts, about four miles south-west of Cupar, the county-town of Fife. Here the future painter of the "Chelsea Pensioners" first saw the light, and received the rudiments of such an education as the parish school could afford. Half a century since there was a large class of Scottish benefices—(their extreme poverty was first exhibited to the public eye by Sir John Sinclair's statistical account, and remedied so far as could done by a grant from the exchequer, raising them to one hundred and fifty pounds)—the total value of the emoluments of which fell greatly under one hundred pounds, and often did not exceed from fifty pounds to sixty pounds a year. Of one of the poorest of these Cutts was an example, so that

while the Rev. Mr. Wilkie had to keep up the rank which Scottish ministers always maintain in their parishes, and to attend to those demands from the necessitous which they, who preach charity to others, cannot overlook, and at the same time to educate and bring up a considerable family, his means were not equal to the wages of an ordinary mechanic of these times. Under these circumstances the manse of Cutts could not be supposed to exhibit either a princely abundance of servants, or magnificence of furniture. The luxury of carpets—less universal then than now—was accordingly unknown; while to the hands of Mrs. Wilkie frequently fell a share of those labours which, in better endowed establishments, would have been considered as belonging exclusively to those of the house-maid or the nursery-maid. The residence of the very excellent family of Leven and Melville, distinguished for generations for their exemplary attention to the ordinances and ministers of religion, happens to be at no great distance from Cutts; and one day, when Lord and Lady Balgonie were on a visit to the manse, Mrs. Wilkie, who had been "keeping wee Davie," then not two years old, having ushered in her noble visitors, had to set aside her young charge to look out for amusement for himself during their stay. Amusement accordingly he found; prophetic, (had those around him been interpreters of prophecy,) of his future career. The floor was carpetless, and Wilkie having obtained a piece of burnt stick from the fire-place, continued scratching, beneath the table, infinitely to his own delight, apparently, till his mother was at leisure to attend to him. He was now clapping his hands and screaming in the ecstacies of enjoyment, as pointing to his performance, he continued to cry—"Ma, 'Gonies nose! ma, see 'Gonies nose!" And there, to be sure, on the floor, was a very fair attempt at a profile of Lord Balgonie, the conspicuousness of "the fundamental features" of whose face—a peculiarity still characteristic of the family of the Leslies—had attracted the attention, and evoked the delineative powers of the future Sir David. This, as it may well seem to be, is his first known effort in picture making; and certainly, if the line could be parodied as applied to the worshippers of "the dumb sister of poetry," it might be said of Wilkie as of Pope,

"He lisped in numbers for the numbers came."

Geologists would, I suppose, call this "the carboniferous era" of Wilkie's existence, in contradistinction to the "cretaceous formation" which ensued when he reached the altitude of a piece of chalk and a board; and of it they may truly say, that "no *remains* have come down to us."

The first picture which he himself believes he ever painted, is still in being. At what age it was executed cannot, however, be ascertained, though it must have been in very early childhood. It was originally, painted as it was, for many years employed for a sign-board to a village alehouse; and the colours made use of must have been peculiarly well chosen, as they withstand, to this period, the vicissitudes of a Scottish climate, without sustaining the slightest injury.

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The subject is a simple and familiar one, which must have met the eye of the young artist with abundant frequency. It is a boy watering an old grey horse, most probably a portrait, in the case of both the figures. The animal has just thrust his muzzle nostril deep into the limpid brook, and the feeling of tranquil satisfaction at allaying his thirst is marked in his flapping ears and shaded eye. The flaxen bareheaded boy again, who stands near him, with the loosened halter in his hand, is the very emblem of stupid indifference. He seems in a sort of doze or dream, and is waiting with imperturbable patience the convenience of his much more intelligent-looking four-footed charge. The drawing is wonderfully good, and the shadows and reflected lights manifestly put in with the most minute precision of resemblance. The original owner of the picture having failed, it was for a long while put away in a lumber-room amongst bankrupt stock. The celebrity of the artist having become known, it was afterwards sought after and purchased for 10*l.* by Robert Methven, Esq., procurator fiscal for the county of Fife. Some dozen years since, Wilkie happened to visit Scotland, after a very long absence from the land of his nativity, when he first heard of the preservation of this picture. He felt immediately most anxious to see it, and having placed it low down—the best position and light for inspection—he lay on the floor for many minutes, gazing on this long-forgotten effort of his infant pencil. A host of strange and stirring recollections seemed to pass over his memory—his childhood—the pride and pleasure of a first successful attempt, then probably viewed by himself with more unalloyed gratification, and received by his simple-minded village admirers with more delight and astonishment than any of his subsequent wonderful works in a more extended but less unsophisticated sphere—the long and variously-spent time and many intervening incidents and occupations;—and the conclusion which seemed to impress itself most forcibly upon him, that if, as a child, he could do this, with no one but Nature as his instructress, as a man, with all his subsequent study and experience, how much more than ever he had effected ought he to have done. He rose under a painful feeling of humiliation, as it appeared, at the thought of the incommensurateness of the achievements of the man with this first work and promise of the boy, and said, as he sadly walked away, "I did not think it possible I could have done this *then*: I should have done more *now*." It might be some months or years, I forget which, after this, that he again visited Cupar, and went almost immediately to Mr. Methven, to see "The Horse-Watering." A curious change was now observable. *Surprise* and *wonder* that anything "so young and yet so good" could have been produced had, unknown to him, been the chief elements and causes of his former admiration; and during his absence his mind had been working more upon the memory of his own emotion than upon the intrinsic merits of the picture or its analysis. Instead of now, as formerly, gazing in rapture, a single glance was sufficient—when he turned away in disappointment, with the mortified expression, "I thought it had been better."

There are many of the earlier pictures of Wilkie to be found in this part of Fifeshire of whose very existence I can easily suppose

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the artist himself to be ignorant. They are all marked with more or less of those magical peculiarities of skill and execution which so characterise the more perfect productions of his maturer years. In one house there are, amongst others, two very exquisite likenesses of his brother's children, painted some twenty-five years since—before he reached the acmé of his fame—and a domestic scene, his father and mother at family worship, painted apparently when he was still very young. How interesting it is to compare this last with his present treatment of a similar subject, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," now exhibiting. In the manse scene, which I have no doubt was a real one, where the minister and his wife were unwittingly, and therefore most naturally, sitting to their son, there is of course a want of that mellowness and artist-like finish which long practice and deep-schooled talent can alone bestow: there is also a somewhat harsh and covenanter-like sternness about the worthy couple, real in part, perhaps, but heightened probably by the greater want of congeniality of feeling with such scenes in the mind of the youthful compared with that now existing in the old-growing artist; but the effect we should say, on the whole, was at least not less striking in the early picture of the real family around the "big ha' bible" than in the present matured and imaginary one; and they may be well compared together as exhibiting delineations of what Wilkie saw in fact, or fancied that he saw, when young, in his father's house, and what he now thinks may or ought to be seen in "a Cotter's Saturday Night."

I may here mention an anecdote I have heard of the sale of one of Wilkie's pictures soon after his taking up his residence in London, which, if it meet the eyes of one of the parties may yet shame him to repentance or tardy reparation. The Earl of ——, (to avoid the charge of personality I withhold even the initials of his name,) having called on Wilkie just as he was rising into fame, found him far from overcharged with occupation or those sorts of orders which are so expedient to assist in meeting the first expenses of a town life. His lordship, in consideration of this, gave an order, whose precise terms I shall not attempt to repeat, but whose substance, as understood by Mr. Wilkie, was in effect that, in want of other occupation, a picture should be painted by him, for which the Earl should give 25*l.* provided another purchaser or better price, could not be fallen in with. The picture was painted accordingly, and afterwards exhibited; but its merits were such that, instead of 25*l.* it was much more likely that 100*l.* would at once be offered for it, which before the close of the exhibition could most readily have been obtained. What then was the astonishment of the artist when his lordship, in full cognizance of all this, called and insisted on what he was pleased to term "the fulfilment of the bargain,"—that is, on receiving a 100*l.* picture from the needy hands of a young man for 25*l.*; and, despite of Wilkie's remonstrances on the unfairness and hardship of the case, and solemn declarations that there was no bargain about the matter, the picture was carried away at one-fourth of its value by a nobleman wallowing in wealth, because Mr. Wilkie did not choose, when just entering on his metropolitan career, to create an enemy in one who might, from his position, have it in his power to do him serious in-

jury. The picture still hangs at ———, a memento surely to his lordship of conduct very unworthy of his rank!

That part of Fifeshire in which Cutts is situated stretches out into a lengthened valley, some thirty miles from east to west, and from four to five from north to south. Skirting along both its margins are ranges of wood-capp'd, or grass-covered hills, of from five to six hundred feet above the bottom of the valley. Two magnificent conical eminences, the east and west Lomonds, spring up abruptly, some twelve hundred feet, and somewhat out of the general line towards the west—so that as they front more to the east, and are infinitely steeper than any of the hills around them, when the sun has pssed the meridian, and looks down the valley of this Eden, and lights up all the acclivities on its edge, the Lomonds alone assume a tint of the deepest blue. About ten miles east from thence stands the house where Wilkie was born, and just to the south of this again rises the "Walton Hill," commanding a prospect of the whole "How o' Fife," as it is called, which is inexpressibly lovely. Here the young painter used to resort, and, stretched at length on the grass, gaze for hours on a scene so rich in those subjects which then inspired him for his after labours. And yet so fresh is, or lately was, the recollection of the beautiful scenery which his ravished youthful eyes had looked on from the Walton hill, that in writing, not many years since, to the clergyman who succeeded his father in the church of Cutts, like a lover seeking after the far-removed first and fondest object of his affection, he never failed to put the question, "And how do mine own blue Lomonds now look from the Walton?"

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## A RIDDLE FOR THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

BY CORSELY DAVIS.

FANNY, a fair but frozen maid,
Kindled a flame I yet deplore;
The hood-winked boy I called in aid,
Though of his near approach afraid,
So fatal to my suit before.
At length, propitious to my prayer,
The little urchin came:
From earth I saw him mount in air,
And soon he cleared, with dextrous care,
The bitter relics of my flame.
Say, by what title, or what name,
Shall I this youth address?
Cupid and he are not the same,
*He* raises, *this* prevents a flame.

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# EPHEMERA, OR ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

## No. II.

BY THE TEMPLAR, AUTHOR OF THE "NAVAL SKETCH BOOK," &c.

"It's all through the queen, sir," said Betty; "there's not a soul left in the house but you and I, sir, and I don't like it." Now this, I thought, at least apocryphal, if not a fib; for Betsey is an arrant flirt in her heart. "James, however," she continued, "was up early, and before he tidyed himself took care to clean your boots, and brush your clothes. I don't expect we shall see any more of my gentleman this blessed day; for the French lady up stairs is just returned without a stitch to her back, except what's torn to tatters—she had got two places, sir, in Fleet Street, that cost her husband, she says, six guineas; though I can't believe it: for where could the poor French creeturs get it? but in trying to get to them through Temple Bar, the crowd was so great and so rude, that she lost her shoes off her feet, and in the confusion she lost the poor little count too—and, I suppose, the places into the bargain."

Such were the sounds that met my ear in coming down to breakfast one well-remembered yellow morning last month. The weather had broken up, and fog, mist, clammy damps, and a lurid atmosphere, indicated that none of the usual concomitants of a Lord Mayor's installation into office would be wanting. In fact, the festival promised its full share of the accustomed severity of the season. Though no rain fell, nor did there appear any immediate probability of a shower, everything exposed to the air was beaded in pendant drops with damp, and, even within, the condensed fog ran in rivulets streaming down the windows, as if the morning was already in tears through anticipation of general disappointment.

"What can be the reason," thought I to myself, "that this day of all days in the year is sure to be wet? There seems to be a spell about it. Yet, what's that to me?—I'm comfortable enough by this good fire;" and incontinently I seized the poker, and went to work, hardly conscious what I did, till the fender was full of burning cinders, and my eyes full of the ashes. "I'm very snug here," continued I, poking away at the grate with the fidgetty vehemence of a man who wishes to persuade himself he is what he knows he is not. "I shall not stir out till the hubbub's over. I will write, and employ myself profitably till dinner, and then read the account of it all in the evening papers, and just as well—why not? They write their criticisms on new plays and fresh performers some days or hours before they ever appear. Sad dogs! and yet they dictate to the town! Why shouldn't they, if we pay them for it?" With my eyes fixed on the grate, I went on musing till the black flakes, waving on the bars, and which the superstitious in the north assure you portend strangers'

visits, became of various colours, and at length assumed the armorial bearings of the different corporations of London. The fire blazing now brighter, a mass of fairy figures appeared, and a procession in miniature made its way through the cinders with all its glittering symbols—knights in steel and brazen armour: nor did I awake from the agreeable reverie, till I saw the Lord Mayor of Lilliput descend from his tiny gingerbread coach, and step into Childe's banking-house at Temple bar. This was too gross. "Oh, ho," said I; "'Queen Mab, I see, hath been with you;'" so I wheeled round my chair to the breakfast table. A round of toast disappeared, an egg followed, and washing all down with a large cup of coffee, I jumped up, congratulating myself on my comfortable determination to remain at home, walked about the room, but could not for the life of me prevent myself from humming by snatches odd lines of "God save the queen." "This is the devil," said I, and began an air from "Fra Diavolo," which, however, soon died away into the tiresome old crotchets of the national anthem. "This is all very silly," said I to myself; "but it's not wonderful either, for there's the Savoyard boy, with an organ, under the window, and the Darmstadt brass band up the street, all grinding away at the same tune." Took a turn to the window—the cold fog was slowly yielding to the influence of the westerly wind, as I would fain imagine—it might be the sun's influence for what I cared—"It would certainly rain, and spoil all their sport," and then I took Sterne down from the book-case. "Ay," said I, "Sterne is the author! "His erratic muse can always entangle and fix the wandering imagination."

In five minutes, or less, the door was hurriedly opened.

"What! Lord Mayor's day, and keep within doors, when so many hundreds have travelled hundreds of miles to see the sight! No, no! —come. The day's as fine as can be expected for the season—on with your boots," said lively Ned, my country-cousin, "and let us see what's to be seen, as well as others."

"What's to be seen!" said I, listlessly turning over another leaf of Tristram Shandy; "have I not seen Lord Mayor's days every year since I came to town? Don't I know the old Lord Mayor and the new?—quiet, plain people enough, when out of their official feathers —it's only the trappings that makes an alderman a donkey: then he brays himself into a senator, "*optat Ephippia bos*," till he is detected by his bungling in a job, and the patriot is kicked out of the house with the contempt of both Whigs and Tories."

"Hang the jobs and the patriots! It's the queen—she's the inducement upon this occasion. Leave off sermonising—I know you're loyal, and must be gratified to witness the spectacle of the key of the good old city delivered into her hands in her progress to visit the lord mayor to-day. She wears her crown and honours gracefully, I hear, and the little star of Brunswick already augurs a bright future for merry England."

"Bravely prophesied! my rural coz," said I, "and not to baulk thy enthusiasm, I'll e'en make one with thee, and swell the triumphant note of greeting."

Upon such an occasion attention to the toilette would be super-

fluous. I am one of those who, when they enter upon anything, set out *spiritoso*, so I pulled an old hat off the rack, and investing my outward man in a rough pilot coat, adapted to rough weather, or rough usage, took my cousin by the arm, and got under way exactly as the clock struck twelve.

"The street I live in, *debouches*, as the French cocksparrow used to say in his dispatches, into the Strand on the north, upon the river on the south. The sound of artillery reached our ears from the water-side.

"What's that?" inquired the young country gent.

"Oh," said I, determined on a hoax, "it's her majesty coming by barge from the Tower."

"Bah!" said Ned; "catch her within the Tower—she knows better. It's a prison for tip-top radicals, and rebels like Despard, Burdett, and Thistlewood, that are ambitious of being hanged for the benefit of society."

I laughed at this expression of homely loyalty, affected surprise at his being ignorant that it was the ancient palace of our monarchs, and asked him whether the line of Hanover might not condescend to reside where so many of the warlike races of the Tudors and Plantagenets, the Henrys and Edwards, for ages lived.

"Certainly," replied my cousin, sarcastically, "if so many of them had not rather awkwardly *died* there."

The sound of martial music now reached the ear, and he seemed uncertain for a minute, when, braving the terror a countryman always feels at avowing his ignorance, he accosted the next person, and inquired whence the music came. The man was one of that once so favoured and so flourishing, now falling, and therefore, discontented class, whose avocation, like Othello's is gone. His huge blue jacket, tarnished gold buttons, large brass badge on the right arm, and his spider-proportioned legs—albeit clad in white to make the most of them—proclaimed him to be a Thames waterman.

"Why, master," replied the man, "that's the gaudy beak pulling up the river in his state barge to ax the big wigs at Vestminster to the Queen's dinner. A pretty sight it is too, if this here fog would let you see it. It's a'most the only thing now that's nat'ral on the river, or moved by oars. But," added he, with a face fast elongating, "that sight 'll soon be seen no more; "for I'm blessed if Mr. Maudsley, the steam engineer, has not got half a dozen of them cursed kettles now on the stocks a building, to boil the mayor and corporation up and down the river in a twinkling, when they goes out a pleasuring. There's no Woolwich, or Putney, or Richmond now, for poor buffers like me as has sarved their king and country, and been knocked about by the Mounseers all the war. Now look ye here," interrupted he, raising his hat, and pointing to an ugly gash over his right temple, on which the hair had long ceased to grow; "I got that from the thieving pirates, with Admiral Pellew, off Algiers—the same shell that stove in my figure-head, sent every other man at that gun into another world in a twinkling. I say, sir, poor buffers like me never gets a job now, often for a week or two together:—I used to be fat and hearty before these steamers comed into fashion; but now

neither I nor the old woman can afford ourselves wittalls; and I falls away in flesh so fast, that the young picked-up-along-shore wagabonds snigger, and swear I'm not a waterman, but a *lighterman*. There was a time, master—but sorrow and starvings knocked all the fight out o' me."

I knew by experience the insolent selfishness of these fellows, and suspecting how all this would end, gradually increased my distance.

"It's a tarnation raw morning. Mayhap, sir," continued the sculler, "you'd stand a drop of summat short to keep the fog out of a poor devil's stomach, that ha'n't tasted a bit o' wittals to-day."

"Come," said I, "there's no use in delaying here; the fog will let you see nothing on the river. Come."

"You needn't be in such a hurry," tartly interrupted the petitioner, "to cut and run like a frightened Frenchman. Nobody's going to ax you for anything; but your shipmate looks like a kind-harted gemman as would do a good turn without axing."

The fellow was right: my cousin was a generous young fellow. He prepared to comply—but I saw that as he fumbled at his coat skirts, the waterman thought he was going to the wrong pocket.

"There's no compulsion, Ned," said I, laughing, "only you must."

By this time he had drawn from his pocket all the halfpence it contained, and offered them to the sculler. I shall not easily forget the civil sneer with which the latter indicated that copper was beneath his acceptance; whilst he jeeringly said, loud enough for any one near us to hear him, "Bless us, no! it would be robbing you! you're sure to want it before the day's over yourself; but suppose not," continued he, pointing to me, "if you've any bowels you'll lend it to dummy there."

Ned's Lancashire blood was up in an instant, and his fist clenched; but I charitably interposed just in time to prevent a breach of the peace: and in withdrawing my young Hotspur from the field, was recompensed by overhearing the fellow swear, "He would glory in having both in his boat, and capsizing us amongst the fishes, that warn't half so *scaly* as the swells."

My cousin's a cricket player—his passion had cooled; and whilst the fellow's abusive language could yet be heard dying away in the distance, he could not forbear saying, with a laugh, "Well, Tom, you must allow, however fond you are of a hoax, that we have had the worst of this innings."

We now got into the Strand. Great was the note of preparation amongst the shopkeepers in anticipation of a golden harvest. Many, it would seem, had reaped as yet disappointment; for amidst all the bustle and hammering, we were saluted with frequent invitations to ascend. The lower class of shops were very generally placarded, and the *barkers* outside assured the passers by, in the most dulcet tones, that they could be "accommodated with most excellent seats to view the procession, on the most moderate terms."

"What do you call moderate?" said a fat master builder, as I guessed, from a folding three-footer that treacherously protruded from the rule side-pocket of his best buckskins, all unknown to his rib;

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who, sporting her best attire on this happy occasion, well sustained, by her ponderous cubic dimensions, the title of his better half.

"Please, sir, to step in with your good lady. Make way for this gentleman and lady there, we sha'n't quarrel, I'm certain."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Mr. Phil. Rubbish, pulling up another inch of shirt-collar. "I don't like to buy a pig in a poke. What, I say, is the damage? Let me know—at a word."

"Well then, sir, at a word," said Mr. Bobbin, eyeing their portly persons, as a land surveyor does an estate from an elevation, "ten shillings a-piece—that, I am sure, is moderate. Step this way, sir, there's an excellent situation," pointing to a green-baize covered seat, "the only one unoccupied in the shop front."

Cautiously and less sanguinely than place-hunters in general, proceeded our ponderous friend. He was, as well as most in society, impressed with his own weight; and as deeply as any ancient philosopher, engaged in meditating upon "the fitness of things." Hence he was induced to raise slowly the green covering, and whilst observing the frail scaffolding, exclaimed, "Bless my soul! come down, good people! you will all have your necks broke. Why, it's all made of half-inch deals. You will be all through the shop frame into the street in a minute."

The sitters already had sprung on their legs, and were scrambling to the door.

"I'm sure it's strong enough—my carpenter built it."

"Then," interrupted Mr. Philip, "he must be an undertaker, and has speculated on a job here in his other line."

The scamperers were aghast. The lady testified her approbation of her husband's happy hit by a (horse it could not be) mare's laugh, and the people began to ask for their money back. The builder, seeing he had a willing auditory, commenced expounding. "These cross-pieces and uprights ought to have been of good scantling to bear such a weight; and I woudn't trust my seat on anything less than a plank of stout, sound two-inch stuff."

"For heaven's sake!" said his wife, almost swooning through fear of detection in her peacock garb, "for heaven's sake, Phil., sink the shop."

"You're quite right; scantling, and two-inch it ought to be," said the man from next door; "but just step this way; you and the lady shall have a seat as will last till the resurrection gun fires."

"You've been to sea for a spell," said I, "that's clear!"

"Why, yes; for about five year," replied he; "but I'm a carpenter by trade: now I've steadied my helm, and got a family." Then pointing to a carpenter's bench, which formed the first line of seats, observed, "There, sir!—there, ma'am!—Its rough, to be sure, but if you want strength you'll be at home to a T."

His lady love thought differently—the offer of the bench, which would have put a king's counsel into ecstasies, appeared to her a pointed insult. She tugged her husband's arm, and whispered something about their being purposely affronted—she knew it by the fellow's impudent manner. Nor was she far out in the conjecture: women are always quick in these things—for as the couple slowly

worked their way through the crowd, under the abusive fire of poor Mr. Bobbin, for having caused his benches to be deserted, a raking shot from the carpenter took them a-stern, who vociferated after them, as loud as a boatswain, "Mayhap you thought I didn't know the cut of your jib, old chap. Trundle your mop and yourself on to Savoy Steps, you're sure to be accommodated there; you'll see a board painted with 'RUBBISH MAY BE SHOT HERE.'"

There was a great stir and bustle amongst the crowd on the flagged ways, the instantaneous effect of a cry raised that the processsion was coming. It turned out to be the troops lining the streets. This encouraged the thieves to commence operations, and the staves of the police were soon flourished on all sides to the no small dismay of her Majesty's lieges.

"I knew how it would be," said a Kentish market-gardener, "whenever the blue bottles begun to buz they'd spoil all."

"What can you expect from the savages?" grumbled an athletic butcher, who had been carrying for some hours five hundred weight of human flesh on his back and shoulders without a murmur, but who was now compelled, sorely against his will, to quit his hard-earned vantage ground.

A furious rush now ensued, and loitering longer here was out of the question; and we therefore determined, like friend Penn, in the evil days of the Stuarts, to flee from oppression, and place ourselves under the civil authority on the other side of Temple Bar. The Strand presented almost throughout its mile-length of window an uninterrupted display of well-dressed persons, mostly females; some of the most lovely and delicate of whom seemed to court the approaches of grim Death, by the most ruthless exposure of the head and neck to the damp cold wind; to which doubtless may be attributed the late increase of business among the doctors. There was an affectation of aristocratical superiority displayed by the proprietors of some of the houses, who piqued themselves on excluding all visitors, and appeared "alone in their glory," amongst whom a certain blacking manufacturer made himself conspicuous at the window admiring his polished ebony phiz reflected on the well-blackened boot, whilst in the act of shaving, with grimalkin at his elbow, as represented in the portrait so industriously circulated amongst his customers.

As the procession now trod close upon our heels, and the cry was still "She comes," we made for some friendly haven in the city. But alack! how true the proverb often is, "the more haste the less speed!" Every attempt to move through the now thick array was resented as an assault, and a battle was often the result. Repelled, instead of propelled, in our course, we were carried, like Captain Ross, out of Repulse Bay by a partial current into Endeavour Straits, and by an accurate acquaintance with the Shy-geography of the northern district of the Strand, continued to work a traverse, as the *Ars nautica* hath it, still ahead of the procession, through all the filthy bye-lanes and alleys, running sometimes parallel and oftener in a zig-zag direction with that great leading artery of Westminster. Whenever any of these crossed a street or passage into the direct line of the

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procession the attempt was vainly made to progress (Yankeycè,) by the shorter course,

> For entrance at a thousand doors they knock'd,
> Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.

Making at last a desperate effort to get out through Chancery (always a ruinous expedient) Lane, to witness the ceremonial of the surrender of the sovereignty of the city, by giving up its keys, we were, with about a thousand of her Majesty's lieges, gallantly charged by her life-guards, and forced to retreat, with loss and disgrace, towards Guildhall, through the intricate purlieus inhabited by the offal of the law, and threadable only by the bloodhound indagacity of a Jew bailiff, terminating most appropriately in an opening on the opposite side of Farringdon Street to the FELON'S HOME—Newgate.

There was still no chance of getting into the line of the procession, either by the Old Bailey or Ave Maria Lane. All was choked up by a dense and disappointed crowd; and carried along by the stream of people up Newgate Street, we reached the broad area of Cheapside, where, at the accession of Crook-backed Richard, stood Paul's Cross. This space was now divided by a strong boom, inside of which a body of huge mounted life-guards intercepted the view, and outside were ranged six or eight tier of coal-whippers, city porters, draymen, and the tallest fellows the metropolis could produce. Down came the procession—down came the rain. Five hundred trebles of the *London Boys' School*, perched in their pea-green eyrie, screamed their delight. The waving of handkerchiefs—acclamations like claps of thunder—a wild cheerful hurrah! hurrah!—prayers and blessings—announced the royal presence—but not even the roof of the state-carriage could we see.

"What the deuce," said I, "brought me to this unlucky spot?"

"Or what should have brought me here at a railroad gallop, like a simpleton," said my cousin, "from the very bottom of Lancashire?"

"Can't you tell, coz?—why the queen, to be sure!"

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# AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Conscious of my own deficiencies, I am often tempted to deprecate the frowns of that skilful anatomist of fanciful brains and scribbling fingers—the critic; and coax the old gentleman "with spectacles on nose," to take a nap, while my memory takes a hasty flight over the wide waste of many long years. At any rate, I console myself with thinking that an article for a magazine is not expected to be like one of those classically devised and elegantly painted *bon mots* of literature that are intended for the sugar-plums of the children of *posterity;* but like the flower which some idler gathers, as he saunters through a garden. He holds it awhile between his fingers, smells to it, praises its fragrance, and drops it; and totally forgetting, amongst fresh flowers, that he had it at all, never once dreams of returning back to look for it. And thus I predict, that when once my story is told, no one will write *Resurgam* at the end of it.

Captain Chamier's "Continuation of Mr. James's Naval History" is a valuable addition to those glorious records that embalm the name of a British sailor, for the admiration of the latest posterity. It is, however, to be regretted that Mr. James had not the same advantages and facilities as Captain Chamier, for a work of this important description; and he has consequently failed to convey (as I have been informed by several competent judges) a *just* impression, in various facts of his history, as to many disputed circumstances and contending claims. Such is at least undoubtedly the fact with regard to the engagement between the Boston and l'Embuscade, in which Captain George Courtenay, of the former, lost his valuable life; as nothing can be more remote from the *truth* than Mr. James's account respecting the first lieutenant, Edwards, whose conduct has been severely censured by the most able judges. I well remember having frequently heard the circumstances attending my gallant and lamented uncle's death narrated by various members of my family, and they made a deep impression on my mind. I remember the agony of grief with which his near surviving relatives always alluded to the untimely fate of one of the best, and bravest, and most engaging of human beings: and I remember having heard, at that early period, the various evidences as to the treacherous, or (to say the least of it) the improper and *unprofessional* conduct of Lieutenant Edwards on the occasion of my uncle's death.

The circumstances were briefly these. In the summer of 1773, Captain Courtenay, of the "Boston" frigate, then cruising off New York, sent a challenge to the Captain of l'Embuscade, Bombart, to meet him at sea. The challenge was accepted, and a severe engagement ensued. My uncle had been cheering on his men, and was singing the concluding line of "Rule Britannia," when he was struck by

[1] Continued from p. 191.

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a spent ball, and fell *stunned*, according to the opinion of the whole ship's crew, officers included, excepting only the first lieutenant, Edwards, who, the moment that his captain fell, ordered the body to be thrown overboard, without any surgical or other examination. This was accordingly done, to the utter dismay of the gallant band, that had but a moment before fought like lions under their chivalrous commander, who was enthusiastically beloved by all. Now, when the body was raised from the deck, not a drop of blood had flowed from it, nor was a sign of death visible in the countenance; yet, contrary to all usual observances, Captain Courtenay was neither carried below, nor inspected by the surgeon, but was at once recklessly committed to the deep, where no one but Edwards disputed that he in reality met with his death.

Mr. James says, "Captain Courtenay and Lieutenant Edward Butler, while standing at the fore part of the quarter-deck, were killed by the same cannon-ball." Captain Brereton's statement is as follows:—"The action soon began, and continued with great bravery on both sides, until the iron hammock-rail of the quarter-deck, being struck by a shot, a part of it took Captain Courtenay on the back of the neck, and he fell; but no blood followed. The first lieutenant, Edwards, caused the body to be *immediately* thrown overboard, lest, as he said, it should dishearten the men; and after this operation *hauled away* from the enemy." Now this short and simple statement of fact is at once condemnatory of Edwards's conduct. If his only reason for adopting the *unusual* course of throwing his captain overboard the instant that he fell, was to prevent his men from being disheartened, how was it that he did not stay to fight it out? If, on the contrary, he made up his mind to *haul away*, why did he not take his commander along with him? It was the more incumbent on him to have done this, inasmuch as it was well known by all on board that he entertained no very friendly feelings towards Captain Courtenay.

The opinion of the authorities at home, as to the conduct of Lieutenant Edwards on this occasion, was shown in a very marked and decided manner. The commander of the Pluto sloop, (afterwards Admiral Sir James Norris,) was posted into the Boston, to fill my uncle's place, instead of Edwards, who was in the meantime appointed *lieutenant* in another ship, and afterwards was sent to resume his original station, as first lieutenant of the Boston!*

If I have entered upon this subject rather more fully than I originally intended, I trust it may be excused, on the ground that early impressions, imbibed in the family circle, to which the heart must always turn fondly in after life, generally make a deep impression on the mind. Still remembering the freshness of grief and regret with which, even for years afterwards, my family occasionally reverted to this sudden wrench from life of one of its dearest and most deserving members, I have been led to state the circumstances simply as they

* "At the time, too, that the mizen-topmast and mizen-staysail of the Boston were shot away; Lieutenant Edwards had become *senseless* from a contusion in the head, and was below under the hands of the surgeon. Why was *he not thrown overboard* (according to his own *new* regulations!) while he lay senseless?"

occurred. If, in doing this, they at all seem to bear hard on Lieutenant Edwards, I have endeavoured at any rate to keep within the strict line of truth and justice, with regard to a man who, whether intentionally on unintentionally, appears (according to the testimony of the most credible witnesses, and amongst them, Captain Courtenay's own nephew, who was on board at the time) to have hurried from the world one of the most gallant defenders of his country, and shining ornaments of domestic life. Nature had been prodigal to him in the gifts both of person and of mind. His figure was manly and symmetrical; his face remarkably handsome, and of a most engaging sweetness and benignity of expression. Of a peculiarly gentle and tender disposition in private life, it was scarcely possible to conceive the ardent courage which he displayed, when called into action. He distinguished himself very early in his naval career; and he and his cousin, Captain Ruthven, (son of Lord Ruthven,) were, I believe, the youngest officers that had ever been posted, the first being only eighteen, and the other but one year older. Fox said in the House of Commons, in allusion to my uncle's death, and the skill and courage by which he had invariably distinguished himself, that "no man ever better deserved a monument from his country, than Captain George Courtenay." He married very early in life the beautiful and accomplished daughter of General Ogle,* to whom he became known in India; and I believe a happier pair never took upon themselves the matrimonial yoke, although, alas! not permitted by Providence to sustain it for any lengthened period. It would seem as though my uncle had some presentiment of his fall in that fatal engagement. Before the battle, he retired to his cabin, and wrote a long farewell letter to his beloved wife. Breathing the most devoted love for herself, and the tenderest concern for his two infant daughters, he besought her, in the most solemn and touching manner, to bring them up to love and fear God; and above all, not as *women of the world.*

When the intelligence was first communicated to my grandmother, of the loss of this much-loved son, it was done with extreme caution. She immediately retired to her own apartment, where she remained alone for some hours; and when she rejoined the rest of the family, she appeared with such a sweet serenity and holy resignation in her countenance and manner, as at once convinced them, that those solitary hours had not been passed in vain. She afterwards informed them, that almost immediately on her reaching her chamber, and before she could give vent to the agony of grief with which her soul was oppressed, a peculiar kind of rushing sound appeared to approach and enter the apartment, and she then distinctly heard the words, "Give glory to God," repeated three times. These words no doubt imparted to her feelings a different

* "Captain Courtenay met with some obstacles to his union with Miss Ogle, on account of her want of fortune. His uncle, Lord Bute, commissioned a friend to wait upon General Ogle, and represent the impropriety of the step on both sides. In consequence of this, the gallant lover was denied all access to his beautiful mistress. But love is fertile in expedients. Captain Courtenay, darkening his complexion, and disguising himself in the habit of a slave, got admission to the presence of his beloved; and contrived at dinner to slip a billet under her plate."

current, and enabled her, in a more implicit and effectual manner, to submit to the decree of that Being, who weighs all things in his balance, and who alone knows what is best for us. Far different was the effect which had been produced on my grandmother, when, on a former occasion, she had been deprived of another brave son. When she was informed of the death of my uncle Conway,* she fell into a state of total insensibility, which continued for a period of eight-and-forty hours. When she recovered from this, I do not mean to imply, but that she bore her bereavement with all that piety and resignation, for which she was so remarkably distinguished, even from her earliest youth; but the physician who was called in, said, that this suspension of vitality was a merciful interposition, without which immediate death would probably have ensued.

I am reminded of a remarkable case of suspended animation, which preceded, instead of following, another sorrowful bereavement. At a party some few years ago, I was attracted by an object, interesting in itself, and likewise in strong contrast to the surrounding scene. Near the gay groups in the dancing-room, looking in their rainbow costume like beds of tulips, or flights of butterflies, sate one of the most lovely and innocent-faced creatures I ever behold. She was a young, very young widow, arrayed in her weeds, and simple melancholy cap, that is in itself a monody more affecting than ever poet wrote. On inquiring who she was, I learned some interesting particulars respecting her. A few months after her marriage, she was taken ill, and fell into a trance, which lasted for upwards of a fortnight. During that period her husband, (who was in perfect health at the time of her seizure,) fell sick, died, and was buried! So that she might justly be said to awake from one long dream, but to fall into another. What a waking up must her's have been! She returned to life and death together. She came out of her long slumber a sorrowful widow, who had gone to sleep a joyful wife. All was changed! All was irrevocably past away!

At the same party was Coleridge—the ever-illustrious Coleridge. I remember being forcibly struck with the strong contrast which the presence of a genuine poet exhibits, in a fashionable assemblage of persons, met together solely for the enviable purpose of "killing time." I do not mean one of those dandy sons of Parnassus, who come tripping in Cupid's garland; but such men as Coleridge, Hogg, and Cunningham, who carried Nature's letters patent, to exercise their wits for the common benefit of mankind. On the occasion I allude to, Coleridge had taken refuge in the card-room. I can see him now, in his suit of jet-black, and beautiful clean-looking skin, the very personification of a neat, simple, and pious village pastor. His silver locks shadowed his benign brow, his cheeks were ruddy as those of sinless childhood, and the whole bearing of the man was spiritualized, and full of divine love, as though the *dove* that descended amongst the first disciples had just alighted on his own breast. He sate somewhat behind one of the whist-players, with a book in his hand, and from which, in the pauses of the game, he occasionally read pas-

* Captain Conway Courtenay, who died in India. He was the eldest son of the late William Courtenay, Esq. by his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Bute, and the same Jane Stuart who assisted the young Pretender to escape from the Isle Bute.

sages to a gentleman next him, and interspersed them with various comments of his own. His thoughts, which were always original and valuable, seemed to flow with the copiousness of a stream that could never be exhausted. I longed for the power to put an end to all other amusements, that he alone might be listened to. I longed to place him in a chair of authority at the head of the room, and to assemble all the dancers, and card-players, and loungers, around him! that all might listen to the words of wisdom, which fell from his inspired lips. I fear, however, that upon a very great proportion of the company they would all have been utterly lost. Coleridge was not the man to suit the multitude. He was not "the poet of all circles," though "the idol of his own." He had penetrated too far into the mysteries of our being, he had reached the penetralia of the sanctuary. Therefore, well might he say, "What I can write the public will not read, from my practice of writing what my fellow-citizens *want*, rather than what they *like*. So that I have no connexion with any magazine, paper, or periodical publication of any kind, nor have I had interest enough to procure even the announcement of my own last work—'the Aids to Reflection.'"—That grand work, which hath a golden key to heaven! Or, to speak in better words than my own, is, "like the oases of the wilderness, beautifully styled by the wild Arab, the footsteps of the Deity—rare spots in the desert—full of green palm-trees and welling waters." *

* Aird's "Religious Characteristics."

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## TO THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

SWEET bird of beauty!—whence thy flight
Oh! say—do climes of orient light
  Gladden thy Iris wings?
Art thou from the haunts of the Houris fair,
Laden with hope as a spirit of air,
  When a message from heaven it brings.

Alas! this world is no place for thee,
Man has a cage and a snare for the free—
  Thy foot it may find no rest—
Thy once-lov'd home is a lonely waste,
And the flowers that proffer'd their dews to thy taste
  Earth has folded them all on her breast.

Then why linger here, bright bird of the skies;
Go bathe thy glad wings where the rivers arise,
  Abounding with bliss for ever.
O'er the far-off mountains—thy home is there—
Where the eye may reach—the tongue declare,
  And where death never enters—never.

I will gaze on thy flight—I will track thy way,
With soul mounting up from this prison of clay,
  Search out for thy beauty above.
With thee my rest and my treasure shall be
Where the spirit may spurn all control, and be free
  As the light o'er the altar of love.

E. H. B.

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# THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.[1]

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

## WOLF-HUNT.

In some parts of North America wolves are still pretty numerous, and are occasionally hunted and trapped by individuals—for there is a bounty upon their heads of from twelve to thirty dollars; and sometimes the whole male population of the country turns out to join in a "Royal Wolf Hunt." It was in the Spring of 1834 that the wolves had become more than usually daring and destructive to the flocks of sheep on the Susquehanna mountains, when a meeting of the inhabitants was convened to arrange measures for a general wolf-hunt. The meeting was attended by most of the hunters in that part of the country, as well as most of the old settlers, and a long series of resolutions and regulations were agreed to. The district of country to be *driven* was nearly circular, and about fifty miles in diameter; so that an idea may be formed of the number of persons necessary to effect it. For the better regulation and management of these "Royal Hunts," a grand marshal is appointed to superintend and regulate the whole; and at the meeting above alluded to *I* had the honour of being chosen to that office—with three marshals under me. I mention this circumstance to show how erroneous those statements are which we find in many writers on America, where they attempt to make it appear that ill-will and hatred everywhere exist against Englishmen; for, at the very numerous meeting already mentioned, I was the only Englishman present, and on that occasion I was chosen chairman of the meeting, and by that meeting grand-marshal of the most extensive hunt that had ever been projected in that part of the country. But, to proceed with the regulations:—about fifty settler's houses were named as places of assembling on the morning of the hunt, and these places of meeting were selected with as much care as possible with regard to getting the people pretty equally distributed along the whole line. They were to meet at an early hour, because after having assembled, they had to choose a captain from among themselves, and make such other arrangements as I, in my capacity of grand-marshal, might see fit to direct. The chief duties of the captains were to see that the men were distributed in a proper manner to the right and left of their respective stations, some time before the general signal should be given for starting, which was to take place precisely at eight o'clock. Such as were not in the possession of fire-arms were to come provided with pitchforks, or other such offensive weapons as they might possess. Every fifth or sixth man along the line was to be provided with a hunting-horn, which was to be blown when the signal for marching was given, and occasionally afterwards, by way of keeping the line in regu-

[1] Continued from p. 335.

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lar order. The general signal for advancing was to be given from a certain point in the line, and so carried to the right and left by the blowing of horns; so that it was calculated that in about ten minutes the signal would be conveyed both ways to the opposite side of the circle of forty-five miles. Everything seemed to augur well; the arrangements were completed, and the appointed morning brought with it a fine and favourable day. Nearly the whole country was on the alert, and sanguine were the hopes of the most experienced for a favourable result to the "Royal Hunt." I cannot say, however, that I participated in this general feeling. I had, during my residence in different parts of the country, been present at two or three similar engagements, much smaller to be sure, but still they were got up in the same way, and I had never known them fully to succeed. Everything might be exceedingly well arranged; but in the practical details something or other would always go wrong. Had you nothing but old regular hunters to manage, there would be little difficulty; but where the company consists of young and old hunters, and those that never hunted before, it is beyond the power of any plan—however well digested—to insure the success of the enterprise.

In the present case all went on well until the signal to march was given; when, as it afterwards appeared, the line had not been properly closed in a single point, and therefore the horns were not heard across this opening. That portion of the line nearer to the signal station of course marched as directed, while the adjoining company remained waiting for more than half an hour; when, knowing that the appointed time was past, they set off, not knowing how or in what way their next company had acted. Thus a considerable portion of the line was very much broken; and it was not until they had advanced some miles that they were aware that they were far in the rear of the rest of the party. In an open country there can be no difficulty in arranging a certain number of men, over a certain space of ground; but in the dense forests—with nothing to direct your course but the light of the sun, or the course and direction of the clouds, and nothing to calculate the distance by—it becomes a matter of great difficulty. For my own credit, and the credit of those under me, I must say that we had left nothing to *chance* or *expediency*, that could possibly be avoided. Within the vast circle we intended to drive, there were many scores of small openings made by the settlers; but there were probably ten acres of forest for one of cleared land. In the centre of our hunting-ground was a triangular piece of woodland, surrounded by three roads—each side of the triangle being about two miles. As our troops came up, they were to be halted in these roads, in order to give them a little rest, as well as to permit the line to be reformed, previous to advancing into the woods into which it was to be presumed the game would have been driven. The line having been broken, as already stated, it was expected that many of the intended victims had escaped; and from what afterwards appeared, I have no doubt but this must have been the case. One or two wolves had been seen and fired at, as they retreated through the openings in the line. We were aware that large numbers of deer had been driven in; but one of our regulations was that deer should

not be fired at. However, when the chances of shooting those we had surrounded became so tempting, the younger portion of our troops broke this rule, and shot down the affrighted animals in great numbers. A young lad of sixteen, who was standing near me, killed a couple of fine bucks at one shot, although they were running in contrary directions. Our men had all mustered in the three roads, and were ready to advance by about two o'clock, when I gave the word "march" from one of the angles of the woods, and in a short time the whole of them were advancing, the word having been passed from man to man to the right and to the left. We found something more than two thousand had mustered in the roads, so that they were arranged about five yards apart, with directions to close in as they advanced into the woods.

Nearly in the centre of the triangle stood a hill of considerable elevation, and of a somewhat conical shape. At the foot of this hill our men had directions to halt; and for fear they should not know exactly where to put this command in execution, we had caused a circular line of trees to be marked with an axe, in such a way that it was thought impossible to pass the said line without seeing it. In hunts of this description it becomes absolutely necessary that the hunt should terminate where there is either a hill or a *dish-shaped* hollow; for where the ground is level, there is very great danger from the shots fired from the opposite sides of the ring; for the young and thoughtless will not be controlled under circumstances of so much excitement. But when there is a hill, or a hollow, the parties may fire *up* or *down*, as the case may be, without any danger from the rifles on the opposite side. When it is *level*, the only *safe* way is to advance upon the enclosed animals until they break through the line, when the hunters may face outwards, and fire without the possibility of injuring any of the party. Sometimes those that are armed with pitchforks and other offensive weapons, advance within the narrow circle, and give battle to whatever they may find enclosed. I once attended a hunt where the guns were all discharged into the air the moment we had halted for the last time, in order to prevent the possibility of accidents from fire-arms, and to afford such as were otherwise armed an opportunity of showing their prowess. This last method, no doubt, affords the most amusement, for there is a great deal of chasing and attacking, and murder is committed but slowly. However, it is exceedingly difficult to prevail upon regular hunters to agree not to use their fire-arms—they have no idea of knocking down a wolf with a club, or of stabbing a bear with a pitchfork. The triangular piece of wood, into which the company had now to advance, was in some places rendered almost impassable by the quantity of fallen trees, and the thick growth of underwood; so that the line became broken in many places, with openings of thirty or forty yards in different parts of it. Through these openings many deer, and some wolves, were known to escape, and although they were fired at by many of the party, so anxious were all to advance to the centre ring, that none remained to see what execution had been done. All became anxious; and, instead of a regular and steady advance, it became a matter of effort to reach the front; so that the intended line

represented anything rather than what it ought to have done. All became commanders; and there was a continual shouting to the more slow and steady to "come up," whilst they, in turn, were calling for those a-head of them to "take time." Matters were going on in this way with that portion of the company I was advancing with, and it was every moment expected we should strike the line of marked trees, when we heard a tremendous firing before us, and in a few minutes two or three hundred of the hunters, from the other side of the triangle, met our party. They had been in still greater haste than those under my own observation, for they had advanced with such rapidity that they had not only crossed the line of marked trees on their own side of the hill, but actually ascended and descended the hill, and crossed to the outer side of the circular line, without ever knowing they had done so. This, of course, entirely overset the whole affair, for the opening that this body of men had left in the line was large enough for whatever we had enclosed to escape by. The men on the wings fired a few shots at some of the deer, and two or three wolves and a few skulking foxes, while the main body were debarred the pleasure of seeing any of the game that had been enclosed, except an old bear that had thought it safer to climb a tall beech tree than run the chance of the line being thus unexpectedly broken. Bruin, however, had made an unfortunate calculation for himself; for he had not been discovered more than a few seconds when a score of rifles were levelled at him, and down he came to rise no more.

Thus terminated our "Royal Hunt," and although some forty or fifty deer were killed, only a couple of wolves were certainly known to have been brought down, although there were vague rumours afterwards that two or three others had been shot and slyly left behind for the present, in order that individual hunters might have the whole benefit of the bounty-money. Besides which, some half dozen foxes, and the old bear, completed the spoils of the day. When a few hundreds had assembled, the miraculous escapes began to be related; and if a tithe of what was told was true, it seemed quite wonderful that no hunters had been among the killed or wounded. I proposed to the marshals, who all happened to be on the spot, that we should make up a purse to be shot for, in order that every one who wished might have an opportunity of showing his skill as a marksman. My proposal was immediately agreed to, and all who wished adjourned to the nearest open field, where the prize was won by one of the marshals, who had expressed a desire to compete with two or three hundred of the best shots in the country. The victor, however, gave up the prize to be contested for anew—he had done all he wished, having proved himself the best shot.

Thus ended this famous wolf-hunt; and although much slaughter had not been committed, yet it had a very good effect, for those which remained became better behaved, or at no distant period had left that part of the country.

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1837.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a Penal Settlement and as a British Colony.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., Senior Minister of the Scots Church, and Principal of the Australian College. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is the second edition of a work that may interest all readers, and cannot fail of being highly useful to those who contemplate an emigration to Australia, or who are commercially or otherwise connected with that new colony, which, at no distant day, will be an empire of itself. We paid our tribute of praise on its first appearance. It is not our practice to review second editions; but, in the present case, so much has been done, both in the way of correction and addition—in arrangement and the selection of new matter, that it is almost a new work. Doctor Lang has here brought down the interesting history of the colony to the close of the year 1836, when he left it, for *a fourth time*, to make the circumnavigation of the globe, in order to visit England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and Holland, on business closely connected with the interests of the colony. This gentleman's activity and enterprise are really astonishing! A voyage round the world seems to him less than a mere continental tour to most other people. He goes and comes, when called upon by his duty, with a rapidity that might make one doubt whether he were not gifted with ubiquity. A few weeks ago he was in London—where he is now we know not—most likely somewhere between this and Cape Horn; but if he have health and his usual vigour—we cordially wish him both—he will turn up again on our shores some day soon, fresh and cool, as if just arrived from a trip to Margate. He seems to have achieved what always appeared to us next to an impossibility: he can make a study of the cramped cabin of a common trading-vessel, and write, read, and follow up his vocations with as much apparent ease on the rolling waves of the Pacific or Atlantic, as if he were seated in a quiet room in his own home, with all his comforts about him. The first seven chapters of the present work were written in the high latitudes of the southern Pacific before doubling Cape Horn; most of the remaining chapters were written during the run from Cape Horn to the British Channel: and the corrections and numerous additions now presented to the reader, have been chiefly written in the cabins of Scotch and English steam-boats. It has been the fate of few authors to connect such curious circumstances with their book, or to write on

with such persevering will, under such discomforts. He began among floating icebergs, thirteen of which were counted from the deck at one time: the process of writing was frequently interrupted—sometimes by intense cold in his own private cabin, at others by the smoke from the ship's stove in the main cabin; and at others again, by a sea occasionally breaking over the vessel's side, and dashing a shower of spray over the manuscript, through a broken pane in the window of his prison-house. Under such circumstances, he says that the nice balancing of periods was not to be thought of. Periods, indeed! we should have thought it enough to balance our own corpus in crawling from the berth to the fire-side.

In describing men and things, Dr. Lang is not without his quaintnesses and peculiarities—both his national and religious feelings are rather distinctly marked—but these things give a character and an air of originality to his book, without casting any doubt on his right mindedness and intention of impartiality. He agrees with Mr. Mudie, whose startling work on the "Felonry of New South Wales," we recently noticed, in representing Botany Bay as a sort of rogues' paradise, and in deprecating the whole penal system and management of transported convicts; but he announces several recent improvements introduced under the present governor, Sir Richard Bourke, and seems to be very sanguine in his expectations of still further and rapid amendment, not only in this particular, but in others that involve the morals, happiness, and prosperity of the colony. As the Doctor has had thirteen years experience in the land, his suggestions are entitled to the serious attention of those who will have to legislate for Australia. In some things he seems to us to be rather too severe on the emancipated and reformed convicts, (the *emancipists*, as they oddly call themselves,) and to propose rigid lines of demarcation, which would for ever keep them, and their children after them, apart from the rest of the community; and so defeat a reformation of morals and conduct, by depriving men of one of the strongest motives that can lead to such a salutary change. The insolence—the assumption of *some* of these enlarged felons, who would dictate to the whole colony, and set themselves up as critics and censors, before they have had time to efface the black spots their fetters have left upon them, is, indeed, sufficiently disgusting; but public opinion will counteract all this, particularly when, (as is now the case,) the number of free settlers, with unstained characters, flock into the colony, and take that foremost rank in its society and affairs, to which their virtues and education entitle them. The real danger lies in the opposite direction—in excluding the descendants of the convicts from all the privileges and honours of society—in regarding them, *morally*, as Helots—for it is not possible to treat them as such physically, or to prevent their rapid acquisition of property, and even great wealth. The Doctor, too, though of a buoyant temper, and by no means averse to sport and fun—nay, even a *little* profane satire—shows at times a disposition to be righteous over much, and an anxiety to enforce some of the rigidity and frigidity of the puritanic school. He would have no races, no regattas, no cricket-matches, no balls, no theatre! He attacks the Episcopalian church in New South Wales, with a spirit in which there is little gospel meekness: he may be right *in part*, but we are pretty sure that the colonists would have a better chance of religious liberty, (and quite as good a chance of sincere and rational devotion,) under the exclusive government of the Church of England, than under the undivided rule of his Calvinistic presbytery. It is better as it is, and as it is likely to be: both churches enjoy, in about equal shares, the patronage of government—the one checks the assumptions of the other, and neither is likely to erect itself into a spiritual tyranny—a case that never fails to occur whenever one church has the field to itself, and everything its own way. It appears, however, that from their greater number, (we mean among free-settlers,) and their superior activity—

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from the establishment of the Australian College at Sydney, of which Dr. Lang himself is principal, and which he has filled with Scotch ministers for professors, that the Presbyterians are rather in the ascendant. We trust that the Episcopalians will not neglect their duties at the "King's School," (Paramatta,) and "Sydney College," the only other public educational institutions in the colony.

We looked with a curious eye through Doctor Lang's volumes, to see what progress had been made in geographical discovery since his last edition, which was published three years ago. It appears that discovery has been stationary in the interval, no effort being made to examine the vast unknown regions of the interior, or to solve the perplexing problem of the rivers of New South Wales since the last expedition of Captain Sturt in 1832, with the exception of an unfortunate attempt at a survey made in the following year by Captain Barker, of the 39th regiment. This meritorious officer, who was then commandant at St. George's Sound, was ordered by Governor Darling to examine the southern coast in the vicinity of Lake Alexandrina—a noble sheet of water, sixty miles long by forty broad, situated to the eastward of the gulf of St. Vincent—in the hope of finding a channel between the sea and that lake into which, as Captain Sturt had discovered, the important river "Murray" disembogues its current. Captain Barker, who was most zealous in the discharge of this duty, as generally in the cause of geographical discovery, was speared to death by the natives when separated from the rest of his party by a narrow inlet on the coast, across which he had swum to examine the beach on the opposite shore; and we are therefore deprived in the mean time of the accurate information which he would have afforded in regard to the outlets and general character of the country in the vicinity of Lake Alexandrina. It appears, however, that when our author last left Sydney, Major Mitchell, the Surveyor General of New South Wales, was absent on an expedition to trace the river Darling to its *supposed* junction with the Murray. These points are of the highest importance. *If* Lake Alexandrina should be found to possess so excellent a means of communication with the distant interior of the immense island, as would evidently be afforded by two great navigable rivers, it will be the most eligible point yet discovered in New South Wales, for the establishment of a great colony. The soil and climate of the country near the lake, and round the gulf of St. Vincent, as far as they have been examined, are spoken of most favourably. The great drawback on the natural advantages which the island presents, has been the want of water-communication with the interior. The disappearance of the river Macquarie in an extensive marsh in the western interior, together with the similar disappearance of the Lochlan, which also pursues a westerly course considerably to the southward of the Macquarie, led Mr. Oxley and others, some twenty years ago, to conclude, somewhat too hastily, that the interior of New South Wales was occupied by a vast lake, or inland sea, which swallowed up all the great rivers, and which had no outlet whatever to the coast. One fallacy of this notion has been fully proved by Captain Sturt, who ascertained that the reedy marsh in which Mr. Oxley lost all his rivers, was shallow and of very moderate extent, and that there was no inland sea whatever, but only a succession of ponds or small lakes. The sudden and astonishing rise of the rivers—or, at least, of some of them—is another matter requiring examination. We hope, by the time he publishes another edition, the Doctor will be enabled to give us some valuable geographical and hydraulical information. It would be disgraceful to British enterprise to leave these matters in the dim twilight which now invests them.

On other points the recent progress reported is very encouraging, and the tables of returns given in the Appendix add greatly to the value of the present edition. The quantity of wool exported in 1835 was

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3,776,191 lbs., which is nearly ten times as much as was exported ten years ago; while only eighteen years ago all the quantity of wool shipped did not exceed 71,299 lbs. There are now 41 vessels, averaging 225 tons each, employed in the whale-fishery alone. In 1835 seven ships were built in the island and twenty-one vessels registered. The several banks, "The New South Wales," "The Australian," "The Commercial," "The Australasian," and "The Savings Bank," were all prosperous; and, united, they represented a capital of about a million sterling. Two assurance companies were established, "The Marine," in 1831, and "The Union Company of Sydney," in 1836. The government revenue had been increased, on the one hand, to 284,545*l.*, and the expenditure reduced, on the other, to 240,673*l.* Between January 1834 and June 1836, the number of free, and for the most part respectable and industrious, emigrants that arrived was 3,616. Against this we regret to be obliged to set off the arrivals of 8,559 convicts! The population, on the 30th of June 1836, was 77,361. Steam-boats and stage-coaches, the consequence and the cause of increasing civilization, were augmenting in proper proportion.

"Three or four stage-coaches and two steam-boats ply daily between Sydney and Paramatta, and there are also two daily coaches between Sydney and Liverpool—a rising town, about twenty miles distant from the capital, forming a thoroughfare for the extensive country to the south-westward. One of the Paramatta coaches proceeds daily to Windsor on the Hawkesbury, a distance of twenty-five miles farther inland; and there are also conveyances of a similar kind from Sydney to Bathurst twice a week, and from Sydney to Yass, a distance of a hundred and eighty miles, to the south-westward. Respectable persons travelling to and from the more distant settlements in the interior generally travel on horseback or in vehicles of their own; and goods and produce are conveyed to and from Sydney on large drays drawn by oxen. The surveyor-general has been directed, moreover, to construct the future roads of the colony so as to admit of their being used by locomotive steam-carriages; and it has even been proposed to form railroads, for that purpose, of the iron-bark wood of the country, a species of indigenous timber, remarkable for its hardness and durability. Between Sydney and Maitland there are three steam-boats—the Sophia-Jane, the Ceres, and the Tamar—that ply twice a-week each with goods and passengers; seventy miles of their course, or the distance between the Heads of Port Jackson and the entrance of Hunter's River, being along the land in the open Pacific Ocean. The Sophia-Jane was formerly a passage-boat on the Thames plying between London and Margate, and was brought out to the colony in the year 1831, by Captain Biddulph, a lieutenant in the royal navy, who has since settled in Sydney with his family. The Tamar was also brought out from England; the Ceres, which is the largest of the four, and the William the Fourth, which now plies between Sydney and Port Macquarie, considerably further to the northward, having been both built in the colony. All the four vessels, it is generally understood, have done exceedingly well. As a proof of this, there has been a company formed lately, the object of which is to place a vessel of much larger size on the course between Sydney and Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, to carry cattle as well as goods and passengers."

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*Temples, Ancient and Modern; or, Notes on Church Architecture.* By BALDWIN BARDWELL, Architect.

This is, in every respect, a beautiful book—beautiful in its matter and manner—beautiful in the poetical feeling that animates nearly every page—beautiful in its numerous illustrations—and beautiful in its printing and general getting up. We hope it may exercise a beneficial influence on the wavering, uncertain taste of the architects of our day; indeed, we scarcely think it possible that any person, whether an artist or not, can study its pages and designs without some immediate benefit. The main object of Mr. Bardwell is to excite among architects such a spirit of inquiry, as shall prevent a repetition of those improprieties which dis-

grace so many of our public edifices. He traces most of these improprieties to the capital mistake of adopting a style for which, generally speaking, we have not the proper materials. We think he is right, and that all his remarks about the adaptation of style to material, and to the uses for which the edifices are intended, as also to the manners and customs of the people frequenting them, are particularly judicious and convincing.

"I would put an end," he says, "to that inconsistency which is the cause of error—the tyranny of custom and the caprice of fashion—which, while they compel the modern architect to copy *in little* and with meaner materials, the sublime works of revered antiquity, indulge a laugh at his expense, because his reproduction fails to excite those sensations of pleasure and admiration which are inseparable from the contemplation of the original. The architects of our modern churches are in general induced to adopt the pointed style of architecture; while the material on which they are compelled to work was wholly rejected by their great predecessors in the middle ages. The pointed style of architecture, its character, its beauties, and even its faults, are essentially those of construction *in stone*. Had that substance been wanting, the style would not have existed; and a candid consideration of the criticisms I have collected will, I think, make it clear that the chief defects of modern imitation arise not so much from a want of acquaintance with the style, as from the necessity of adapting it to the littleness and poverty of a brick construction. In all the great exemplars of the middle ages, stone alone is used; had brick been adopted, we have every reason to believe that the artists of those days would have adapted their style to its peculiarities, as they did to those of stone. The royal robes of a monarch are grand and dignified when 'purple and fine linen' are their fabric; but let their form be imitated in paper and tinsel, and they excite only contempt and derision. The effect of a building owes much more to its *material* than is generally imagined; but this is too often overlooked, or mistakenly regarded as a matter of indifference, while the style engrosses the deepest attention of the architect.

"The superiority of the city churches over those recently erected is attributable mainly to the component substances of which they are constructed; and, as one result of my investigations, I may observe, in connexion with these edifices, that notwithstanding his errors of detail, the general style and the materials of Sir Christopher Wren, are almost the perfection of Protestant church building.

"If, then, we be too *poor* to afford erections of stone, is it necessary, is it fitting, that we should continue to caricature the sublime conceptions of our ancient ecclesiastical architects by imitating their works in a material which they rejected as unworthy to embody them? Let us, till better days arrive—till the public mind is more enlightened, and the public eye more instructed—practise in the Italian style, in which buildings may be constructed of almost any materials; and which, with the strictest propriety, will bear the utmost extent of enrichment, and will preserve all the *pittoresco* of the Gothic, even when executed with a Quaker-like plainness. The great advantage, therefore, of this style is, that small as may be the sum appropriated, a church may be erected for that sum; which, while it humbly answers the purposes of the building, may also do honour to the architect. But to compose in the Italian style will certainly require a knowledge of the principles of design, in order to effect anything like an *arrangement;* and it will put a stop to the practice of going to Stuart's Athens for a portico, and applying it, no matter how and no matter where; a practice in reference to which the late Sir John Soane observed to me some years since, 'My footman is as good an architect as I am.'"

Mr. Bardwell offers a suggestion which we do not remember to have met with before, though it is obvious enough,—namely, that the architectural student may find many excellent hints for the composition of buildings in the Italian style in the back grounds of the pictures of the old masters, the predecessors of Raffaelle. If we could only awaken an Italian taste or feeling *in the people at large* for works of art we should have insured a rapid improvement in artists and an increased durability to their productions. We cannot explain *how* it is so, but the fact appears to us incontrovertible, that the common people of England, while they are better educated than the same class in most other countries, have

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a less delicate perception and less lively enjoyment of the beauties of architecture, painting, music, and the like. We do not think that Mr. Bardwell has hit upon the true reason, but the following passage is eloquent, and tempts quotation by the delightful anecdote with which it concludes.

"We, as a people," he remarks, "are absorbed in the merely useful, and too little regard the arts, which elevate. 'There is in mankind,' says Burke, 'an unfortunate propensity to make themselves, their views, and their works, the measure of excellence in everything whatever.' And hence it is, that the nation which excels all others in the enterprise of its merchants, the magnitude of its undertakings, in the liberality of its government, and in the immensity of its wealth, is behind others in the encouragement of those arts of which the tendency is to refine and elevate the mind, and to secure for a nation its due rank among those destined to immortality. We have no conception, nor could we probably estimate the degree of enthusiasm evinced by the mass of a people for great works of art, where the arts are cultivated, as the means by which imperishable monuments of the present are dedicated to the future. The magnificent temple built by Canova, in his native village, is, in fact, a perpetual legacy—a source of profit to the inhabitants, from the influx of strangers resorting to see it. New roads have already been cut, and a fine bridge of one arch, one hundred and ten feet span, has been built over a torrent, to facilitate the access to the place. M. Valery says, it was quite delightful to observe the enthusiasm of the rustic inhabitants while the beautiful Grecian temple was building. They came of their own accord to assist the workmen, gratuitously: on holidays, early in the morning, men and women, young and old, went in procession, the village curate at their head, singing hymns, to the neighbouring mountain, to assist in carrying away the marble which had been cut out for the use of the edifice. They dragged along the blocks in triumph, and the words *Religione and Patria* were written on their carts."

In tracing the progress of his art, Mr. Bardwell falls into a few historical errors, which we hope to see corrected in a future edition. They chiefly abound in the tenth chapter, where he treats of the civilization of the ancient Britons, and the buildings erected in our islands by the first Christians. He is sanguine in his expectations of improvement, hoping nothing less than that the change effected by Augustus at Rome will be realised under her present Majesty's reign in London. We also hope for great and rapid improvements, but we are not quite so sanguine as our author, who sees in his mind's eye all our edifices of any consequence, built of most beautiful marbles, white, black, *verd-antique*,—all to be quarried in Ireland. We have seen one great change already. The reader will remember the epigram that was circulated a few years ago.

> "Augustus of Rome was for building renown'd,
> For of marble he left, what of brick he had found:
> But is not our Nash too, a very great master,
> Who finds us all brick-bats, and leaves us all plaster?"

We confess, for our own part, that we do not expect to get beyond freestone in our days—but there is plenty of *that*, and it is a good material.

"I believe," says Mr. Bardwell, "it will admit of proof, that our English quarries contain more freestone than would build ten such cities as London: thus, when arrived in the metropolis, this material is not much dearer for facing than good brick; also, that after correct drawings of decorations are prepared, hundreds of workmen, inferior of course to regular sculptors, may be found, who will execute designs to the perfect satisfaction of the architect, both with facility and cheapness.

"There seems to be no end to the durability of even our softest freestone, (except the mere indurated chalk, we sometimes find used in ancient interiors,) if placed in a building in the same position as it lies in the quarry; it then appears, indeed, to become harder, by being exposed to the weather. The ruins of the venerable abbey of Glastonbury do not decay, some delicate monuments which the iron hand

of barbarism has spared, yet remain almost as perfect as when formed by the hand of the sculptor. The principal part of Wells Cathedral, built more than six hundred years ago, with freestone, quarried near its site, is still, with its ornaments, (except the statues,) nearly in as perfect a state as when it was erected, and will probably remain without considerable decay for several ages to come."

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*The Emigrant's Introduction to an Acquaintance with the British American Colonies, and the present Condition and Prospects of the Colonists.* By S. S. HILL, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Hill is a very excellent guide—we recommend his sensible and cheap little book to all those who are contemplating emigration either to the Canadas, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, or Prince Edward's Island—of which latter place, by the way, he gives an enticing description, though there, as everywhere else, he honestly shows the hardships which are to be encountered on first landing, and the difficulties which are to be overcome by prudence and persevering industry. The general fault of such books has been the representing of everything in too favourable a light. Hence uninformed and unreflecting people have been led to consider that they had nothing to do but to cross the Atlantic, and become at once prosperous and wealthy—and hence have arisen disappointment, despondence, and ruin to many. For such as will encounter with a manly heart a certain portion of present hardship for the sake of a great future good, with the prospect of a comfortable independence for their children, we believe that either of the colonies recommended by our author will afford an advantageous scene of action. People, not of this temper, will scarcely meet with a brilliant success anywhere, but they will be utterly lost in the backwoods or prairies of the new world. Mr. Hill has some excellent observations on this subject. We recommend to serious attention all that he says under the heads of "Who should emigrate," and "Who should not emigrate." In the appendix he gives some very useful information respecting the purchase of lands from Government, from the Canada Company, from the British Land Company, or the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Company: there are also several estimates of the necessary expenses of passage, &c. from Great Britain to the colonies in question. We have had occasion ourselves to examine some of these matters, and to obtain information from official sources, and the result enables us to say, with some confidence, that Mr. Hill is correct in his accounts, and a guide that may be depended upon. The volume contains a good little map of our possessions in North America.

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*The Basque Provinces: their Political State, Scenery, and Inhabitants. With Adventures amongst the Carlists and Christinos.* By EDWARD BELL STEPHENS, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Stephens went out to the Basque provinces in the autumn of 1836, as correspondent of the "Morning Post,"—"*accredited*," as he says, "to the court of Don Carlos." He staid there till the raising of the siege of Bilbao on the 25th of December, when the Christinos and the British sailors and marines under Lord John Hay, deranged all his prognostics, and spoilt his Christmas dinner. Then, with Lord Ranelagh and half a dozen other English volunteers, who had been fighting for the congenial cause of Don Carlos, and (for some hours at least) against the flag of their own country, displayed in the Nervion, on board the "Saracen" and "Ringdove," Edward Bell Stephens, Esq., the "accredited," ran across the French frontiers as fast as his legs, or rather as fast as the

legs of an hybrid—a beast begotten between a horse and an ass—could carry him. An interesting intercepted letter of his, which he says was altered and interpolated by the wicked wit of his enemies, made the round of the English papers at the time, and was even done into rhyme by some humorist at home. The letter, as it appeared, was a rich production—a thousand times more amusing than any of the somewhat perplexed and tedious two volumes he now lays before us.

Mr. Edward Bell Stephens, moreover, comes late into the market—people are wearied of the interminable skirmishes and bush-fighting of these Basques and Spaniards—and in all that relates to the system of warfare, and the condition of the Basque provinces, were his book ten times better than it is, it would stand no chance after the recently published works of Captain Henningsen and Lord Porchester, (now Lord Carnaervon.) His prejudices—real or assumed—are so pronounced, his ignorance of the political history of Spain, and his short-sightedness, are so glaring, that he cannot be trusted even in describing what passed under his eyes, much less when reasoning on what will be the result of the present struggle. It is provoking to hear a person thus unqualified for delivering even a modest opinion, attacking with an abusive flippancy all the measures which have been adopted by our government, not without long and painful deliberation, (for the case is, in all respects, one of immense and almost unparalleled difficulty,) and arrogantly criticising the military operations of tried and skilful officers. But not satisfied with questioning their skill, our "accredited" denies them even the virtue of courage, and glories in setting down his own countrymen as a parcel of poltroons, immeasurably inferior in martial, as in all other, virtues to the bare-footed followers of that paragon of legitimacy—Don Carlos. *C'est bien avoir la fureur de l'absolutisme!* Though often badly organised, miserably commanded, and dribbled away in paltry expeditions—witness many of the blushing glories of the earlier part of the late general war, when the French were accustomed to say, with more point than delicacy, *"Les Anglais vont venir p——r sur le continent"*—we never before heard friend or enemy question the determined bravery of the British soldier. We should say never, *till lately*, for after all, Mr. Edward Bell Stephens's is but a cuckoo-note—our ultra-Tory newspapers have been calling the British Legionaries cowards for these two years. The eternal preachment about their morals is exceedingly amusing! Did common soldiers never get drunk before General Evans commanded them? Had the men who won the battles of Salamanca and Vittoria been brought up in Temperance Societies—were the heroes of Waterloo men of evangelical lives?

Our "accredited" wholly misconceives the nature and extent of the privileges of the Basque Provinces, and seems to set down every adventurer that rallies round the Absolute standard as a native Basque, voluntarily fighting for the fueros and rights transmitted him by his ancestors. Yet the contrary is notoriously the case; the army of Don Carlos is mainly composed of desperate men, not belonging to those provinces in any way, and although a portion of that army is composed of native Basques, even that portion consists, in a great degree, of persons who cannot quit his service because their property and their families are in the country occupied by the troops of the pretender, who has shown them more than once that if they desert his service he can take vengeance on their houses and families. The Constitutional party in Spain, notwithstanding their proposition to admit them to a free and generous participation in all the advantages of the new representative system, would certainly have acted more wisely in leaving, for the present, the old Basque system of corporations and local self-government untouched; and, indeed, it would have been but decent in them so to act, at least, until they had secured themselves in the tranquil possession of as much liberty as those provinces had enjoyed even in the most despotic times and under the most

powerful sovereigns. But, to assert that the war carrying on in those unfortunate provinces is a war between the modern institutions of Spain and the ancient institutions of Biscay, is to assert an impudent absurdity. What does Don Carlos care about "Las Hermandades," or about the old Biscayan oak of Guernica, under the shadow of whose boughs the deputies of the provinces have held their free meetings from time immemorial? What sympathy can possibly exist between him and his advisers and councillors, (scarcely one of whom is a Basque,) and a proud but rustic population, singularly apt to take offence, and proceed to the roughest extremities?* The plain truth is, that partly by working on old jealousies and antipathies, (for in race, language, and manners they differ from the Spaniards,) and still more by the employment of force and threats, the Basques have been made the tools of men whose real object is to re-establish arbitrary power in Spain. No one can regret more than we do, the blind folly and presumption—the numerous weaknesses, imbecilities, and vices of the ultra-Liberal party in Spain, who have once more been the main cause, (infinitely more so than the arms of the pretender,) of putting the cause of a rational liberty in jeopardy; but still, in this direction there is hope of improvement and amendment—a prospect of a subsiding tempest and a purified, healthy atmosphere, while, on the other hand, nothing offers itself but an unchanged and unchangeable despotism —a slough of despond, which for three hundred years has swallowed up the best energies of a great nation—nothing but a

> dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
> The seat of desolation—*void of light*,

girt in with convents and monasteries, and "proudly eminent," towering above all, the dungeons of the INQUISITION.

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*The Language of Birds, comprising Poetic and Prose Illustrations of the most favourite Cage Birds. With Twelve highly-coloured Plates.* By Mrs. G. SPRATT.

This is a beautiful little boudoir book—a fit companion to "The Language of Flowers" and "The Book of Flowers"—two works which are excellent of their kind, and deservedly popular. The fair author treats her subject in a graceful and very captivating manner, mingling description with anecdote, poetry with prose, choice quotations with original matter of her own; and there is a fervid admiration of nature, a relish for pure and simple pleasures, and a gentle and loving spirit, spread over the whole, and through every part of the choice little volume.

We almost envy her the "concert room," which she formed to herself in the country, her performers being all song-birds, and allowed a reasonable degree of liberty in an apartment having wire lattice-work in front, and in the interior large plants, such as rose-trees, myrtles, box, fuchsia, and the like, together with pots of groundsel, chickweed, plaintain, and different little herbs that birds delight in, with pans of water for them to drink out of, and to wash in. Her *gran coro* consisted of two goldfinches, two bullfinches, one lark, one thrush, three canaries, two linnets, a blackbird, two chaffinches, and a redpole; and she says it is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely enchanting than the music of those feathered warblers, thus left at large, without the confine-

* Gonzalo de Cordova, "the Grand Captain," was accustomed to say that he would rather keep lions than Biscayan soldiers.



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ment of wire cages. In the country, where people have room, an aviary, or a "concert room" of this kind, may be made at a very trifling expense. The hint is worth attending to. The following passages, of which one is from the quaint and somewhat credulous old naturalist, Gesner, will give a notion of the amusing nature of the volume.

"Gesner, likewise, relates the following story, showing that the nightingale not only sings the sweetest of all birds in a cage, but that it also possesses the faculty of talking; in proof of which, he communicates the following anecdote, the truth of which I must leave to more scientific persons to determine. I have seen many nightingales, but never met with one that possessed such a faculty; but education may effect wonders, for we know that this bird, which in its wild state sings only ten or twelve weeks in the year, when tamed may, with care and attention, be induced to charm us with its harmonious notes for nine or ten months. But for Gesner's story, which, he says, was communicated to him by a friend:—

"'Whilst I was at Ratisbon,' says his correspondent, 'I put up at an inn, the sign of the Golden Crown, where my host had three nightingales. What I am going to repeat is wonderful—almost incredible—and yet it is true. The nightingales were placed separately, so that each was shut up by itself in a dark cage. It happened at that time, being the spring of the year, when those birds are used to sing indefatigably, that I was so afflicted with the stone that I could sleep but very little all night. It was usual, then, about midnight, when there was no noise in the house, but all still, to hear the two nightingales jangling with each other, and plainly imitating men's discourse. For my part, I was almost astonished with wonder; for at this time, when all was quiet else, they held conference together, and repeated whatever they had heard among the guests by day. Those two of them that were most notable, and masters of this art, were scarce ten feet distant from one another. The third hung more remote, so that I could not so well hear it, as I lay a-bed. But it is wonderful to tell how these two provoked each other, and, by answering, invited and drew one another to speak. Yet did they not confound their words, or talk both together, but rather utter them alternately, and of course. Besides the daily discourse of the guests, they chaunted out two stories, which generally held them from midnight to morning, and that with such modulations and inflections that no man could have taken to come from such creatures. When I asked the host if they had been taught, or whether he observed their talking in the night, he answered, No. The same said the whole family. But I, who could not sleep for nights together, was perfectly sensible of their discourse.

"'One of their stories was concerning the tapster and his wife, who refused to follow him to the wars, as he desired her; for the husband endeavoured to persuade his wife, as far as I understood by the birds, that he would leave his service in that inn, and go to the wars in hopes of plunder. But she refused to follow him, resolving to stay either at Ratisbon, or go to Nuremberg.

"'There was a long and earnest contention between them; and all this dialogue the birds repeated. They even repeated the unseemly words which were cast out between them, and which ought rather to have been suppressed and kept a secret; but the birds not knowing the difference between modest and immodest, honest and filthy words, did out with them.

"'The other story was concerning the war which the emperor was then threatening against the protestants; which the birds had probably heard from some of the generals that had conferences in the house. These things did they repeat in the night, after twelve o'clock, when there was a deep silence. But, in the day-time, for the most part, they were silent, and seemed to do nothing but meditate and resolve within themselves upon what the guests conferred together as they sat at table or in their walks. I verily had never believed our Pliny, writing so many wonderful things concerning these little creatures, had I not myself seen with my eyes, and heard them with my ears, uttering such things as I have related. Neither yet can I, of a sudden, write all, or call to remembrance every particular that I have heard.'"

* * * * * *

"An old author, speaking of these contentions, relates the following amusing anecdote:—'Myself,' says he, 'and a gentleman, riding in the country, in an evening, bard by a coppice or wood side, heard a nightingale sing so sweetly, as, to my

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thinking, I never heard the like in all my life, although I have heard many in my time; for the place being in a valley, and the coppice on the side of it, made all the notes of the nightingale seem double with the echo. We had not stayed long, but comes a woodlark, and lights upon the twig of an oak, and there they sung, each outvying the other. In a short space more, about a hundred paces off, lights another woodlark. Distant from the first, and under him, as near as we could judge, was another nightingale; these four birds sung with so melodious harmony, warbling out their pleasant notes, for above a whole hour, that never any music came in competition with it, to the pleasing of our ears. As soon as the woodlarks were gone, the nightingales, we supposed, went a little to refresh nature, having played their parts so well that every bird, in the highest degree, strove for mastery, each striving to outvie the other. My friend and I having stood a full hour to hear these songsters charming our ears, at our going, I persuaded him to sing a merry catch under the woodside; which he had no sooner begun, but one of the nightingales came and bore his part, and, in a minute's time, came the other to bear his part, still keeping of their stations, and my friend and I standing between them; and as he raised his notes, so did they, that he did protest he never enjoyed more pleasure in so short a time in all his life; for the coppice or wood, being upon the side of a hill, and a valley in the bottom, so doubled all their notes with such a sweet and pleasant echo, that I am confident that none could think the time long, in hearing so sweet and delightful pleasant harmony.'"

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*The History of England.* By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, Esq.

The sort of book now before us has long been a desideratum in English literature. A History of England neither prolix and expensive, nor too concise to be interesting; but uniting the merits of the larger histories with the cheapness and convenience of a compendium.

Mr. Keightley's merits are too well known, and his histories too popular, to need much comment; it is, in his case, sufficient to announce his work—and it is, therefore, rather as a tribute to his talents, than on any other ground, that we should do more than mention this new work, which will certainly add to his already extensive and well acquired fame.

All Mr. Keightley's productions bear the stamp of research; and in this it is evident that the most tedious and abstruse works have been closely investigated for all the details given, which, like old gems newly set, in the author's delightful manner, sparkle in every page. Most of the great public schools have adopted Mr. Keightley's books, and we trust the directors of private education will follow their example. We sincerely wish the author the reward he covets—the growth of true principles in the hearts of his young countrymen. His work is arranged in a manner the most convenient for the use of schools, and the price is extremely moderate for a book of such compass and merit.

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*Christian Theology.* By JOHN CALVIN. *Selected and Systematically Arranged: with a Life of the Author,* by SAMUEL DUNN.

The great Calvin was one of the most voluminous writers of his own or any other age. His works, marshalled in a row, present an array that terrifies and astounds the puny readers of modern times. We remember seeing, in the public library at Geneva, twelve enormous folio volumes, closely printed throughout, and five large quarto volumes of sermons and lectures, and we were told that there still remained a mountain of manuscripts which had never been submitted to the press.

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At their first appearance most of these works were translated and published in England and in Scotland, where their *effect* was great and enduring; but for the last century they have almost disappeared from circulation, and are now become so extremely scarce, as to be known to very few English readers, although they indisputably contain much that is adapted to all times and all conditions of men. Mr. Dunn, who says with a *naiveté* which provokes a smile, that "with the individual who has read all the works of John Calvin I have not yet been fortunate enough to meet," has here given us an excellent selection from those ponderous old tomes, and—we rejoice to see—has had the good taste to keep to the fine, old, sterling versions, which delighted and informed our ancestors in the days of Elizabeth, merely changing the orthography where necessary.

Such a work could scarcely have fallen into better hands: Mr. Dunn's selection and arrangement of the "Christian Theology" of old John Goodwin, sufficiently showed how well qualified he was for similar tasks. The memoir prefixed, containing the leading incidents in Calvin's life, with a sketch of his character, is done in a superior manner; and is, on the whole, sufficiently impartial. We must say, however, that the author is too lenient towards some of Calvin's avowed vices of temper, and passes too gently over the atrocious burning of Servetus at Geneva—a deed never to be forgotten or thought of without horror, and the awful responsibility of which rests almost solely on the great reformer, who thus gave a fearful example of that fanatic intolerance and cruelty for which part of the Romish church had been but too justly condemned. That the example *was* followed, and that the early history of protestantism is partially disgraced by the use of the headman's axe, the rack, and the stake, are facts generally overlooked, but still undeniable—are "damned spots," that nothing can wash out. A few years after burning Servetus alive at Geneva, the Swiss put to death the learned Italian Valentino Gentile, at Berne: in the latter case, however, the atrocity was a few shades lighter, for Gentile was beheaded, and not burned! It is true, we ought not to judge the men of those times by our own improved standard, (improved, at all events, in humanity and respect for human life,) yet we cannot so rid ourselves of the feelings in which we have been brought up, and which now form part of our nature, as to understand how the murder of Servetus could be applauded, as it certainly was, by Calvin's co-religionists and contemporaries. Even the mild, the gentle Melancthon—the dove of the reformers—the almost angelic Melancthon—approved the deed as a proper punishment of heresy, and a service rendered unto God! Such things astound, bewilder, and overcome us—they force us to look for some higher securities against the inroads of fanaticism, than merely human wisdom and worth! Imagination could hardly conceive a case like that of Servetus. This learned Spaniard, who is said to have anticipated our celebrated Harvey in the great discovery of the circulation of the blood, was seized by the Catholic priests in France, and condemned at Vienne, in the beautiful valley of the Rhone, to be burned alive *at a slow fire*. He escaped from the clutches of the inquisition, and fled to Geneva, a Protestant republic. He did not preach his obnoxious doctrines there—he published no books—he disseminated no opinions, but concealed himself till he could pass to some other state. But a book of his on the Trinity, which seems to have been equally offensive to Catholics and Protestants, was in the hands of Calvin, who was an old adversary, and who had held a public controversy with the author some years before in France; and when Servetus was discovered at Geneva, Calvin accused him before the magistrates, as being "an intolerable monster,"—one full of "impious blasphemies against God, and other mad and profane errors altogether re-

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pugnant to the word of God, *and the orthodox agreement of the Genevese church.*" The Genevese authorities wrote to the Catholic inquisitors, and the authorities of Vienne thanked them for arresting the "monster," and requested them to deliver him up, that his sentence might be executed. The poor Spaniard was then asked if he would rather stay where he was or return to Vienne—that is to say, to *be burned alive at a slow fire.* He burst into a flood of tears, and said he would rather stay at Geneva and be judged there by a Protestant tribunal. The putting the question was a refinement of cruelty—the answer was inevitable, and yet, but for the nature of the penal fire, (for as a *slow one* is not mentioned, he was probably burned at a *quick fire,*) he might just as well have gone back to the inquisitors at Vienne! Perrin, another Protestant preacher established at Geneva, whom Calvin on this occasion styles "a comical fellow," kept away from the trial for three days, but then, seeing how it was going, went into court, and with a few others urged that the case should be referred to the council of Two Hundred, which had the power of suspending, or altering the penal laws. The attempt was vain: the court, urged on by Calvin or by Nicholas de la Fontaine, his secretary, (which was the same thing,) proceeded to its sentence, and on the 27th of October 1553, Servetus was fastened to a stake and burned alive at Champel, a little hill, at a short distance from the fair walls of Geneva.

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*Literary Leaves, or, Prose and Verse.* By D. L. RICHARDSON.

This volume of agreeable miscellanies has been written, printed, and published in India. The foot of the title-page alone suggests curious, and, in some respects, magnificent thoughts, "*Calcutta, Samuel Smith, and Co.*, No. 1, Hare Street." How English—how London-like! and yet all this is on the shores of Hindostan, where a century ago we had nothing but a few counting-houses, but where *now* we have established an empire—the anomaly and marvel of the world, and where our customs, our language, our literature have struck root, and are spreading in all directions. The press, there, seems in full activity—books, as well as newspapers, are increasing and multiplying. It is the same thing in that other world, New South Wales! Doctor Lang, whose work we have just examined, seems to be afraid of saying how many volumes, of poetry alone, have recently seen the light at Sydney.

Mr. Richardson was, we believe, well known among the literary circles of London before his departure for India, and esteemed and admired both for his writings and his conversational powers. The productions now before us, seem to be the fruits of leisure hours stolen from more active pursuits: they are mostly short, and embrace a great variety of subjects. We have been affected by some of his domestic verses. In some of his prose essays, particularly those bearing on the philosophy of politics, and the elements of literary criticism, we think he ventures beyond his depth. His opinions about Crabbe—one of the greatest poets that ever melted the heart—almost roused us to anger. He is more fitted to appreciate, and has altogether a better sympathy for Leigh Hunt, a writer whose misfortune it has been to be over-rated by a small party, and most harshly under-rated by a large one, but who, nevertheless, will leave things behind him which the world will not let perish. As a favourable specimen of Mr. Richardson's prose sketches we extract the following from a paper called "Miniature Outlines." On the whole, it is a fair portrait *en silouette,* and we like to see the process carried on, so far off as India. Leigh Hunt's admirable qualities as a social companion and conversationist can scarcely be exaggerated.

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"Few poets have more faults than Leigh Hunt. But if they were fifty times as many—if they were 'thick as the autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa,' they would not conceal or overpower his peculiar beauties. No one can regret more than I do, his studied negligence of metre, his affected novelties of diction, and the occasional idiomatic vulgarity of his style. But I can forgive the rose its thorns, and pass over numerous defects, for the sake of still more numerous excellencies. His sunny brightness of fancy, his depth and delicacy of observation, his freshness and tenderness of feeling, his intense love of nature, his happy power of description, his exuberant flow of animal spirits, the cheerful tone of his philosophy, his genuine worship of truth and freedom, and his frank, cordial, and familiar manner, are qualities which even those who may be most alive to his faults are often amongst the foremost to acknowledge and appreciate. These remarks apply with equal justice to his essays and his poems. As an essayist, he is in the same class as Lamb and Hazlitt, and takes his station perhaps between the two, mingling in his own works a large portion of the beauties of both. As a poet, some critics have connected him with the Lake School, but though in his abhorrence of the more precise and formal style that was fashionable in what has been erroneously called the Augustan Era of English Poetry, he resembles the poets of the Lakes, he differs from them in many points of a very characteristic nature. Wordsworth would not acknowledge him as a disciple. He belongs to no school. Perhaps of all living poets the one to whom he may be most easily compared is Thomas Moore, and to whom he has already been compared by Hazlitt, though as he is far less smooth, terse, and polished than the bard of Erin, the resemblance between them does not immediately strike the casual reader. Though he is not so well fitted to delight the drawing-room with brilliant common-places, his wealth of imagery, his sparkling and elaborate descriptions, his frequent richness and felicity of phrase, and, above all, a certain gay and social spirit, frequently remind us of some of the happiest traits of the author of Lalla Rookh. If he were more uniformly careful and fastidious in his diction, and aimed more at point and antithesis of style, the resemblance would be nearer. But trimness, smartness, and regularity, are Leigh Hunt's aversion. He affects 'harmonious discords,' and is ambitious to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art. Though he frequently gains his object, his failures are great and glaring in proportion to the glory of his success. One of his own beautiful lines may afford us an illustration. Moore directs the smooth, shining stream of his verse into a thousand beautiful meanderings, like lakes in pleasure-grounds; but Leigh Hunt lets it 'wander at its own sweet will,' or overrun, as it were, some breezy height, until,

> 'It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.'

Leigh Hunt has perhaps a less grasp of intellect than Hazlitt, but his temperement is more joyous and tender, his perceptions more delicate and refined, and his fancy more poetical. What a frequent burst of mental sunshine lights up the pages of his *Rimini!* And what exquisite humour, and delicacy and acuteness of observation are displayed in his delightful prose Essays!

"Leigh Hunt is even more agreeable as a companion than as an author. He has a constant flow of animal spirits, and his original remarks and illustrations are easily and pleasantly delivered. They seem to bubble up from the fancy-tinged fountain of his mind, and succeed each other with wonderful rapidity. He adapts himself with great felicity to the tone of the society he may happen to be thrown into, and can not only *endure* the company of any ordinary individual with whom he may be brought in contact, but can usually find something agreeable and instructive in his conversation, however humble. He can

> 'Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

"He is a most passionate admirer of the external world, and thinks with Milton that 'a sullenness against nature,' is a serious crime. For this reason, nothing displeases him so much as Methodistical lamentations. To him they appear not only common-place but impious and untrue. He is an optimist. He dislikes the cold and ungracious creed of the Calvinist, and wonders how any one who is himself possessed of the common attributes of humanity, can be sceptical of human virtue, or while gazing upon the green fields, and cloudless skies of a summer's day, can offer

God and Nature the doubtful compliment of a gloomy brow. He makes a firm stand against the dogmas of the Utilitarians, and considers that happiness, and whatever is most conducive to its progress, are the chief concern of the truly wise. All things are useful as they tend to this end, and no further. It may be said that virtue is a higher object, but happiness implies its presence, and indeed is only another term for virtuous emotion. A criminal is never happy. Poetry and the Fine Arts, which the Benthamites and men of science despise, because they do not comprehend, contribute to our happiness by awakening the most delicate sensibilities of the soul, and are as *useful*, in the strictest sense of the word, as scientific theories and inventions. Nothing is useful in this world, but what has eventual reference to the heart of man. Poetry is the spirit of human passion. It has been contemptuously characterised as an idle dream; but it is neither more nor less so than our daily life. If our existence itself be not a dream, the essence of poetry is truth. The poet's soul is a mirror, that reflects more vividly than ordinary minds, the scenery of human life. If the reflection were false, there would be no poetry, for poetry and nature are the same.

"Leigh Hunt's personal appearance is extremely prepossessing. His figure is light and elegant, and he has an air of genteel negligence about him, that is not common among literary men. He has a quick and sparkling eye, but his mouth is the most remarkable feature of his face; it has a character of great sensibility and a kind of voluptuous refinement. If there is anything objectionable in Hunt's personal manners and conversation, it consists in a slight tinge of foppery in both. Hazlitt is as opposite to him in these respects as possible. His coxcombry, if such it be, has by no means a disagreeable effect, for his extreme politeness, his elegant manners, and good humour, would redeem a far greater foible."

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*A Guide along the Danube; from Vienna, to Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, the Morea, the Ionian Islands, and Venice. From the Notes of a Journey made in the Year* 1836. By R. T. CLARIDGE, Esq. *With Maps of the Route.*

This is a convenient little hand-book (the German word seems now naturalized among us) for travellers, and points out one of the most interesting tours that can possibly be made. It will not suit an invalid so well as that laid down by Mr. Giffard, whose trip to Greece, &c., we noticed last month; but for persons in good health, who can bear a little fatigue and privation—the amount of either being most trifling—it may be earnestly recommended. We do not see any *minimum* of time mentioned, but the *maximum* of the expense of the whole trip, for a single person, is set down at 120*l.* We should say, on a rough calculation, that, if pressed for time, the tourist might perform the whole journey and be back again in London in three months. The course is from London to Vienna, by the Rhine or overland; from Vienna to Presburg, in Hungary, by the Austrian stages; from Presburg, down the Danube by the steam-boat (which now plies regularly) as far as Moldava or Drenkova, where the bed of the river is, for the present, obstructed by rocks;* from this point, by flat-bottomed open boats, down the river, or (in carriages or on horseback,) over land to Gladova in Wallachia, whence another steam-boat plies to the mouth of the Danube, and on, by the Black Sea, to Constantinople: here the traveller comes in the regular track of steam, subject to no impediment, and goes from the capital to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Athens, then to the Ionian Islands, then to Venice or Trieste, and then homeward, over land, through Italy, Switzerland, and France.

Everywhere in the Mediterranean steam-boats are starting up. We see that an Austrian steamer has just commenced running between Trieste

* The Austrian and Hungarian governments are busily engaged in removing these obstructions or obviating them by means of canals, &c.

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and Corinth, thus affording another easy access into the heart of Greece. We rejoice at all these conveniences and all the advantages that will result from a rapid commercial intercourse, but, *certes*, half the romance of the thing will be spoiled. Mr. Claridge, our present guide, in speaking of Athens, tells us that there is there "A shop kept by *Mr. Brown*, (it was sure to be Brown or Smith!) who furnishes almost everything the traveller will want—*amongst the rest English hams and excellent brandy.*" He says there are four hotels, *comfortable moderately-charging houses.* We have no doubt that we shall soon see the "Pig and Whistle" public house open at the Piræus, and a "Tea Garden" under the Acropolis, in the shadow of the Temple of Minerva!

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*Elements of Geology and Physical Geography, illustrative of the Past and Present Condition of the Globe.* By WILLIAM RHIND, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Member of the Edinburgh Medical Society, and Lecturer on Zoology and Geology. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have read several of Mr. Rhind's elementary treatises, and always with pleasure and profit. The present is an excellent little class book, admirably adapted to aid verbal instruction, and the actual inspection of nature—for the young geologist cannot master his science by books alone—he must listen to the lecturer, who has a collection of specimens to show him—he must, (and this, in itself, is a capital recommendation to the study,) betake himself to the moors, rocks, and mountains—to the lonely dell and the resounding shore, where, if his imagination do not permit him to

> .... have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
> And hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn,

he may still catch "glimpses" to elevate his spirit, and indeed make him "less forlorn," for real nature is more varied and changeful than the fabled Proteus—more musical than Triton!

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*The Present State of the Controversy between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.* By HUNTER GORDON, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq.

In this exceedingly well-written little volume the real differences which separate the two great branches of the Christian world are laid down with great perspicuity, moderation, and good sense. While we would enforce by all means the duty of mutual toleration, we still think it behoves us to be able to account for the faith that is in us, and to be thoroughly acquainted, if not with the minuter dogmas, with all the broad, vital principles which separate the Roman from the reformed church—and which must for ever separate it, for a union between the two is impossible as long as the former retains the tenets which make it Roman, and which are the very essence of its existence.

We are perfectly well aware that many educated persons in Catholic countries entertain notions that might, with no great difficulty, be made to accord with the doctrines of the Protestant church; but such individuals are only Catholic by name, and neither represent nor give the most distant idea of the unchanged and unchangeable church of Rome, whose dogma of infallibility, established centuries ago, is an insuperable barrier

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to a reformation, or even to a modification of doctrine and practice. Some good-natured Protestants are accustomed to shut their eyes on the present, and overlook the past. "Well, after all, dear Abbé, we once heard an Englishman say at Rome, "we are merely splitting straws—we are agreed on grand principles, and of what importance are the minor points?" "What do you think of transubstantiation?" said the Abbé, "give us up that *minor* point, and then I will talk with you about auricular confession, the celibacy of the clergy, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, purgatory, the mediation of saints, and a few other trifling differences."

No! it is only by ceasing to be *Roman* that that church can ever be reconciled with any other. Its dangerous power—generally, yet not *invariably* the enemy of all liberty—is abated by times and circumstances, but let us neither be blind to its unvarying spirit, nor imitate the worst part of that spirit—its intolerance and persecuting cruelties which would inevitably increase its strength instead of diminishing it.

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*The Philosophy of the Eye; being a Familiar Exposition of its Mechanism, and of the Phenomena of Vision, with a View to the Evidence of Design.* By JOHN WALKER, Author of "The Principles of Ophthalmic Surgery," Lecturer on the Eyein the Manchester Royal School of Anatomy and Medicine, &c &c. 1 vol. 8vo. With numerous Engravings.

Mr. Walker has here done with regard to the structure and functions of the eye what Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Roget, Dr. Southwood Smith, and other recent writers have done for other parts of the wonderful body of man in the Bridgewater Treatises, or, in other works of a similar form—his object, like theirs, being *to popularize* physical knowledge by treating it in an easy and familiar manner, exempted, in as much as it is possible, from dry details and repulsive technicalities. He has fully succeeded in this object—his account of that most beautiful portion of the animal fabric—that inimitable organ—the eye, is plain, intelligible, and interesting in the extreme. It opens a world of wonder to the imagination, and suggests reflections which will not soon pass away. No one can read the volume without improvement both of heart and intellect, and a commonly educated boy of fourteen may read and understand it with ease.

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*Lectures on English Poetry to the Time of Milton.* By STANHOPE BUSBY, Esq.

These two brief Lectures are written with considerable grace and spirit, and show a proper appreciation—a fervid admiration of the works of the master-minds who formed our language, and left us an imperishable inheritance of genius and poetry.

In so limited a space much could not be done, but we are glad to see attention paid to some of the more neglected of our fine old masters. The "Emigrant's Hymn" of that pure and consistent patriot old Andrew Marvel, always appeared to us one of the most exquisite things of the kind that ever proceeded from human heart and brain. As we have been discussing the subject of emigrations, and as thousands are leaving our shores to whom the verses may be applicable,—always excepting the case of "Prelates' Rage," (for there are now no Lauds in the land, and



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men are certainly not driven across the Atlantic by religious persecution, as in the time of the two Charleses,)—we will venture to requote it here, cordially recommending the voluntary and virtuous exiles from their homes to treasure it in their hearts and teach it to their lisping children.

" Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom, unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds receiv'd their song.

" ' What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own !

" ' Where He the huge sea-monsters racke,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

" ' He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us, in care,
On daily visits through the air.

" ' He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

" ' Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.'

" Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time."

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*The School of Statesmen, or the Public Man's Manual; being a Complete Guide to the Constitution since the Reform Bill.* By an old M. P.

The sensible and moderate author of this useful little volume, was induced to undertake the task from a feeling that the new features which have arisen in the condition of the country and constitution since the passing of the Reform Bill—that bloodless revolution—rendered something of the sort desirable and necessary. He seems to be of opinion that we have had political change enough for our time, and ought to take a permanent stand on the broad basis of the constitution as now modified and laid down. We believe that all moderate, thinking people, share this opinion. Change, for the sake of change or mere experiment, is, happily, not very consonant with the sober character of the English nation, which has recently given most convincing proof of its dislike to rash innovators and political *perfectibilians*. If we were to continue to go on at the rate at which we have been going on for these last seven or eight years, we should positively leave posterity nothing to do for itself—and poor posterity would be little obliged to us therefore.

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In our judicial system, in sundry matters not involving any constitutional change, the old M. P. maintains that reforms are still called for; and he particularly instances Imprisonment for Debt, and the ruinous expensiveness of law processes.

We cordially recommend his volume, of which the following short passage, showing what we have really gained since the passing of the Reform Bill—"the second Magna Charta"—will convey some idea. After proving with great clearness that the stability of the monarchy, and the confidence of the people in the government have both been increased, he continues,

"It here follows for me to observe, that the objects of this great measure have been answered in sundry particulars relative to the liberties of the subject. The limits of a letter do not permit me to enlarge on the various improvements in view. I can only call your attention generally to them. Witness then the reform of municipal corruption—witness the limitation of actions by the 3 William IV. in 1833—witness the abolition of the old feudal system of game laws, and the permission of sale of game—witness the 'good intention' (at least) of reducing the taxes on knowledge, evidenced in the new stamp act—witness the total extinction of slavery in the British dominions: nor less—witness the mitigation of domestic slavery in the factories—witness the abolition of capital punishment, when it had been attempted in vain at a less auspicious period. Remember, too, the aid allowed to the unhappy prisoner in permitting him counsel in his defence in charges of felony. Beccaria would have been scared at witnessing the cruelty committed under the plea of 'public expediency in times past.' It makes the blood run cold to contemplate the legal murders that took place, heretofore, in the department, for example, of forgery. The session of 1837 has advanced yet further in the path of mercy, and not only on the soundest principles, but with the consent of all parties in the state. Such is the general feeling in favour of leniency. Witness, again, the amelioration studied, in whatever is invidious in ecclesiastical polity. Nor must the boon to the Dissenters be forgotten. They are now permitted to marry according to their own religious observances, rather than under those of a church from which they disagree. The lenient principles of the 'common law' of England with respect to crime, have always been appealed to by the humane, during the sanguinary reign of our statute law, as worthy of imitation, and departed from unjustly. The precepts of the 'common law' inculcate mercy, and breathe a constitutional spirit. They say, that 'every man shall be considered innocent until he is proved to be otherwise by trial,'—they say, that 'no one shall criminate himself,'—they say, 'it is better that a guilty man should escape, than that an innocent man should suffer,'—they say, 'nothing shall be represented, or have effect, against a man, except that which shall be proved: and that hearsay, or supposition, is not evidence.' All these principles of our old 'common law,' as it is called, breathe the spirit of a free and generous people. This spirit has been followed in the aid given to prisoners, by permitting them to be defended by counsel. The barbarous rule heretofore had turned a deaf ear to this suggestion, and coldly replied that the judge was counsel for the prisoner. A better feeling, and a more humane one, has now prevailed; and if all that you object to has not yet been ameliorated, it is to be hoped that (as far as human nature and artificial interest will permit) they will be ameliorated. At any rate, that feeling of despondency, that languor of regret, that haunted the mind and sickened the spirit in the old times of oligarchical supremacy, is now at an end. By the Charter of Reform we have at least the consolation now, that wherever there is an abuse, there is yet a hope and a prospect of a remedy."

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*Advice on the Care of the Teeth.* By EDWIN SAUNDERS, Fellow of the Medico-Botanical Society; Lecturer on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth; Author of "The Teeth the Test of Age," &c.; with a coloured View of the Nerves.

This is an enlargement of, we believe, the most popular work that has ever appeared on the subject of the Teeth. It is stated in the preface that eleven thousand copies have been sold in about four years in this country alone; that it has been reprinted in France, Germany, and America, and has circulated extensively in each of those countries; that the author has been consulted by persons from all parts of the continent of Europe; from America, from the East and West Indies, and, in more than one instance, from China, who had become acquainted with him through this little work in those parts of the world; and that he has also been informed that an edition in French has appeared, and that another is in progress or published in German. After this, what can we say, that the public has not already pronounced by a demand so extraordinary, and, we believe, on such a subject, unprecedented?

The work contains a variety of judicious observations, a few of which we may quote. We shall begin with a very useful caution.

"Many persons who possess these organs in fine condition, and who have hitherto been strangers to the maladies to which they are so commonly subject, seem to presume upon their very perfection, and to make it a plea for their total disregard, subjecting them to all kinds of severe and unnatural action, to their ultimate and permanent deterioration. This arises from an erroneous view of their economy and structure. Their vitality, and the ultimate communication which they maintain with the system, by means of a complete set of nerves and blood-vessels for their nourishment and preservation, is overlooked, or not understood, and they are regarded as something too hardy and insensible to sustain any injury from treatment, however violent, or neglect, however protracted or complete. But this is a course which, sooner or later, in proportion as it is a violation of the laws of nature, the individual is painfully convinced cannot be persisted in with impunity. One after another of these hitherto impregnable organs at length begins to exhibit signs of decomposition and disease, and all their beauty and strength are succeeded by deformity and pain. Cases of this kind are by no means of such rare occurrence as to render observations of this nature unnecessary. Instances are not unfrequent of a fine set of teeth being prematurely lost from a want of that ordinary care and attention which are accorded to other parts."

The following observations appear to be cogent and satisfactory.

"The origin of this very general affection (*Caries*) has been variously assigned by different authors. Those who hold the view of the inorganic structure of the teeth ascribe caries to an original malformation of the crowns. Thus caries, in the grinding surfaces of the molares, is said to arise from the depth of the indentations, and the deficiency of enamel in them allowing a lodgment for small particles of food, which there generating chemical action, decompose the substance of the tooth. To such a theory, however, there are some very strong *à priori* and practical objections. In the first place, gentlemen, it can hardly, I think, be supposed that the Omniscient Architect of the human frame, while succeeding to unbounded admiration in the construction and contrivance of other equally important and more delicate organs, should have failed in these, and that the teeth alone should require a modification in their forms by art. For the principle of the supporters of this dogma is, that the teeth cannot be too smooth, that, in fact, there should be no indentations on them, that those teeth which have an indented surface are inevitably doomed, from their original and natural configuration, to early and certain destruction. Before, however, such an hypothesis can be established, all those cases (which constitute no small proportion of the number of diseased teeth) in which caries commences on perfectly smooth surfaces, and on the anterior surfaces of the incisores or molares, or where it appears to make an election of the salient points, instead of the indentations of the grinding surfaces of the molar teeth, must be got rid of. But this

can no more be done, than can the origin of caries be attributed to the natural configuration of the teeth; and the fallacy of a theory which will not apply to one half the phenomena for the explanation of which it is propounded, is apparent. The true origin of caries, as Mr. Bell has observed, appears to be inflammation, which when it occurs in so dense a structure as the dental bone, might be expected to terminate in the death of the part."—Extract from the Author's Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Teeth, delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital.

The public are here also put upon their guard against a frequent source of disappointment in the supply of Lost Teeth.

"An experiment has been lately made of manufacturing preparations of this kind, in a sort of wholesale way, at a cheap rate, like Birmingham jewellery, on the principle of a large demand and quick return. It is quite obvious, however, that from the very nature of things, such an experiment upon public confidence must issue, as it has done, in the disappointment and vexation of the patient. On such principles, even supposing the individual to be well qualified for his profession, it is quite impossible that each case can be made a *study*, as it must be, in order that the best results may be obtained, much less that the construction and adaptation, or material, can be such as to render comfort and satisfaction to the patient. When the infinite diversity of form which the mouth assumes in different individuals is considered, (which is so great, that what is adapted to one is totally unfit for any other,) it will immediately be seen, that to whatever arts such a principle may be ultimately applied, it must utterly fail in this."

But we can only add one more passage, which will be especially welcome to those whom it more immediately concerns.

"There is a prevailing idea that the Restoration of the Teeth is necessarily attended with pain. Nothing can be more erroneous than such a notion. When skilfully performed, all operations connected with these organs, with the single exception of extraction, are unattended with pain, and should never be persevered in when they occasion the slightest uneasiness. The process of Restoring Lost Teeth is, however, one which, of all others, by skilful management, and the exercise of a little ingenuity, admits of being performed without exciting the slightest pain or inconvenience."

In its present enlarged form, we consider Mr. Saunders's "Advice on the Teeth" to be the most useful and elegant work on the subject extant, and that not the least benefit of it will be its tendency to elucidate and thus preserve from an increasing system of empiricism, this important branch of professional study. The work is, we observe, dedicated (by permission) to Mr. Cartwright. It is accompanied by a view of the Nerves of the Teeth, beautifully executed in the new mode of oil-printing in colours.

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*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments according to the Authorized Version. Illustrated with many Hundred Wood-cuts.*—We have received the seventeenth part of this excellent publication, which brings up the Old Testament to the 44th chapter of Isaiah. The illustrations are as numerous and as ably executed as in the early parts, which we noticed with well-merited commendation. The original notes, particularly those relating to the geography, natural history, and customs of the East, are admirably well done throughout.

*A History of British Quadrupeds.* By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S., Professor of Zoology in King's College, London. *Illustrated by a Wood-cut of each Species, and numerous Vignettes.—A History of British Birds.* By William Yarrell, F.L.S., Secretary to the Zoological Society.

*(Illustrated like the preceding Work.)*—Of the first of these works we have received the tenth part—another part will complete it. Of the second work, on British Birds, we have only the first part—and a beautiful specimen it is. Indeed the wood-cuts in both works have a spirit, and at the same times a finish, which can scarcely be surpassed in any species of engraving. The printing, in its way, is equally worthy of praise. So much for the *materiel*. The letter-press of both is written in an easy, popular style. Such books ought to diffuse a taste for natural history among all classes of the community.

*The Currency Question in a Nut-Shell.*—This nut is well worth the cracking. The kernel (the argument) seems to us convincing. The author attributes all our monetary difficulties to the fixing (by our legislature) of one permanent price for gold or bullion.

*The Fatalist, and other Poems.* By R. T. KINNAIRD. Here, indeed, we have the madness of poetry without its inspiration. The author tells us that his chief piece—"a brat," as he calls it—is the offspring of "Pain and *Hate!*" Poor fellow! his case seems deplorable; but we would recommend him to consult his physician, and take blue pill and black draught instead of rhyme and rhapsody. To his friends (if he have any) we recommend a prudent care of the razors and carving-knives.

*The Cry of the Poor. A Poem.*—Wrong in reason, and not very right in rhyme.

*The Parish and the Union; or, the Poor and the Poor Laws under the Old System and the New, &c. &c.*—We recommend this sober prose to the author of the foregoing verse, as also to all persons who have been misled by a clamour against the new system—a clamour got up for mere party purposes, and wickedly and maliciously persevered in, in the very face of evidence and conviction. There may be spots in the new, but the old system was black all over!

*Ballads and Romances, Poetical Tales, Legends, and Idylls of the Germans. With Explanatory Notes, &c.* By WILHELM KLAUER-KLATTOWSKY.—A very fair selection; but we cannot say much in praise of the notes, which betray crude, half-learning, and not a little *pretension*.

*The Progress of Creation, considered with Reference to the Present Condition of the Earth.* By MARY ROBERTS, Author of "The Conchologist's Companion," &c.—A beautiful little volume, well adapted to the perusal of the young.

*Wallace; an Historical Tragedy.*—The author tells us "this tragedy"—for so he ventures to call it—was composed about *eighteen* years ago; and that it was "a *burst* of enthusiasm *thrown off* in *six* days." We hope he was happy under his burst, and enjoyed his "entusimnsmy," otherwise the six days were thrown away. We wish he had kept the thing by him eighteen years longer.

*Rural Rhymes; illustrative of Rustic Customs and Popular Superstitions; with an Introductory Essay.* By G. T. MANNING.—The leading idea of this little volume is an excellent one, and we hope the author, who is evidently a very young hand, may live to be able to do it justice. What he now publishes is a mere attempt. There is some spirit and some beauty too in his song on "The Royal Oak," but history will not bear him out in the character and bearing he attributes to Charles II.

*Practical Remarks on Infant Education. For the Use of Schools and Private Families.* By the Rev. DR. MAYO and MISS MAYO.—This well-intentioned little book is published by the Home and Colonial Infant School Society—an institution which seems to merit every encouragement, and which, at present, much needs assistance to help it over those difficulties which generally attend a first beginning. One of the objects proposed by this society is the establishment of a model school, wherein teachers may be properly qualified by the advantages of a practical experience.

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*The Triumphs of the Press. A Poem.*—Very fair after-dinner poetry. We confess, however, we should be in a fitter humour for appreciation if we had had the dinner, and the concomitant quantum of wine, and the excitement of a great public meeting. The lines were produced to be "said or sung" at the Edinburgh Festival, in commemoration of the fourth centenary of the invention of printing, and were "one-third written, wholly put in types, read, corrected, thrown off, dried, pressed, stitched up, and put into the bookseller's hands, in the course of four-and-twenty-hours."

*Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems.* By Thomas Ragg, Author of "The Deity," "The Martyr of Verulam," &c. &c.—This is another pleasing volume, by the "Nottingham Mechanic," who, we are sorry to learn, has been visited by severe domestic afflictions. The majority of the verses are on sacred or solemn subjects, and have about the same degree of talent, and the same gentle religious spirit, as his former productions. The longest piece, to which the prize was adjudged by the "Nottingham Literary Society" last year, treats of the fortunes and captivity of the great British chief Caradoc, and contains passages of truly splendid poetry. Considering his adverse circumstances, we may repeat what Dr. Southey said on a former occasion—"What Mr. Ragg has accomplished is surprising; an age ago it would have been thought wonderful."

*Pinnock's English Grammar; upon a New Principle. Adapted for the Junior Classes in Schools, for Private Tuition, or Self-Instruction.*—The worst part is the title-page, the cumbrous length of which we have curtailed. The little book itself is good and very cheap (only 1*s.* 6*d.*) and, like several other school-books we have recently seen, (published by the same house,) got up with exceeding neatness, if not elegance.

*The Interrogator, or Universal Ancient History; in Questions and Answers.* By A Lady.—Very good, though not better than some already in established use.

*The Odes of Anacreon, rendered into English Metre, with Explanatory Notes and Parallel Passages.* By F. J. Manning, Student of King's College, London.—Promising, as a juvenile essay. The original is followed very closely.

*Tales of the Martyrs; or Sketches from Church History.*—The aim of the author is to draw the attention of young people to the history of the Protestant Church. The little volume is well written. The account of the Vaudois will prepare the young reader for the fuller history of that interesting people by the Rev. W. Gilly.

*The City of the East and other Poems.* By the Author of "India; a Poem."—Some of the shorter pieces are very pretty and graceful. Our praise cannot go higher.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Hooper's Physician's Vade Mecum. New Edition. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Ballads, Romances, Poetical Tales, &c. of the Germans. By W. K. Klattowski, 12mo. 8*s.*

Petite Anthologie Poétique; ou Choix de Poesies à l'usage de la Jeunesse. Fcp. 3*s.*

Porson's Four Plays of Euripides, with Prose Translation, &c. By Edwards. New Edition. 8vo. 20*s.*

Virgil's Bucolics, with Prose Translation. By Edwards. New Edition. Imp. 8vo. 8*s.*

Edwards's Edition of Greek Plays, with Prose Translation. New Edition. 8vo. 5*s.* each.

Allison's Lessons in Geography. New Edition. 18mo. 9*d.*

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The Book of the Fathers. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir F. Palgrave. Fcp. 8*s.*
Beausobre's New Version of the Gospel of St. Matthew. New Edition. 12mo. 7*s.*
Regimental Coventry, as it is at present acted upon in the British Army. By James Connell. 2 vols. 8vo. 20*s.*
The History of Esau Considered. 8vo. 6*s.*
Burrington's Arrangement of the Genealogies of the Old Testament and Apocrypha. 2 vols. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.*
The Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. By the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph. Fcp. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Fry (Author of "The Listener") on the Table of the Lord. 12mo. 6*s.*
Russell's Letters, Practical and Consolatary. Fifth Edition. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Ragg's Sketches from Life, Lyrics from the Pentateuch, and other Poems. 12mo. 5*s.*
The Bivouac; or, Stories of the Peninsular War. By W. H. Maxwell. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Keightley's History of England. Vol. I. 12mo. 7*s.*
Lives of the most Eminent and Scientific Men of Great Britain. Vol. II. Fcap. forming Vol. XCIII. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, 6*s.*
The Practice of Cookery, Pastry, and Confectionary, in three parts. By Mrs. Fraser. With Plates. 12mo. 4*s.*
Early Lessons for Children, on Moral and Religious Duties, illustrated by Christian Examples. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lessons on Form. By C. Reiner. 12mo. 6*s.* (Pestalozzian System.)
The Basque Provinces. By E. B. Stephens, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
The History of Philosophy. By W. Enfield, LL.D. New Edition. 8vo. 16*s.*
Remarks on Dr. Wiseman's Lectures. By Philalethes Cantabrigiensis. 12mo. 4*s.*
Fuller's Memoirs of Rev. S. Pearce, with Additions. By W. H. Pearce. 12mo. 4*s.*
The Golden Pot of Manna. By J. Burns. Vol. I. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
An Act to Amend the Law of Wills, 1 Victoria. By R. F. Fisher. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Scripture Testimonies to the Messiah. By S. P. Smith, D.D. Third Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.*
Annual Register. Vol. LXXVIII. for 1836. 8vo. 16*s.*
Lectures on European Civilisation. By W. Guizot. Translated by Mrs. P. M. Beckwith. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hints to Parents who intend to bring up their Sons to the Medical Profession. By W. H. Denham. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Dr. J. Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart. Part I. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Elements of Physic. By T. Webster, M.A. 12mo. 9*s.*
Vicat's Treatise on Mortars and Cements. Translated by Captain Smith. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Archbold's Recent Criminal Statutes. 12mo. 5*s.*
Baylee on the Institutions of the Church of England. Second edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Burton's Compendium of the Law of Real Property. 8vo. 24*s.*
Close's Sermons. Vol. I. New edition. 8vo. 12*s.*
Coghlan's Guide up the Rhine. Second edition. 18mo. 5*s.*
Fisher's Legend of the Puritans, and other Poems. 12mo. 5*s.*
Goldsmith's Greece. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gray on the Ordaining Influence of the Holy Ghost. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Historical Antiquities of the Greeks. By W. Wachsmuth. Translated from the German, by E. Woolrych. 2 vols. 8vo. 30*s.*
The History of Banks. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Hippesley on Early English Literature. Roy. 12mo. 9*s.*
Hoole's Four Gospels in Greek. 12mo. 5*s.*
Hoppus's Measurer. New edition. oblong. 4*s.*
Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land. By an American. 2 vols. roy. 18mo. 16*s.*
Magazine of Popular Science. Vol. III. 8vo. 15*s.*
Mansell's Hymns and Poems. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Neuman and Barretti's Spanish Dictionary. New edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.*
Planta's New Picture of Paris. Seventeenth edition. 12mo. 9*s.*; or with the costume, 12*s.*

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Palestine and the Holy Land, (Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. IV.) By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. New edition. 5*s*.
Rouse's Copyhold and Court-keeping Practice. 12mo. 10*s*.
Tate's Horatius Restitutus. Second edition, enlarged. 8vo. 12*s*.
Van Butchell on Fistula, &c. 8vo. 5*s*.

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new Novel, which we lately mentioned as in the press, is, we understand, nearly ready. It is entitled, "ERNEST MALTRAVERS," and is the first Novel of the day which the distinguished author of "Pelham" has written since the publication of that still popular production. "Ernest Maltravers" is expected to appear about the 10th of the present month.

Mrs. Thomson's new novel, "THE LADY ANNABETTA," is to be published about the 20th. It is almost superfluous to say that this forthcoming work is characterised by the grace and feeling which distinguishes all Mrs. Thomson's productions.

The new and enlarged Edition of "MR. LODGE'S GENEALOGY OF THE BRITISH PEERAGE," containing the Ancestral History of the existing Nobility, is nearly ready. It will be the most elegant work of the kind ever published, Embellished like the Peerage, with the arms beautifully engraved at the head of the account of each noble family.

Mr. William Savage has in the Press, the Case on the 43rd of Elizabeth, with the opinion attributed to Mr. Serjeant Snigge in the reign of James I., with Observations respecting the Author.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Course of the River Wye. By Mr. Thomas Roscoe, with Plates, from Drawings by Harding, Cox, Fielding, Creswick, &c.

Mr. Pote announces the Concordance of Manetho with the Greek Historians, as the second part of his forthcoming work, "The Shepherd Kings of Egypt."

Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

AMONGST the leading mercantile interests a greater degree of confidence prevails than for some time past; and the favourable accounts from the United States and our British North American colonies, which have arrived, have given a decided tone to commercial affairs, which, we trust, will not soon lose its influence. Money for commercial purposes continues rather in demand, but without any alteration in the rate of interest.

An official announcement has been made by the Post-office, that a great reduction has taken place in the postage of letters conveyed by Her Majesty's packets in the Mediterranean. Letters for Malta, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, and the East Indies, if forwarded by way of Falmouth, and by her Majesty's packets in the Mediterranean, will in future be subject to an uniform rate of 2*s*. 6*d*. single, 5*s*. double, 7*s*. 6*d*. treble, 10*s*. pound weight, and so on in proportion, from whatever part of the kingdom they may be despatched, instead of the former rates, which varied according to the distance the letters were conveyed to Falmouth. Single letters for the above destinations in the Mediterranean, if specially directed "via Marseilles," will be liable to an uniform British rate, wherever they may be posted, of 10*d*., and the French rate of 1*s*. 10½*d*. in all 2*s*. 8½*d*., and letters for the East Indies by the same route will be liable, in addition to those rates on to the further charge of 1*s*. single, and so, in proportion.

Commercial accounts from Hamburgh, to the 12th inst., state that the holders of coffee had relaxed their demand, and as the article was offered


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at lower rates, the buyers had become more numerous. The holders of sugar had also reduced their demands, which had led to some inquiry for this article. In cotton little had been done, although the accounts from Liverpool and Havre had been more favourable. The demand for South Sea whale oil was good and the quantity was small.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

### On Friday, 25th of Aug.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 210 quarter.—Three per Cent. Consols, 91 three-quarters.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 92 half.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 99 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 46*s.* p.—India Bonds, 47*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent. for Account, 39 quarter.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, 20 and a half.—Spanish, Passive, 5 quarter.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—The foreign exchanges are firm, but the quotations rule nearly as on the last post day. On Amsterdam they are quoted at 12 4½; on Rotterdam at 12 4¾; on Hamburgh at 13 13½; and on Paris 25 85.

This has been settling day in the English market, and the account has been arranged without any difficulty. Consols have closed at 91⅛ a ⅜ money, and have left off at 91⅛ a 92 for the account of the 12th of October. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced Annuities are 97⅞, and the New Three-and-a-Half per Cents. 99⅜. Bank Stock is 211, and India has advanced to 260, both for money. The premium upon Exchequer Bills, for large amounts, rules at 45 a 46; smaller are 1*s.* per cent. higher. India Bonds are 47 a 49 premium.

The Foreign Market has been very flat all day. Spanish Bonds have closed rather firmer at 20⅛, ex coupons. Portuguese New Bonds are 39¼ a ½, and the Three per Cents. 25¼ a ½. Brazilian are 84¾; Russian are 111¼; Dutch Stock is 52⅞; and the Five per Cent. ditto 102¼ a ⅜.

The Share market is very flat. Great Western are 9½ premium; Birmingham quarter shares are 14 premium; and Greenwich 6½ discount.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM JULY 25, 1837, TO AUG. 25, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

*July* 25.—W. Eldridge, Hastings, hotel keeper.—T. Maltby, Lawrence Pountney-hill, lead merchant.—J. Williams, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, draper.—R. Inman, Brighthelmstone, grocer.—T. Cook, Shrewsbury, grocer.—J. G. Bird, Bridgend, Glamorgan, stationer.—T. Barnett, jun., Wolverhampton, ironmonger.—W. Lewis, Birmingham, hosier.—R. Maccraken, Manchester, flour dealer.—R. Hutchinson, Manchester, merchant.—J. Godwin, Monmouth, butcher.—S. Timmins, Birmingham, brass-founder.—G. Mande, Wetherby, York, money scrivener.

*July* 28.—C. George, Hunter Street, Old Kent Road, hatter.—H. J. Ebsworth, Nunn Court, Coleman Street, wool-broker.—E. Dadswell, Shrewsbury, grocer.—S. and E. Bassett, Tunbridge Wells, hotel keepers.—T. Ireland, sen., Newtonvale, Lancashire, and J. Harrison, Manchester, dyers.—J. Caine, Stockport, Cheshire, boot maker.—J. Griffiths, Astley, Worcester, hallier.—J. Griffiths, Swansea, Glamorganshire, victualler.—S. Owen, Nantwich, Cheshire, mercer.—D. Smith, Addle-comb Eccup, Yorkshire, corn-miller.—H. Widnell, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer.—J. Knight, Stourport, Worcestershire, tailor.—J. C. Etheredge, Yeovil, Somersetshire, chemist.

*Aug.* 1.—J. Hayles, Brighthelmstone, builder.—W. Weston, Gracechurch Street, merchant.—N. Russell, Northallerton, Yorkshire, flax dresser.—C. Frost, Chard, Somerset, draper.—D. Nield, jun., Shaw Edge, Lancashire, cotton spinner.

*August* 4.—W. Reynolds, jun., Savage Gardens, City, wine merchant.—Sir P. Bagbott, of Bridgend Mills, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothier.—N. Knight, Abbott's Bromley, Staffordshire, draper.—J. Picard, Wortley, Yorkshire.—J. Jenkins, Birmingham, builder.—S. Eadson and R. Kilvert, Manchester, fustian manufacturers.—J. Joule, Ardwick, Manchester, common brewer.—W. Franklin, Liverpool, sailmaker.—G. Arnold, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—G. Noyes, Chippenham, Wiltshire, ironmonger.—G. Neville, East Bergholt, Suffolk, blacksmith.—J. Rusby and W. Hewdey, Leeds, coach-lace and girth-web manufacturers.

*August* 8.—T. Clark, Dover, master mariner.—J. Standen, Grosvenor Street, victualler.—T. G. Postan, Aldersgate Street, auctioneer.—C. Hill, Clarence Street, St. Luke's, brewer.—S. B. Berry, Greek Street, Soho, perfumer.—G. Ogilvy, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—J. Bamford, Abbot's Bromley, Staffordshire, maltster.—T. Benbow, Cheltenham, mercer.—D. Scott, of Flint, Flintshire, iron and coal master.—T. M'Cann, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, builder.—S. Downs, Glemsford, Suffolk, blacksmith.—W. and J. Stanters,

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Mellor, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. Evans, Beddgelert, Carnarvon, shopkeeper.—J. Douglas, Birmingham, draper. -J. Clark, Spalding, Lincolnshire, shoemaker.

*August* 11.—J. Cardes and G. Parkes, Liverpool, linendrapers.—A. Marsh, Brentford, confectioner.—J. Southam, Tillotson Place, Waterloo Road, boarding-house keeper.—F. W. Harris, Hatton Garden, general hardware factor.—J. Reynolds, jun., Coppice Row, Clerkenwell, brewer.—S. Hewitt and T. Weatherby, Manchester, calico printers.—J. Honey, Redruth, Cornwall, linen draper.—H. Hayward, Canterbury, coachmaker.—R. Hewitt, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.—J. Osborn, Jun., Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, ironmonger.

*Aug.* 15.—J. Palmer, Coleshill, Warwickshire, scrivener.—H. Dawes, Great Malvern, Worcestershire, maister.—J., J., W. and E. Kenworthy, Quick, Yorkshire, cotton manufacturers.—J. C. Gordon, Manchester, dealer.—J. Donald, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dealer in silver plate.—S. Turner and J. Pilling, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, iron founders.—T. Williams, Newport, Monmouthshire, ropemaker.—H. Farmer, Bath, ironmonger.—R. Feltham, Bath, oil merchant.—H. Pope, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, wine merchant.

*Aug.* 18.—W. Wood, Gravesend, Kent, carpenter.—J. Savage, Circus Lane, Marylebone, licensed victualler.—T. Clark, Lamb's Conduit Street, bootmaker.—J. Drabble, Kent Street, Surrey, axletreemaker.—J. Walker, Old Kent Road, Surrey, chemist.—J. Roots, Cross Keys Mews, Marylebone Lane, milkman.—J. Lenegan, Liverpool, victualler.—W. Richardson, Thornthwaite, Cumberland, woollen manufacturer.—J. Hayward, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, lodging house keeper.—R. Tipping, Birmingham, gun manufacturer.—J. Colpiestone, Exeter, grocer.—J. B. Blundell, Seacomb, Cheshire, rectifier.—J. Worthington and J. Coltman, Stockport, Cheshire, drapers.—W. Hale, Bath, scrivener.

*Aug.* 22.—W. Anderson, New Road, St. George's in the East, licensed victualler.—R. Felton, Victualling Office Square, Tower Hill, licensed victualler.—J. Finleyson, Union Place, New Road, colour manufacturer.—M. C. Gibble, Cambridge, draper.—J. Rawlins, Curtain Road, dealer in building materials.—J. Barnes, Derby, carrier.—R. M'Laren, Liverpool, rectifier.—I. Parkes, Deritend, Warwickshire, metallic pen manufacturer.—H. Preston, Birmingham, retail brewer.—J. Ramsbottom, Liverpool, drysalter.—M. A. Richards, and E. Reece, Wolverhampton, milliners.—R. and J. P. Robson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builders.—E. Ryals, Sheffield, table-knife manufacturer.—J. Simpson, Spalding, Lincolnshire, hatter.

*Aug.* 25.—E. Baily, Belgrave Place, Wandsworth Road, farmer.—D. Scott, Marylebone Street, woollen draper.—B. W. Pike, New Gloucester Place, Hoxton, fancy paper stainer.—W. Whitebread, High Street, Wapping, cheesemonger.—J. Townsend, Liverpool, plumber.—J. Stevenson, Sheffield, furniture broker.—J. Field, Sheffield, sharebroker.—J. Wild, sen., Sheffield, ivory dealer.—R. Hewett, Cheltenham, brickmaker.—D. Hughes, Treheslog, Radnorshire, dealer in cattle.—J. Higgins, Birmingham, fishmonger.—J. Senior, Hereford, cabinet maker.—W. Hooton, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, lace manufacturer.—E. Scott, Hillborough, Norfolk, farmer.—S. E. K. Nicklin, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, building surveyor.—H. Brown, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, carrier.—C. Baker, Southampton, timber merchant.—J. Peake and T. Hall, Lichfield, ironmongers.

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## NEW PATENTS.

H. A. Wells, late of the city of New York, but now residing in Threadneedle Street, in the city of London, Hat Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hats. June 30th, 6 months.

F. Roe, of Camberwell, Surrey, Plumber, for an improvement in water-closets. July 7th, 6 months.

J. J. Waterstone, of Mill Bank Street, Westminster, Middlesex, Surveyor, for improvements applicable to the intercepting and directing of currents and waves of water. July 10th, 6 months.

W. P. Green, of Falmouth, Cornwall, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, for improvements in capstans and machinery employed in raising, lowering, and moving ponderous bodies and matters. July 10th, 6 months.

W. Chubb, of Portsea, Hants, Umbrella Manufacturer, for improvements in night commode pans. July 10th, 6 months.

T. North, of Mitre Street, New Cut, Surrey, Card Paper and Metal Piercer, for an improvement in the manufacture of wire. July 19th, 6 months.

W. Baker, of Dedham, Essex, Veterinary Surgeon, for an instrument or truss applicable to the nicking of horses' tails. July 19th, 6 months.

J. Pearse, of Tavistock, Devonshire, Ironmonger, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of wheels. July 19th, 6 months.

J. H. Hitchin and R. Oram, of Salford, Lancashire, Engineers, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of cranes, for lifting and removing goods, by which such machines are rendered more generally useful. July 19th, 6 months.

J. P. Drake, of Arundel Street, Strand, Middlesex, Artist, for improvements in building ships, steam-vessels, and boats, and also in the building of canal and river barges and lighters. June 19th, 6 months.

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Sir J. C. Anderson, of Buttevant Castle, Yorkshire, Baronet, for certain improvements in locomotive engines which are partly applicable to other purposes. July 19th, 6 months.

H. Goschen, of Crosby Square, Bishopsgate Street, in the city of London, Merchant, for improvements in preparing flax and hemp for spinning. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. July 19th, 6 months.

J. H. Tuck, of the Rainbow Tavern, in the parish of St. Magnus, in the city of London, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus or machinery for making or manufacturing candles. July 25th, 6 months.

J. Melling, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines, to be used upon railways, parts of which improvements are applicable to stationary steam-engines, and to machinery in general. July 26th, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1837. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| July | | | | | |
| 23 | 74-49 | 29,07-29,95 | S.W. | | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain. |
| 24 | 73-45 | 30,05-30,01 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 25 | 75-46 | 30,02 Stat. | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 26 | 76-52 | 30,01 Stat. | S.W. | | Generally clear, a few drops of rain in the aft. |
| 27 | 82-41 | 29,97-29,82 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 28 | 77-51 | 29,73 Stat. | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 29 | 69-47 | 29,38 29,23 | S.W. | ,225 | Generally cloudy, rain at times. |
| 30 | 65-45 | 29,65-29,44 | S.W. | ,1 | Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening. |
| 31 | 68-46 | 29,82-29,80 | S.W. | ,075 | Generally clear, rain in the evening. |
| Aug. | | | | | |
| 1 | 68-45 | 29,71-29,64 | S.E. | ,75 | Cloudy, with frequent showers of rain. |
| 2 | 75-50 | 29,65-29,61 | S.W. | ,525 | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 3 | 69-49 | 29,63-29,61 | S.W. | ,05 | Generally clear, rain in the evening. |
| 4 | 68-46 | 29,86-29,79 | S.W. | ,0875 | Generally clear, rain in the morning and even. |
| 5 | 65-33 | 30,07-30,04 | N.W. | ,0375 | Generally clear. |
| 6 | 67-38 | 30,18-30,13 | N.E. | | Morning clear, otherwise overcast. |
| 7 | 67-42 | 30,26-30,23 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 8 | 68-38 | 30,28-30,21 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 9 | 72-41 | 30,10-29,94 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 10 | 73-46 | 29,89-29,84 | N.E. | | Morning overcast, otherwise clear. |
| 11 | 73-51 | 29,85-29,83 | S.W. | | Morning overcast, otherwise clear. |
| 12 | 75-47 | 29,94-29,89 | S.W. | | Morning overcast, otherwise clear. |
| 13 | 76-43 | 30,11-30,04 | S.W. | | Morning overcast, otherwise cloudy. |
| 14 | 78-46 | 30,18-30,15 | S.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 15 | 75-50 | 30,18-30,12 | N.E. | | Generally clear. [rain about 1 o'clock P.M. |
| 16 | 76-47 | 30,06-30,02 | N.E. | | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear, a few drops of |
| 17 | 79-47 | 29,98-29,96 | E. b. S. | | Morning cloudy, rain about 12 P.M. with thunder. |
| 18 | 77-46 | 30,06 Stat. | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 19 | 77-46 | 30,04-29,92 | S.E. | | Generally clear, a few drops of rain in aftern. |
| 20 | 75-54 | 29,90-29,82 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 74-48 | 29,90 29,94 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, rain. from 5 till 8 o'clock P.M. |
| 22 | 71-46 | 30,07-30,04 | S.W. | ,05 | Generally cloudy, raining during the day. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

European Publishing.—The annual issues of the English press average about twelve hundred volumes; those of the French and German, five thousand each. In ten years to come, estimating from the increase during ten years past, there will be issued in England, France, and Germany, more than one hundred and fifty thousand new books. There are more than eighty periodicals in Great Britain, devoted to all the various departments of useful human knowledge. Many of them are conducted with great ability. The number, also, in France and Germany is very considerable.

Coloured Lithography.—The Transactions of the society at Mulhausen announce a new invention by MM. Eagelmann, which is coloured lithography, or Chromolithography; and, as a specimen, give a landscape encircled by arabesques highly and elegantly coloured. This is entirely effected in the press, and the process is so simple as to enable even an inexperienced workman to draw off a hundred coloured proofs in one day.

Newly-Invented Carriage.—A new species of carriage or waggon has been recently invented by a coachmaker at Brussels, which moves on six wheels, and which, by means of a spring that works inside the vehicle, can be detached from the horse at will. The wheels run in cases attached to the carriage, and thus they cannot come in contact with persons getting into it or alighting from it. A great advantage is that this carriage can scarcely be upset.

Hidden Treasures.—The curate of a village on the borders of the Loiret being dead, his heirs accidentally found a coffer in the cave of the presbytery, which contained various objects richly ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones, also a little case enclosed in oil skin, containing 20,000 gold pieces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially the time of Louis XIV.; also some beautiful medals, one of which commemorated the battle of Fontenoy; a gold watch, which, when wound up, went perfectly well; a portrait encircled with diamonds, but the painting much defaced; chains, rings, &c., all of which have been valued at more than 500,000 francs. Beside this rich coffer was another containing papers, all of which are documents of gaming transactions with the Cardinal Mazarin. One of them runs as follows:—"Good for my estate of Changalliez, lost at play to Cardinal Mazarin, whom God keep in a condition for revenge, during the parties at Saint-Germain. Signed, De Flavacourt." There were 915 similar papers, some of which were signed by women for loans of money, and all the illustrious names of the monarchy are to be found there; they are probably vouchers won by the Cardinal, and held by him in order to keep those who gave them in subjection. One of the ornaments bore the following inscription: "Hortensia de Mansini de Mazarin, wishing to consecrate the ornaments which she wore in a world which she renounces to God, has given this sun to the cathedral." A cross of admirable workmanship is among these; a vine stalk twists round it, the leaves of which are formed of emeralds, and the grapes of rubies. It is probable that these objects were buried at the time of the first revolution.

Result of cutting down Forests.—A M. Devèz de Chabriol, in a memoir treating of the effects arising from the extirpation of forests, cites several historical documents, all tending to establish the fact that the temperature of the country is not only lowered by the taking away of the trees, but that streams dry up, and rain ceases to fall. M. Boussingault confirms these by several instances, where lakes have been diminished in consequence of cutting down the neighbouring woods, and the water restored to its former level by suffering the trees to grow again; also where the quantity of water has always remained the same when the woods near it have been left untouched. M. Boussingault states, that in some of the provinces of South America, which are covered with wood, it rains every day; and in others, where the soil is sandy and arid, it never rains; yet these provinces have the same latitude and climate, and the projections and distances of mountains are nearly similar.

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NAVIGATION OF THE INDUS.—The real secret of the ill success that has hitherto attended the opening of the navigation of the Indus, is the poverty of the countries it communicates with, and the force of habit which keeps the little trade they possess in the channels in which it has taken place for a length of time. In the course of a few years, however, a gradual change may be expected, and symptoms of it are even now discernible. Amongst these, the importation of wool, from Mekran and Candahar, is one of the most important and promising. This valuable staple, which has only recently figured in the trade of India, it appears, may be obtained in vast quantities in the countries to the north and west of the Indus; and as the demand for it at home appears to be nearly unlimited, we do not doubt that, as the trade with them has been opened, it will rapidly increase; and when it becomes of more magnitude, that the advantages of the Indus for carrying it on will be more appreciated, especially as wool is a bulky article, upon which the expenses of land carriage tell most seriously.

CALCULATING CHILD.—Vito Mangiamele, said to be ten years and four months old, has been sent to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Tabareau, Professor of the Faculty of Sciences at Lyon. His father is a shepherd living near Syracuse, and has not been able to give him any instruction, but by some chance it was discovered that this boy was able to solve problems according to a method of his own in a very short space of time, and which seemed to demand an extensive knowledge of mathematics. M. Arago presented him to the Academy, where he was asked what was the cubic root of 3,796,416; in half a minute the child replied 156. Then he was required to give the equation $x^3+5x^2-42x-40=0$; in less than a minute Vito answered, five. The third question was the solution of the equation $x^5-4x=16,779=0$; this time he remained silent for four or five minutes, and then hesitatingly inquired if three were not the solution; on being told that he was wrong, Vito, a few minutes after, gave the true solution of seven. The Minister for Public Instruction has requested the Academy to point out, in case of their being convinced of his extraordinary powers, what will be the best sort of education for this child, in order to ensure their development. "If he be thus gifted," added the minister, "I will use all the means at my disposal in his behalf; France is the adopted country for all talents, and I only wait for the result of the examination in order to take proper steps."

AGRICULTURE.—In one of the communes of the department of Gard, a school of practical agriculture has just been established for children. Two acres of waste land have been divided into a nursery, and seed, kitchen, and herb gardens. The keeper of the forests gives them lessons in the management of trees, the founder teaches them gardening, the curate exerts his influence in furthering new methods, and the proprietors in the neighbourhood give seeds, &c. Half of the produce will belong to the founder, a portion of the other half will be given to the most industrious pupils, and the rest will be sold to the inhabitants of the village. These sales will, it is supposed, be sufficient to cover the expenses.

ROYAL ARSENAL.—The original ordnance foundry was situated in Upper Moorfields, London, near the spot where the Wesleyan Chapel now stands, and here the manufactory of munition was carried on until a tremendous catastrophe occasioned the removal of the establishment to Woolwich. In front of the foundry stood some cannon, the trophies of victories obtained by the English army, under the Duke of Marlborough, over the French; these it was determined to recast, and the circumstances being known, awakened the curiosity of a great number of persons, all anxious to see the conversion of French metal into English guns. A great concourse of people of all ranks assembled, for whose accommodation spacious temporary galleries were erected close to the furnace. Amongst those assembled was a young man named Andrew Schalch, a native of Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, then journeying through England, in consequence of a law of his canton requiring all persons to travel three years for improvement in their profession. Schalch, who was a keen observer, and practically acquainted with mechanics, was upon the ground early in the day, and eagerly examined the different parts of the works; his searching eye soon discovered a defect which involved in it serious consequences. The moulds in which the cannon were to be cast had not been sufficiently dried, and a glance at the laws by which the dispersion of water is governed, convinced the young Swiss, that if not remedied, result might be terrible. He immediately informed Colonel Armstrong, the Surveyor General of the Ordnance, of the threatened danger, who, after having tested

the power of Schalch, by interrogating him upon his knowledge of mathematics, determined to follow his advice and quit the foundry; (!) it does not appear, however, that any steps were taken to apprise the public of the impending peril, nor any extra precautions used to prevent accidents; (!) doubtless the evidence in Armstrong's mind was not sufficient to warrant this. The prediction of Schalch was fully and awfully verified; the instantaneous conversion of the damp into steam on the application of the tremendous heat of the metal, caused a horrible explosion: the heated metal flew about in all directions, and the concussion of air attendant upon so great an explosion, dashed down the galleries and tore off a great part of the roof. Many persons perished, others were dreadfully mutilated, and the scene, so pleasantly begun, terminated in sorrow and confusion. Schalch had retired, but curiosity was strongly awakened concerning the young mechanical seer, and a few days afterwards a notice appeared in the papers requesting him to call at the Ordnance Office in the Tower, and suggesting that the interview might be advantageous. Schalch, apprised of this circumstance by a friend, waited on Colonel Armstrong, and the result of the meeting was, that the colonel commissioned him, in the name of the government, to seek out some spot within twelve miles of the metropolis, to which the whole manufacture of ordnance might be transferred. Schalch fixed on the Warren at Woolwich, to which the whole was immediately removed, and suitable buildings were erected, which have been increased and enlarged from time to time. The young Swiss was appointed superintendent of the whole concern, which office he continued to hold for sixty years; during which time, so admirable were the arrangements made, and so extensive the knowledge displayed, that not one single accident occurred. He died at the advanced age of ninety years, (in 1776,) and was buried in Woolwich church-yard.

Preservation of Fishes.—M. Bory St. Vincent, jealous of the honour of his country, claims for the French the method of preserving fishes, generally attributed to Mr. Yarrell. He ascribes it to the celebrated Réaumur, and says, that he himself practised it, when quite young, in 1790; and at Montpellier, the collection of Mediterranean fishes belonging to M. Fournier, druggist, is prepared according to the method of Réaumur and Mr. Yarrell. It is probable that in this, as in many other cases, originality belongs to both ichthyologists.

New Zealand Flax.—According to some recent experiments it has been ascertained, that the fibres of the *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, are double in strength to those of the common flax, and a third more so than those of hemp, and 5.17 less so than silk. In the south of France it has been used for manufacturing women's bonnets, which only cost three francs.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

### THE PARLIAMENT.

The elections have now terminated, though not, it appears, so favourably for the Ministry as was anticipated. What the issue of this may be, time alone will show. Parliament will, it is understood, meet for the dispatch of business early in November; the particular day has, however, not yet been fixed.

### MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

#### The late Duchess of St. Albans.

We regret to have to record the decease of her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans, which took place last month, after an illness of about three months' duration. The first indication of indisposition was a few days previously to an intended assembly in Stratton Street. The air and exercise in an open carriage led her attendants to hope, from favourable appearances, that the indisposition would wear off; and her Grace was removed to Holly Grove for the benefit of change of air, but she could not bear the stillness, and requested to be removed to Piccadilly. There, on the ground-floor, in the great dining-room, she lay for two months, quite tranquil, and without pain, and then desired to be carried into the room where Mr. Coutts had died. There her Grace also expired. The disease was a paralysis in the limbs. Her Grace's will was opened in the presence of the Bute, Guilford, and Burdett families. The will directs that, in addition to ten thousand pounds per annum, the sum of ten thousand pounds, as a legacy, be paid out of the property to the

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Duke of St. Alban's; and her Grace bequeaths the freehold house in Piccadilly, and the villa and its domains at Highgate, also to the Duke. To Angela, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, the half profits of the banking-house in the Strand, the mansion in Stratton Street, and all its moveables, plate, &c., her diamonds, which are of great value, and a considerable sum in ready money. The other parts of the will were of trifling import; the annuities her Grace paid to different individuals are to be continued. These, and a few legacies, inconsiderable in amount, form the entire will, which was executed previous to her late indisposition. The funeral procession moved from Stratton Street for the family vault of the Beauclerks at Redbourne.

Miss Mellon was, we believe, born in the year 1775. Her father held a commission in the East India Company's service, and died shortly before her birth. Mrs. Mellon married again, her second choice being a Mr. Entwhistle, a musician. The lady then went on the stage, and her husband became leader of the band in various provincial theatres. To augment a scanty income, the services of Miss Mellon were enlisted, and at a very early period she played the *Duke of York* in *Richard the Third*, *Prince Arthur* in *King John*, and other infant characters. Although upon the stage from her infancy, her education was not neglected. Mrs. Entwhistle was an accomplished woman, and she fulfilled her duty in educating her daughter in the best manner her circumstances allowed. At the age of fourteen, Miss Mellon's person approached maturity, and she personated the walking ladies, and occasionally characters of higher pretension. She ultimately joined an inferior provincial company, the manager of which was a Mr. Goldfinch; she was induced to take this situation for the opportunity it afforded of playing all Mrs. Jordan's characters. From Mr. Goldfinch's company Miss M. went to lead the business in Mr. Stanton's circuit, and in Stafford formed an acquaintance with the Misses Wright, sisters of the banker, and their kindness not only insured her comfort there, but paved her way to the metropolis. The Wrights had great electioneering interest, and when Richard Brinsley Sheridan came to solicit their vote, Miss Mellon was warmly recommended to him. Sheridan was liberal in his promises, and subsequently seeing Miss Mellon play *Rosalind* and *Priscilla Tomboy*, he engaged her at a small salary, but with a promise that her interests should be looked to. On the 31st of January, 1795, she appeared as *Lydia Languish*, in her new manager's comedy of *The Rivals*; but her name was not inserted in the bills. She repeated the part once, and was not heard of for some months afterwards. She occasionally appeared during this and the two following seasons, as a substitute for other performers, but seldom in anything of more than third-rate importance. By degrees characters of greater importance were entrusted to her, and as it was observed that she played bad and good parts with the same attention, the management occasionally stretched a point in her favour. When the *Honeymoon* came out, it was expected that Mrs. Jordan would enact *Violante*, but that lady refused it, and, at Elliston's recommendation, the part was assigned to Miss Mellon, and thousands of copies were sold of a well-known print, representing her in that character. About this time the circumstances of Miss Mellon suddenly improved in an extraordinary degree. She became the fortunate winner of 10,000*l.* in the lottery. She immediately gave 100*l.* to each of the theatrical funds; and though it is said she had only 8*l.* per week at Drury, set up her carriage.

On the 8th of January, 1815, Miss Mellon was united to Mr. Coutts, the banker, and shortly afterwards she took leave of the stage in the character of *Violante*. As an actress, her talent was not at all calculated to bear the analysis of minute criticism, yet it was such as to disarm adverse opinion. In 1822 Mr. Coutts died, it is said at the advanced age of 87. Various erroneous statements have appeared relative to Mr. Coutts's property. The will, however, was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on the 27th of March 1822, by five of the executors, viz. Mrs. Harriet Coutts, widow, the relict; Sir Edmund Antrobus, Sir Coutts Trotter, Edward Majoribanks, and Edmund Antrobus, the younger, Esqrs., a power being reserved of granting probate to Andrew Dickie, William Adam the younger, Thomas Atkinson, and John Parkinson, Esqrs., the other executors. The testator, by his will, dated the 9th of May, 1820, appointed Mrs. Coutts universal legatee, and bequeathed to her his share in the banking-house and business in the Strand, and all benefit and interests to arise therefrom. There was a codicil to the will, which related to trust property only. The personal property within the province of Canterbury was sworn under 600,000*l.* Rumour from time to time, named various aspirants to the hand of the wealthy widow, but conjecture was ultimately put at rest by her marriage with the Duke of St. Alban's, in 1827.

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

OCTOBER, 1837.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

***Stokeshill Place; or, the Man of Business.*** By the Authoress of "Mrs. Armytage," "Mothers and Daughters," &c.

We admire this work as much as—perhaps, we might say, more than—any novel of the kind Mrs. Charles Gore has yet produced. It is for the greater part a simple but touching narrative of domestic and English life, with fewer of the scenes and flippancies of fashionable society, than are usual with this writer. We would not confound high life generally with that heartless, insane portion of it (and after all it is but a fraction) called "fashionable life," the monotonous insipidities of which have been so often produced and reproduced in works of fiction, by authors who know the subject thoroughly, and by others (in far greater numbers we believe) who are utterly ignorant of it and all its bearings, that we now feel impatient at the mere mention of Grosvenor Square, and are overcome by an unconquerable drowsiness whenever the word "Almack's" meets our eye. The whole subject is itself too limited to admit of much variety—too artificial to admit of a transcript by means of any other *art*, while the best essences of it are so extremely volatile, that they evaporate the instant they are removed out of their own narrow and fragile glass-case. The little there is of this kind of thing in the volumes now before us is, however, exceedingly well written—it is sparkling and spirited, without being overdone, and the satire, hardly ever harsh or uncharitable, is nicely apportioned to the proper persons, and introduced in the right places. Nothing is grosser than satire in the gross, and it is perhaps as unfair as it is revolting to set down, even in fashionable life, every man as an egotistical sensualist, and every woman as a selfish intriguante, without one virtue or one truly amiable or spontaneous weakness, to set off against their vices by rote, and their follies by calculation. There is one part of the story which seems to us admirably conceived and equally well executed. It looks like a study from the life, and may very well have been one. Change but a few names and titles—a few accidents and localities, and many a reader will recognise old acquaintances in the Dowager Lady Shoreham, the empty-headed and empty-hearted honourables, her daughters, and that hopeful scion of aristocracy, her son, the young earl; to say nothing of his scape-graces of uncles, "Gus," and "the parson." Poor Lady Shoreham! she is a high-bred woman—one so intensely and wholly fashionable, that she can


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see no virtue or acquirement worth the having, no reputation, no fame, except that of being a model, a leader, and a procreator of fashionables, deserving of a struggle or a thought. She labours hard, whenever the rare opportunity permits her, to imbue her only son with this doctrine, and to make him the envy of all dandies, and the delight of all supereminently fine ladies. But young Shoreham, like that memorable example of pains thrown away, the son of that elaborate rogue Lord Chesterfield, has a taste of his own in immoralities, and prefers sculking towards a certain place, "which shall be nameless," by a dirty bye-path of his own choosing. This lordling's first appearance on the stage is in a fine vein of comedy. It is on the day on which he comes of age—a great day—a memorable day—for it entitles him not only to take the management of his own estates, but also to take his seat as an hereditary legislator. His mother, who has not seen him for a long time, invites all the neighbouring nobility and topping county families to meet him at the "Abbey, where a birth-day dinner, with balls and fêtes to follow, is prepared on a scale of unusual magnificence. Her heart beats with triumph, for she expects to see the most *distingué* of aristocrats walk into the drawing-room and take all hearts by surprise. The Abbey clock tells hour after hour on the eventful day, and the young lord cometh not—all the company arrive, dinner is ready, but still no Shoreham.

"Poor Lady Shoreham was now in a panic. She felt the strange appearance it would wear to the county and her friends, if her son should fail her at such a moment; and began to fear that the prospect of having to do the honours of his house for the first time, to four or five hundred guests, besides making a speech to the tenantry, and a civil acknowledgment to the executors, had been too much for his courage. As soon as she had escorted Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Holloway, as in precedence bound, to their rooms, she returned hastily to the library; for the welcome sound of a carriage had reached her ear.

"But, alas! it was only the London solicitor in his chaise and four; summoned by the fidgety Barnsley to attend upon the occasion.

"Scarcely, however, had she turned Mr. Fagg over to the butler, to be conducted to his dressing-room, when Barnsley himself was announced.

"My dear sir," she exclaimed, cordially extending her hand, "you see me in the greatest perplexity!—Not a word have I heard of my son for some days past. He promised to be here on the 21st, early in the day; and now it is nearly six o'clock, and I begin to tremble lest the horror which all young men of his age have of the word 'business,' should keep him away altogether! Between ourselves, I fancy we had better have put off signing these executorship and guardianship accounts till next week. But it is too late to think of it now; and, if my son should not make his appearance to-day, I must trouble you to take the head of the table. My brother, Lord Tynemouth, is so complete a stranger here, that he would be very little resource to me on such an occasion.'

Barnsley bowed assentingly; and Lady Shoreham, about to quit him to hurry through her dinner-toilet, was gratified to observe that in *his*, Lord Shoreham's executor wore a highly respectable country-gentlemanlike appearance. Barnsley was really a handsome-looking man, when his brows were unbent and his pockets dispossessed of the packets of papers too often imparting squareness to his waist. At the present moment, indeed, his countenance shone with redoubled lustre. To do the honours of Wynnex Abbey, in presence of the Sullivans of Hawkhurst, the dear friends and relatives of the Woodgate family, was all he could desire! For once, he anticipated as much delight from cutting up a haunch, as from drawing up a case for counsel's opinion.

"But while he stood bowing to the Viscountess, a sudden tumult arose in the great hall; and the yelping of dogs, the swearing of grooms, the neighing of horses, and the vociferous laughter of several strange voices, caused the colour to rise in Lady Shoreham's face.

"'It is my son!' cried she, full of joy, yet full of apprehension.

"And at that moment, a pretty-faced, under-sized young man, with a velvet travelling-cap on his head, and a pea-jacket on his shoulders, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, shuffled into the vestibule!

* * *

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" ' My dear boy! I was afraid you were lost!' cried his mother. ' Mr. Barnsley, Lord Shoreham; Shoreham, my love, Mr. Barnsley, to whom we are all so much indebted.'

" Barnsley bowed encouragingly to his young *protégé*; and Lord Shoreham, taking the cigar from his mouth, but not the cap from his head, muttered some unintelligible civility while his mother led the way into the library.

" ' You are very late,' said she, addressing Lord Shoreham. ' The dressing-bell has rung. Everybody is come; it wants only five minutes of six, and we dine at six precisely.'

" ' They must put off dinner,' replied Lord Shoreham, coolly. ' My fellows will be a quarter of an hour getting out my traps; and Gus won't be here these ten minutes.'

" ' *Gus?*'

" ' He chose to come with the parson in his britschka, on account of my smoking; and, by Jove! I smashed them like fun, giving them the go-by at the turnpike.'

" ' Gus!—the parson!' faltered Lady Shoreham. ' You surely have not brought down your uncles?'

" ' Didn't you get my letter?' demanded her son, planting himself before the fire on the hearth-rug, with his hands again ensconced in the pockets of the pea-jacket.

" ' What letters?'—

" ' Saying that my uncles must be present at the celebration of my coming of age. Just like the parson!' he continued, perceiving from his mother's wondering face that this was the first intimation she had received of such a calamity. ' I gave it him to put into the letter-box at Crockford's, as he was going up the steps; and I dare say 'tis still in his pocket, unless his rascal took it out at night to light his pipe.'

" Lady Shoreham stood for a moment aghast.

" ' But, my dear boy, this is really a most unreasonable proceeding!' faltered she, at last. ' There literally is not a bed in the house. I had the greatest difficulty in making out one for our friend Mr. Barnsley.'

" ' Why who the devil have you got here?' inquired Lord Shoreham, with an air of disgust.

" ' All the families of the immediate neighbourhood; besides my brother Tynemouth, and——'

" ' Well, well,' interrupted Lord Shoreham, ' let who will be turned out, room must be made for Gus and the parson. My uncles are the only people *I* have invited, and they must be properly accommodated. How deuced unlucky that you did not get my letter.'

" ' Rather say, unlucky that you did not——'

" ' Shoreham, my boy!' shouted a strange voice, as a strange head, in a strange straw hat, was thrust into the library,—' are you here or hereabouts?'

" ' Come in, Alfred, come in!' cried the dutiful nephew, without stirring from the hearth-rug; while Lady Shoreham escaped through the saloon, to recover her self-possession and give the necessary orders; and Barnsley bowed and stared, as the extraordinary figure of Parson Drewe advanced into the room, gaitered and jacketed for his journey, as other men equip themselves for a shooting expedition.

" ' Where's Gus?' inquired Lord Shoreham.

" ' In confab with the head coachman—finding out whether there's a tailor at Westerton he can trust to mend the spring of the britschka,' said Alfred Drewe, throwing himself into a chair, and placing his muddy leather gaiters on a beautiful ottoman embroidered by the fair hand of his niece Lucilla. ' That was a clever smash you gave us at the toll-bar; and faith, my fine fellow, you must pay for it!'

" By Jove,—I thought you were over!' cried Lord Shoreham, laughing heartily at the recollection. ' But I say, Alfred, what the deuce did you do with that letter of mine?'

" ' What letter?—To Lady Catalpa?'

" ' No, no—to my mother.'

" ' Your mother?'—Devil a word do I remember about the matter!—I took Lady Cat's myself, as an excuse for a call. If you trusted me with anything for the post, I dare say I gave it to my tiger to drop in; and the young dog (who is apt to take a drop too much) seems to have dropped all recollection of the business.'

" ' Very unlucky!' said Lord Shoreham. ' But we must make the best of it.'

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"'By George! how they have ruined the place,' ejaculated Parson Drewe, looking round. 'How easy to see, by all these gimcracks, that a woman's finger has been in the pie;—hope it won't prove a *pigeon* pie—eh! Shoreham?—Not a chair for a fellow's legs, when he comes in from shooting; and, instead of a good comfortable rug before the fire, for man and beast to stand or lie on, a strip of velvet painted to look like a leopard's skin!—Why not a real leopard's skin at once?—Except, now I think of it, that they're all bought up for the Bloomsbury hammercloths. Tigers are sure to sport a leopard's skin.'

"'Come, come, don't put your foot into it,' cried the young peer. 'I'll take odds that the mayor of Westerton has got one at this moment, on his family coach. But here comes Augustus. Take it coolly—for he's in a devil of a way about the britschka.'

"Barnsley felt uncomfortable; and but that his black silk stockings and white waistcoat left no pretext for retiring to dress, would have been heartily glad to get out of the room. The 'devil of a way' of a man recently taken up as disorderly in a row at the Opera, excited fearful surmises in his mind. What, therefore, was his surprise when, the library door having opened an inch or two and shut again, a spare, middle aged man, of formal demeanour and immoveable countenance, traversed the room like clock work, seated himself gingerly in a chair, and began filipping off the dried spots of mud contracted by his nether habiliments during his journey.

"'Well, what do the fellows say;—is it much of a smash?'—inquired the parson.

"'Not much,' replied Augustus, in a calm, dry voice. 'We shall get back to town with it, and then it must go to Hobson, (Hobson's your man, I think?') addressing his nephew, 'and be done up. The linings are ruined, and the scratch can't be got out without varnishing.'

"Barnsley, startled by the quiet apathy of the modern dare-devil, was shocked to perceive the proverb reversed, and that for 'Nunky pays for all,' was in future to be read 'nephew.'—He almost shuddered when he thought of the hundred and forty-two thousand pounds to be transferred on the morrow!

"'We have but five minutes to dress for dinner,' said Lord Shoreham, deferring to a more convenient season any remarks he might have to make on this summary arrangement.

"'Then I shall wait for supper!' was the quiet reply of Augustus. 'Between a journey and a meal, a bath is indispensable. Is it Lady Shoreham's custom to dine at six o'clock?'

"'The custom of the country, I fancy.'

"'And a deuced good custom, too!' cried Alfred. 'Shoreham, my boy! I hope you're not ass enough to have a French cook? A French cook may be a good thing in France; where the devil sends the meat, no matter where the cooks come from. But 'pon my soul, to see one of those frog-faced fellows larding a side of venison, or stewing down a fine turbot till you might card it into wool, is enough to drive one distracted.'

"'I know nothing, at present, of the system here,' said Lord Shoreham, spoiling a fine solid glowing fire by a superfluous poke; 'but let me hear of anything French in my kitchen except truffles or capers, and out of the window it goes—neck or nothing.'

"And after a vehement, master-of-the-house-like ring, he desired the groom of the chambers to show him to his room, following him across the hall arm-in-arm with the parson; while Augustus remained stationary before the fire, gently caressing his own shins.

"'A very fine young man, sir!' observed Barnsley, after a silent *tête-à-tête* of some minutes.

"'Who, sir,—my brother?'—demanded Augustus in the same quiet voice.

"'I meant Lord Shoreham,' said Barnsley, with a patronizing smile, amazed at the gentleman's dulness. 'I had the honour of knowing the late lord well.'

"'Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I never knew any one less!' observed Augustus, as impassive as before, but beginning to stroke his chin instead of his legs.

"'Have you brought down anything new, sir?'—demanded Barnsley, after another trying pause.

"'Nothing but a pair of pumps,' replied Augustus Drewe, as drily as ever.

"'You misunderstand me, my dear sir,' said Barnsley; 'I wished to inquire if here was anything new in town when you left it?'

"'Asparagus is in, and, I fancy, sea-kail,' replied Augustus vacantly; and Barnsley perceiving at length that he was mystified, and doubtful whether to resent as an affront what might be only the common-place of an eccentric, like 'Gus,' wisely took up the newspaper to screen his irritation.'"

His lordship's adventures and those of his honourable uncles are admirably in keeping with this introduction. Shoreham, after a series of low indulgences, marries Lady Catalpa—a lady whose character is the worse for wear; Gus winds up in the Bench, where he is now "a resident of some years standing;" and his brother, "the parson," may be seen "any day of the three hundred and sixty-five, sauntering, with his hands in his pockets on the pier at Calais."

With proper attention to etiquette we have spoken of the lords, and ladies, and honourables first, but in the story they by no means occupy the foremost place, and are indeed throughout rather episodical personages. The real interest of the narrative rests with John Barnsley, Esq., a retired lawyer of considerable landed property, who cannot shake off his old habits, and will be "the man of business," and with his beautiful and high-minded daughter, Margaret, who is "*noble comme les rois*," not merely by that indisputable title "*des beaux yeux*," but by other titles that surpass all creations and parchments, however ancient—a lofty generosity and a pure nobility of soul. The progress of this young lady, from a retiring bashful country girl to a calm self-possessed woman of fashion, the rage of a London season, whose intoxicating incense has no effect on the purity and gentleness of her mind, is described with great skill, and with all a woman's delicacy of perception in such matters. But it is when a sudden change comes over this splendid dream—when the wealth of her father has flown away on the wings of his own follies—his ambition to be rising, his determination to be bustling and doing business—that the character of Margaret shines forth with all its beauty and dignity. The brilliant heiress becomes a true heroine in adversity, and by her perfect self-sacrifice to her father, who has few qualities to endear him beyond that of being her parent, she draws tears to the eyes which she had dazzled before. It is a long time since we read anything more affecting than the third volume of this novel. The sorrows in it are of that description which goes home to the hearts of all of us, and they are narrated with admirable truth and simplicity. Even in the tragical scenes which lead to Barnsley's death by his own hands there is no rant —no stage declamation—no trick, but all is deep, stern, and unaffected, almost in the manner of the great Crabbe.

If we were to offer any complaint, (and critics must complain of something,) we should say that poor Barnsley, who was a great deal more sinned against than sinning, is rather too hardly dealt with, and that Margaret's tardy reward is somewhat insufficient, inasmuch as her old lover, whom she marries when he is a widower with a family of children, seems to us a stiff, proud, cold-blooded fellow, and his pride, his besetting sin, does not appear to have been sufficiently corrected by misfortunes. Besides, he had married one wife for interest, and did not deserve a second for love—and such a wife as Margaret. Although there is a marriage, the denouement strikes us as an unhappy one, and we don't like novels to end unhappily. It is bad enough to see virtue indifferently rewarded in actual life. Let us make it happy where we can.

In the case of a writer so long and deservedly popular as Mrs. Gore, our recommendation is scarcely needed, but yet we will recommend, candidly and without stint, these volumes to an attentive perusal. They contain much to instruct and improve, and nothing unsound or objectionable. Considering the author's sex, her keen perceptions of the real and rough business of life occasionally excites our surprise. She has evidently studied mankind in other places and among other subjects than drawing-rooms and London coteries.

*Chapters on Early English Literature.* By J. H. Hippisley, Esq. M.P.

Although no nation is richer in excellent materials for such works, England is, on the whole, rather poor in literary history; and what we particularly want are a few concise treatises on the subject, a few books of ready reference, such as the French possess in great abundance, and of very various degrees of merit. Warton's work on our poets, particularly in the last edition, enriched by the invaluable introduction, and illustrated by the excellent notes of the late Mr. Price, is an excellent contribution; Thomas Campbell's selection, with his introductory essay, though occasionally careless and incorrect in the historical part, are also highly valuable; and Mr. Hallam's volumes, which are now in the course of publication, and which relate not merely to poetry, but to the history of our literature generally, bid fair to fill up a gap in the brightest and most glorious portion of our annals. We augur as much from the industry, learning, sagacity, and rightmindedness, of that excellent author and most estimable man. But still we believe that there are parts of the subject not suited to the nature of Mr. Hallam's mind, and that his book, however good, (and it is sure to be excellent in parts,) will leave something to be done by other writers. The subject, indeed, is too vast for any one single intellect. But when several have contributed, each that portion which the turn of his mind, and the nature of his leading studies best qualify him to discuss, then we shall have the condensed materials of a perfect history of English literature, and shall only require, for the sake of those who have not leisure for the reading of many books, an intelligent and tasteful compiler, to take from each what is most valuable, and reduce the whole to system and order in one work. The object of the author of these chapters on the formation of our language, and the history of our literature from the time of Chaucer to that of Shakspeare, has been not to collect new matter, but to give a *precis* of the old for the use of young people; and he has selected from the works of Warton, Campbell, and many others less known or accessible, such matter as may lead the mind to a consideration of some of the more important topics which the pursuit offers. He states this in his introduction fairly, and with an unaffected modesty which gains our esteem.

"The well-informed reader," he says, "who has already been abundantly supplied with works of professed antiquaries, scholars, or critics, will discover in the following pages little either of novelty or interest. It is, therefore, the author's desire, that these pages should be received, not as intended for the scholar, or the man of letters, but as originating from a belief that some elementary knowledge on early English literature might be imparted to the young and unpractised student, in a more compendious form than has hitherto been adopted."

There is, however, a good deal more in his book than his modest announcement proclaims. There is a taste and judgment of his own, and a very valuable and somewhat rare power of compressing much information in a small space without depriving it of its spirit or amusing properties. We expect no inconsiderable improvement from the multiplication and diffusion of books of this kind. They ought to be recommended to the study of youth, who, too generally, overlook the most valuable and consoling parts of history, to crowd their minds with barren facts. The author has well expressed the value of such intellectual annals.

"The advantages of literary history as a branch of education, have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. The improvement to be derived from such a study is twofold: on the one hand, the taste and imagination are cultivated by selections from authors otherwise prolix, or occasionally even impure on the other, the mind of the reader is awakened to one, at least, of the most important branches of history—the al and intellectual history of mankind. In the pursuit of this latter subject of

inquiry, the most trivial, as well as the most sublime authors, have their value; and brief accounts, or short abstracts, are often equivalent to the study of entire volumes. Sometimes, the intellectual character of a particular period is to be collected from the nature and subject matter of the works themselves; in other instances, those very works undesignedly occupy the province of history, and exhibit to us a curious portraiture of cotemporary manners: and in this view the mediæval poets of Europe are especially valuable."

Our author's scrupulous rejection of every thought and word that has the least taint of indelicacy would subject him to the imputation of fastidiousness, were it not borne in mind that his book is chiefly intended for the young. We are proud to agree with him in believing that the moral tone of society in England has been higher than in the south of Europe, but he claims too much in asserting, or implying, that the fair sex were always scandalised at coarseness of language and indecent incidents. He forgets the old dramatists—the play-wrights of Charles II.'s time, to which we know the ladies of England listened without remorse. It is true, they wore for a time silk masks whenever they went to the play-house, but these visors cannot shield their delicacy from suspicion. But even long after the days of the profligate Charles—in the days of the good Queen Anne and the Georges, even down to a part of the reign of George III.,— scenes and dialogues were produced on the English stage before the most honoured dames of the land that would not have been tolerated in some of the most dissolute countries on the continent. At the same time our popular songs—our novels, were frequently broad and coarse enough! Our purity and refinement in this respect are comparatively of a very recent date.

We hope that our virtue has kept pace with our improvement in outward decency. Some doubts are entertained as to the fact, but on reflection we are inclined to believe that the shadow is not unattended by the real substance.

Mr. Hippisley's account of the life of Chaucer seems to us exceedingly able. Considering the narrow limits he has allowed himself, he has done a great deal towards the clearing up of former doubts, and the reconciling of contradictory statements. In this part much of the ingenuity seems to be entirely his own, unborrowed from other sources. His criticisms on that great father of our poetry are elegant and instructive: his happy *resumé* of the "Canterbury Tales" may be read with advantage, even by those who have studied the learned commentaries of Tyrwhitt. At the conclusion of his volume, where he draws a sensible picture of the state and prospects of our general literature, there are two short paragraphs which we quote with singular satisfaction.

"What, then, are the characteristics by which the literature of the present age is most advantageously distinguished from that of almost all preceding periods? Next to a pure tone of morals, the foremost of all advantages, must be reckoned that critical and antiquarian spirit in historical research, which we recognise, but indistinctly, and only in some rare instances, amongst ancient classic authors; and which, in our country, does not appear before the days of Leland, scarcely before those of Camden, Selden, and Dugdale. This laborious exactness, fostered as it has been, as well by religious controversy as by the study of physical science, can only be rendered available, through the facilities afforded to us, towards the preservation and inspection of ancient documents, by the art of printing. Wherever we cast our thoughts abroad, and into whatever train of ideas we may fall, in comparing the present with the past intellectual condition of the world, to this powerfully effective art, and to its consequence, by one channel or another, we must inevitably revert; and indeed, if there is one circumstance more than any other, in which the literature of the present age displays an undoubted pre-eminence over that of every preceding period, it is not, generally speaking, so much in the advancement, as in the diffusion, of knowledge. It would seem decreed, as if by an overruling Providence, that the treasures, which in past ages were within the reach only of the wealthy and the learned, should be generally, though gradually, imparted to all

classes of society. That such, at least, is the inevitable tendency of the facilities now afforded to all ranks, both of obtaining books and of receiving instruction, must be admitted by all, who do not perceive dark clouds gathering from some unknown and undefined quarter in our apparently bright horizon; or who do not view, in prospect, the incursion of barbarians from some southern or western hive."

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*The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, comprising the Civil History of the Province of Ulster from the Accession of James the First: with a Preliminary Sketch of the Progress of the Reformed Religion in Ireland during the Sixteenth Century. And an Appendix, consisting of Original Papers.* By JAMES SEATON REID, D.D. M.R.I.A.

This is the second volume of a work of laborious research, and of very considerable ability. The sources whence the historical information is derived, are marked out with very laudable care. The author has confined his attention exclusively to the affairs of Ulster, and has added considerably to the history of that province during the great civil war and the protectorate, when it was the scene of some of the most important events which happened in Ireland. At a later and still more momentous period, the revolution, which freed us for ever from the tyranny and imbecility of the house of Stuart, was consummated on the plains of Ulster, and it has entered into Dr. Reid's plan to trace more minutely, than preceding writers had done, the rise and progress of that successful resistance to the arbitrary government of James the Second, for which the cause of liberty was greatly indebted, among others, to the Presbyterian church of Ireland. Many details are given of the memorable siege of Derry, which we do not remember to have met with in any other work. A common danger, and a thorough agreement in one great object, softened the recollections of bitter enmities, which were comparatively of recent date, and introduced the great principle of mutual toleration. During the siege, the cathedral being the only place of worship within the walls, was occupied by both parties on the sabbath—the Episcopalians in the morning, and the Presbyterians afterwards: the latter entering at twelve had two sermons there, besides two or three other meetings in other parts of the city. In their assemblies there were considerable collections made for the relief of the poor people, and the sick and wounded soldiers. If some of this wise toleration had been extended to the Catholics of Ireland, we believe that the struggle would have been of much shorter duration, and that many thousands of lives would have been spared. But the time had not yet arrived for the general adoption of this truly healing virtue.

This work has, of course, more particular claims to the attention of the members of the church to which Dr. Reid belongs, but the impartial historian will be glad to refer to such documents, and to weigh the conduct and motives of the Presbyterians by consulting their own accounts of them, as well as the frequently conflicting relations of the episcopal party. The appendix to the present volume contains much interesting matter, taken from the state papers in Dublin Castle, and from unpublished manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the British Museum.

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*Regimental Coventry as it is at present acted upon in the British Army.* By JAMES CONNELL, Assistant-Surgeon of the 3rd, or "King's Own," Regiment of Light Dragoons.

This work in some respects deserves to be classed among the "Curiosities of Literature." Except a book or two of that strange original, Philip Thicknesse, Esq., governor of Landguard Fort, and "unfortunately (as he used to say of himself) father of Lord Audley," we hardly know anything that can be compared to it. It consists of two goodly octavo volumes, treating of nothing in the world else than the how and wherefore Mr. Assistant Surgeon Connell of the 3rd Light Dragoon Guards was sent to Coventry by his brother officers of the said 3rd Light Dragoons. But all the mischief is not yet out. Mr. Connell began with the intention of telling his story in one volume, but finding the subject grow on his hands, he wrote two, and now, at the end of the second volume, he tells us that it will take two more volumes to complete his narrative. Four volumes all about an assistant-surgeon being sent to Coventry! Why we have histories of empires condensed in a narrower space.

We fear that the Light Dragoons will find this heavy reading, but it certainly behoves some of the 3rd to examine the books, and, after pausing and pondering thereon, to reply, if they can, in a manner more or less public, to Mr. Connell's charges against them. We cannot pretend to decide on the merits of the case, but it *does* appear that the author has met with harsh and ungenerous treatment, and has indeed been made the object of a malicious and most enduring persecution, so organised, and carried into effect in all sorts of times and places, as to make one almost believe that the gallant 3rd thought of nothing else but how they should destroy their doctor. The details given by Mr. Connell become imposing and even amusing, (at least, on reflection, and when the toil of reading is over,) from their very number and length. Though interested by most matters relating to the army, we little thought, on opening these volumes, that we should read them through; but on entering into the story our curiosity was excited—by degrees we felt more interested by the matter-of-fact narrative than we should have thought possible, and we read the two volumes to an end without missing a single sentence—not excepting even some doubtful French, and still more doubtful Spanish, with which the assistant-surgeon has garnished his (sometimes *very odd*) English. We fancy that there are some *patient* readers of the army (the officers of the 3rd ought to do it for self-defence) that will peruse the work, and give it a calm consideration. Portions of it certainly demand the serious attention of the potentials at the Horse Guards; but yet, liable as it it is to gross abuse, we scarcely see how they can wholly prevent the practice complained of.

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*Cambridge Crepuscular Diversions, and Brooding before Bed Time.* ALPHA.

This *jeu d'esprit* is not a bad specimen of Cantab trifling. It contains a very erudite discourse on the origin, evidence, and etymology of "seediness;" and an historical and critical dissertation on the title of "wooden spoon,"—a distinction given in the university to that candidate for honours who has been *least* led astray in the ways of mathematics; but the jewel of the *fasciculus* is a learned conversation on the derivation of pancakes. We will give it entire, modestly premising with an etymon of our own, which has not been adopted without grave conside-

ration. In French, pancakes are called pancouks, an evident corruption of Vancook, a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who flourished in the early part of the fourteenth century, and was distinguished by his numerous inventions in cookery.—*See Pancirolus on Lost Arts.*

"*G.* We were discussing the derivation of the orthodox dainty of this day: 'pancake.'

"*S.* Pancake! why there's little room for discussion there, the word of course comes from πᾶν and κακὸν, because they are eaten on a day when we were shriven from *all* our *evil*.

"*L.* Or because, perhaps, everything that's bad enters into them as a compound, for I find them very unwholesome.

"*G.* If you're on that cue, you may say, if you please, because in Ireland and in the North, they toss them up the chimney, and they come down again defiled with soot and all manner of dirt.

"But a truce to these sort of conjectures, you are as bad as my wise neighbours in hall.—I see you are, like them, going down in a diving-bell, to find what is floating on the top of the water. But you must make another attempt, that will never do.

"*S.* Yes, but it will though, and I believe it is the right one, for I am supported by the analogy of the Latin; πάγκακος like πανοῦργος signifies *vafer*; now if we suppose πάγκακον to have been a word used among the Greeks as another name to signify that mixture of flour and oil, which they also called λάγανον, it is easy to imagine that the Romans in bringing the delicacy from Greece introduced the name as well, which after a time they translated into its Latin meaning 'vafer;' and hence is our name *wafer* given to a flat round cake of the same sort; this I think puts the derivation beyond a doubt.

"*L.* Well, you certainly trace it to its real origin, the frying-pan, when you look for it in *grease*; but I think your ingenuity is wasted, and as Grubb has been pleased to jeer, I'll just tell you at once what the true derivation is. I wonder really you were so blind as not to see at first that——

"*G.* Stop, my gentleman, you're too matter o' fact, puss must not be liberated just yet; I must first tell you what the other conjectures were; one gave the derivation you have suggested; another contested that it was from Πὰν *pastorum Deus*, the god of Lycæus, and καχάζω, because they were once introduced at the *Lupercalia*, and by the novelty of the offering, might make the rustic go to *laugh*; or Πὰν and χέω and καίω as another offered for an amendment, because when Pan tried to make them for himself, being not a proficient cook, he generally burnt them. A third man would have χέω for καίω because he, having seen them made, knew well they were first in a fluid state, and that the cook poured them when thus liquid into the implement that fried them. Others seemed to be taxing their ingenuity, and perhaps our patience, with finding more plausible methods of connecting and the rest of the compound, when a new hint was suggested; for a man who sat next but one to me, bawled across a silent eating man, who sat between us, that the derivation he knew was from 'Panchæa,' a place in Arabia Felix, which producing many other delicacies, might rank this among the number; which being the most precious of its bounties could κατ' ἐξοχὴν monopolize the name of its native land.

"*S.* Not so bad of him, for he could have taken Maro for his authority; Panchæa in the Georgics is called '*Panchaia pinguis*,' an evidence of its notoriety for such a fatty produce.

"*G.* It was just that gentleman's authority that he took; for being a man ready at quotations, and particularly well up with his Virgil, he quoted from the fourth Georgic.

'Part epulis onerant mensas, et plena reponunt
Pocula;—*Panchæis* adolescunt ignibus aræ,'

which latter part he translated, 'The grate is all in a blaze with the flames of the pancake;' such being evidently, as he said, the rendering of Panchæan flames, especially as we learn from the context that they are getting ready something good for the dinner-table.

"*L.* They had but an indifferent beverage, however, if we understand the words that follow to refer to bowls of Cape Madeira:

'*Cape* Mæonii carchesia Bacchi;'

but I beg pardon for that; it's only *obiter*.

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" *S.* Very good, Lobb, and not out of place here; it shows off well, both your ready wit and your reading.

" *G.* True; but I've more to tell you before we get to the climax, or into the jelly-bag of the joke, which I see I must bring you to as quickly as possible, for the cat appears to be already scratching at the bag for an exeat.

" *S.* Not at all, Grubb, you're by no means tedious.

" *G.* Well, then, the silent young gentleman who sat at my left at length spoke; he was a better sort of *gourmand*, and this accounted for his silence, for his fish had not till now been dispatched; and the last *bonne bouche* vanished almost simultaneously with his taciturnity. He gave it for his decided opinion that Pancake owed its title to the fact of its being a sort of *Panacea*, a general remedy for the ill effects of fasting, a stock of solid nourishment laid in to prevent starvation, during the days of abstinence that follow Shrove Tuesday; a *Panacea*, in fact, as good food always is, against the unpleasant symptoms that follow the going without any at all. He quoted something from Pliny to prove this, and something I think from Lucan, but I forget what; at all events he thought that he had well proved his point; and in the height of his self complacency rubbed his hand famously, and called to the waiter to bring 'A plate of pancakes, lemon, and brown sugar,' which feeding upon, he relapsed into his original silence. Of all the other conjectures that I can remember, there is but one other good one. A man who did not set up for a classic, asserted that pancakes were bread seals, for he traced the derivation from the French, *pain*, bread, and *cachet*, a seal, being, as he asserted, merely bread which had taken the circular form of a seal from the shape of the machine in which it was cooked: a modern etymology which sounded quite tame after the classical ones we had been treated with.

" *L.* Well, and what was the upshot of it all?

" *G.* While we were all wondering at the many derivations the word would bear, and quite undecided which to select; one of our party exclaimed with some vehemence, 'Who shall tell me why this is called a Pancake?' when a rough jocund voice behind me humbly answered with a smile, 'Why my wife and I calls 'em pancakes 'cause they be *cakes* frizzed in a *pan!*' and turning round I traced the sound to the lips of a waiter, generally the most forward among his fellows, and who hearing this exclamation, with none of our previous discourse, simply set the matter at rest, and outwitted us and all our classic erudition. You may imagine we looked at each other and wondered till we smiled, and smiled till we all joined in a general laugh at ourselves and each other.'

It is a remarkable fact, and one which makes us reflect seriously on the vicissitudes of human tastes and all mundane affairs, that there is not, properly speaking, a single pun in the whole course of these Cambridge diversions. Drinking, too, seems gone out of fashion as much as punning. No more strong ale at breakfast, no more roaring suppers! And talking of this reminds us of a mathematical toper of former times, who, on being detected one night, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, was asked what he was thinking about. "I am thinking," said he, "of that Being whose approbation is in inverse proportion to the quantum of brandy-punch I am swallowing."

One of these crepuscular interlocutors concludes a discourse with equal truth and solemnity.

" It certainly must be an expensive thing to give our wits a holiday at a supper party, if it costs us the use of a night first, and a whole day afterwards; and imposes on a man, moreover, the tax of self-hatred, and the burden of a heavy head and unhappy heart. Yes, drunkenness I find reduces a man first to an equality with a brute, and brings him down gradually, until it ultimately levels him with a lettuce."

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*My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct.* By HENRY SKELTON.

"My Book" is decidedly the greatest book that has appeared since the book of "Etiquette." We do not mean the work which made such a stir between two great publishing houses in the city and gave employ-

ment to the lawyers, whose manners, we are informed, have been much improved in consequence of having their attention directed to a code of politeness more peremptory than the Pandects and more laconic than the Code Napoléon—no! we do not mean this work but an earlier one—an elder brother by some ten or twelve months—in short, the "Book," *par excellence*—"The Book of Etiquette."

In some respects "My Book" is even a greater work than the immortal "Book of Etiquette." It is twice as big, and it takes care not only of our manners but our morals, our stomachs, and our immortal parts. All these are woven together and intermixed in the most striking way. Hints about quadrilles are immediately followed by instructions relating to the church service: a discourse on whist is closely followed by another on conscience; instructions to a lover are coupled with a talk about smoking; a sermon upon death is succeeded by a treatise on duelling; an article on the magistracy is followed by one upon chess; phrenology walks hand in hand with suicide, and rules for making a devil stand out in bold relief from the midst of a volume containing extracts of sermons and aphorisms of the most approved morality. The author tells us, in his preface, that for years, when he has observed anything amiss, he has remarked that when his book should make its appearance all that sort of thing would be discontinued. In a mind of smaller calibre this might look like vanity and presumption, but he knows his own mighty *bore*, and he is quite right—from this day forward all the vices of society, from the eating with knives to the seducing of innocent maidens, will cease and be forgotten of men.

And who is this great author? We know not; but the name on the title-page is evidently a *nom de guerre*, assumed out of sheer modesty. We can just make out, from the frequent and familiar way in which he mentions that monarch, that he was a very particular friend of George IV.

He is sometimes rather absolute in his dicta; but this is a defect which persons of high rank are apt to fall into when laying down the law. For instance, some people don't like sherry, and a great many more who do, have no sherry to take; yet he says in the most decisive tone, "*Take sherry with your fish.*" He has a patrician horror of that very insignificant and very useless class, called citizens, or, more elegantly, *cits*. The following passages sufficiently show that he is a personage accustomed to move in none but the highest circles.

"When the meat is on the table the champagne may appear, not before; it is not orthodox. When the *cit* gives a dinner, he calls for champagne at the outset, pledges you with the first course, and *you are drunk* ere the last dish appears."

"An officer in India, who had just been raised from the ranks for his gallantry, being invited to the governor's table, was asked by the governor's lady, as a marked compliment, to take wine. 'No, ma'am, I thank you, replied the unsophisticated hero, 'I never takes wine, but I'm a tiger at beer.'"

"Should vegetables be before you, do not make so much ado about their distribution, as if the dish contained turtle or venison. *Let vegetables be asked for.*"

"Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate, send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself; this may be done with rapidity if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one: if at the table of a friend it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable; no refined appetite can survive it—

"'Give no more to ev'ry guest,
Than he's able to digest;
Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.'

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"The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip, and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake, for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

"Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens, and we by much of its produce!

"When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents."

This necessary and invaluable advice is followed by the section on making devils, and on what the learned author technically calls "Table Cookery." It is excellent, but we should think his wild ducks something of the hottest.

"Some science may be displayed in *table cookery*, and some credit gained by it. To make a devil, use the spices with a heavy hand, and forget not the anchovy; but this should be seen to be done well; our friend John Bull excelled in this—God bless the social being, his handsome, honest, worthy countenance, and his twelve children! But to return. To the quarter of lamb spare not the cayenne and lemon, with cold butter. To the *wild duck*, also, to produce the proper flavour, you can *hardly use the red pepper too plentifully*, if well mixed with lemon and gravy; then pour over a little boiling port; on judgment depends the excellence of the relish; but in truth, what does not depend upon judgment and taste, whether in dress, in the state, or at the table?"

Dear reader, mind and leave a card where you have dined. Our author is very impressive on this head.

"It is a sad dereliction—after finding time to partake the luxuries and hospitality of your friend's table, to neglect, or even defer, leaving your card. On no account omit this beyond the day or two, or at the farthest *the Sunday* following the entertainment in which you have participated."

We suspect that the seventh day of the week is mentioned, because persons of our author's rank are pretty sure to be disengaged on that day, while little clerks and shop-boys are confined to the desk and counter. He is evidently in the habit of paying his visits in *busses*, for he talks a great deal about these fashionable vehicles. His instruction on this head may save many a broken nose.

"Before a person enters an omnibus, he should desire the conductor not to allow the vehicle to go on till he be seated; and when alighting, never pay while on the steps—first gain a sure footing on terra firma. Many frightful accidents are continually taking place, from this indecision and heedlessness."

But this is not all he has to say about *busses*. We beg his pardon, omnibii—for he tells us that such abbreviations as bus and cab are 'very low,' and he delights in a latin plural. He is so familiar with the use of the land arks, that he has made perhaps the most philosophical of all his discoveries in them. "Half the men," he says, "mumble, and all the women lisp," never having opened their mouths through the whole of their career; and he proposes, that in order to cure this defect, they should all be sent to rattle over the stones in Shillibeer's noisy conveyances. "To talk aloud in an omnibus," says he, "above the noise of the vehicle, would be excellent practice, as the natural emphasis always falls correctly." Claiming the privileges of his high rank, our author takes great liberties with the king's English—but perhaps it is fashionable, in the society he moves in, to marry singular nouns with plural verbs, and *vice-versa*. At all events, he does so repeatedly.

We have seen how brilliant and practically useful he is on the subject of dinners and devils, but, if possible, he is still more eloquent and instructive when treating of balls and *soirées*.

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"Soirées are more economical than dinner parties,—and give greater satisfaction to the younger branches of your friends and acquaintance;—less wine is drunk at them—more innocent mirth reigns,—which will better bear the reflection of the morrow. They may be given to produce some eclat,—as—in one room—cards,—in another—music,—and in a third—dancing,—and for the bright enactment of the pageant, supper should be announced in a fourth *salon*, at one o'clock precisely;—the coffee, &c. during the evening being carried round at stated intervals,—that the servants may not be continually in the room to the great annoyance of the company.

"A good bed-room may be turned, at little expense, into a beautiful dancing-room, in the manner following,—take an even number of stripes of calico—blue and white, highly glazed,—let them be put up alternately in breadths, fluted from the floor to the ceiling,—covering the windows; the doors may be taken off, and scarlet cloth hung up to cover the entrance, which the hand easily puts aside, to gain admittance,—and it has the advantage of deadening the sound in the adjoining rooms, as singing and dancing—each delightful in its way—do not accord *ensemble*. Or the coloured and white calico may be drawn alternately to a radius in each compartment of the room with a bracket and bouquet of flowers in the centre: and with a handsome lamp suspended from the ceiling, large enough to light the whole room, and forms around the walls,—you have a very handsome room—with something like the effect of a tent.

"With forethought and attention everything may be done well;—but, in party-giving—set about the thing in good time,—leave it not to the last. Invitations should be sent by hand a month before the appointed day; or, should it take place about Christmas,—or in the season when many parties are on the *tapis*,—give even a longer notice, that you may not be disappointed of your expected friends. It is matter of regret—after much trouble and outlay of expense, if you have not a company to partake your hospitality;—beware only of magnificent display;—else—some of your *friends*—who have ate and drunk to repletion at your cost,—when returning home 'impleti veteris Bacchi,' may allow the entertainment was delightful,—the amusements charming and various,—but 'what do you think—ha, ha—I hope he can afford it!'"

Reader, should you get into a row at a ball, instead of proceeding at once to blows, you must speak to the "master of the ceremonies," the noble author of "My Book," says so. If you ask us what should be done where there is no such functionary, we should say, call in the police. We believe that there is still a master of the ceremonies, in a laced coat and powdered head, at the Mansion House, and a master of the ceremonies in a black coat and tights, at Margate; but we do not remember to have seen such an officer anywhere else, though we have heard obscure hints of there still being one at Brighton, and another at Cheltenham, but both deprived of their real functions—*hors de combat*—nothing but a name. Our experience, however, is very limited; we know little or nothing of the fashionable world of Hounsditch or the Minories, and were never at a quality ball in Wapping in our lives. But let us attend to the advice of our experienced guide.

"Should any misunderstanding arise between parties, refer the matter at once to the master of the ceremonies: like the second in a duel, his dicta is law, by virtue of his pre-admitted authority; which authority you tacitly sanction, by your presence on the occasion.

"The rule that obliges ladies not to reject one partner for the dance in favour of another,—when the formula of introduction has been properly observed, and it is ascertained that at that time she has no previous engagement, is obviously founded in reason and good sense;—for the women, dear capricious souls!—with their droll prejudices and predilections, what endless broils, in all innocence, might they not induce;—how easily might they be the unintentional means of our hearts being pierced by other weapons than Cupid's!

* * * * * *

"The gentleman should be careful in the *Pastorale* and *Trénise* to conduct his partner to the opposite couple in a graceful manner, not permitting her to take her

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place unattended; nor should the cavalier in the *pas seul* twist round in that or at any other time in the dance; such movement, which is pretty on the part of the lady, is far from graceful in the male; but the study of "My Book," from which he may gain a few hints, and the additional advantage, that to his own deportment it will call attention, he may turn out in the end something more than 'marble from the quarry;' this depends on himself—his observing faculties—his power of adaptation and retention."

Were it not from a conscientious fear of picking too many plums from this delectable pudding, we would go on delighting our reader with extracts richer and richer; but we must have done, with one little bit more, which is rather a currant than a plum. Our author winds up a discourse on last wills and testaments, by expressing a hope that some dying sinner will endow a public bath, so enable him to get a clean skin without paying for it. "There are," says he, "various bathing-places in London, *where money is required at the entrance*—I hope to see the day when baths are open to the public 'Free, gratis, for nothing.'"

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*English Pleasure Carriages; their Origin, History, Varieties, Materials, Construction, Defects, Improvements, and Capabilities.* By WILLIAM BRIDGES ADAMS.

To all persons who purchase, hire, or are in the habit of using wheeled conveyances, whether chariot, barouche, britschka, phaeton, cabriolet, tilbury, stanhope, this will be a very acceptable and useful book. To builders it is indispensable. The author is not a mere theorist and projector, but a practical experienced man—one brought up to the art and mystery of coach-making, but gifted with too much talent and taste to follow in the old routine of his business without trying to improve it. In addition to this he has been a great traveller, and has had opportunities of observing the vehicles used in different countries, and of studying the capabilities and comparative advantages or disadvantages of nearly every possible species of carriage. The result of all this has been a series of inventions and improvements in his art which are now made public property by means of his ingenious book and the numerous engravings which illustrate it.

Notwithstanding some errors of construction, English carriages have long been the best in the world; and we trust that, from the general march of intelligence and from the excellent scientific principles here laid down, there will be a great and rapid improvement in this branch of our industry. This progress must also be accelerated by the growing prosperity of the country, which allows all classes and conditions of men to make a frequent use of, if not to keep, some kind of vehicle or other. Mr. Bridges is not aristocratically exclusive; he devotes as much attention to the omnibus, pony-chaise, and railway-carriage, as to the most splendid conveyance of the rich and great, and his inventions and suggestions are calculated to add to the occasional comfort and advantage of every man in the land. With our very imperfect skill in mechanics, and without the assistance of his plans and diagrams, we fear (even had we room) that we should cut but an indifferent figure in attempting to explain his ingenious inventions and contrivances. We must refer to the book itself, which is exceedingly well written, and—what may appear scarcely credible, considering the subject—exceedingly amusing. The first fifty or sixty pages, on the history of carriages in general, are quite a treat.

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*Letters to Brother John, on Life, Health, and Disease.* By E. JOHNSON, Surgeon.

Our first dip into this unpretending volume was sufficient to convince us that it is the production of a man of no ordinary talent, of one who perfectly knew what he was about, and who possesses, in an eminent degree, that first qualification of a writer—the art of making himself understood. By investing these letters with an agreeable dress, and adapting them to the understanding of the general reader, he had added much to their utility. We, therefore, took the ingenious author's advice—fixed ourselves in a comfortable position—placed our legs across a chair—threw up the sash—and then read on with increasing satisfaction. The various subjects are exceedingly well managed, the functions of the several organs are so graphically described that we see each, in its proper place, and in the very act of performing its proper office. The illustrations elucidating the various phenomena of life are beautifully selected for the purpose, and the rules laid down for the preservation and recovery of health are so manifestly just, and enforced by reasoning so clear, that doubt and dissent are equally excluded; and the reader, though he may never have devoted a thought to physiological science, can hardly fail of becoming interested in the study. Notwithstanding our snarling propensities, it is at all times pleasanter to praise than condemn; and it is enlivening to our dusky solitude to have a book, like "Letters to Brother John," on which to pass judgment. To say more would hazard our credit, to have said less would have been unjust to the author. To enable our readers to form an opinion of the value of the book, we will offer a few remarks upon it in detail, and exhibit a few passages that they may judge of the author's style and method.

In Letter I. we have a familiar description of our bodily fabric, and in giving this he has hit upon a very novel plan. And though some may perhaps consider it somewhat too fanciful, we can nevertheless easily trace in it the wand of genius. His remarks on many of the terms which are still allowed to cast a shade on our medical nomenclature, are very pertinent; and in the propriety of the proposed substitutes we heartily concur. We have often thought it strange that the learned heads of our College of Physicians have not paid the same attention to propriety with regard to medical terms as they have ever done in relation to those of chemistry. Surely precision of language is equally desirable in one as in the other. In Letter II. we have a graphic description of the absorbents and nerves, and we cannot do better than give a short extract from that of the absorbents.

"There is, arising from every point of your body, a countless number of little vessels, which are at this moment, and every moment of your life, actively engaged in the pleasant task of eating you up. They may be compared to a swarming host of long, delicate and slender leeches, attached, by their innumerable mouths, to every point in your fabric, and having their bodies gradually and progressively united together, until they all terminate in one tail; which tail perforates the side of one of the large veins at the bottom of the neck, on the left side; so that whatever is taken in at their mouths is all emptied, by the other extremity, into that vein, where it becomes mixed with the blood contained in that vein.

"Now, my dear John, for a moment turn your eyes inward—contemplate these greedy little cormorants, complacently, if you can—observe their activity—remark their unwearied assiduity—behold the dogged perseverance, the unerring certainty, and beautiful precision, with which they are devouring you. See! mouthful after mouthful is going—going! They never tire, nor are they ever satisfied; for every atom which each mouth sucks up, and converts into fluid, is instantly conducted along the body, towards the tail, by which it is discharged into the above-mentioned

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vein. Thus, though for ever feeding they are for ever hungry. It is true, they take but small mouthfuls at a time: but when it is considered, that these mouths are millions in number, and that they are never shut, but are constantly at work, night and day, you will easily see that the entire body would speedily be devoured, as it were, and carried away into the blood, if there were no contrivance to rebuild the body as fast as these little vessels eat it down and carry it off.

"These vessels, which I have just introduced to your notice, are the *absorbents*.

In Letters III. and IV. Brother John is led to the consideration of the phenomena of life and vitality. This is usually a difficult subject. He has, however, we think, happily succeeded in showing the distinction between them. The agencies of the several living actions, the due performance of which constitutes healthy life, are briefly and plainly defined. The picture of impaired contractility is so vividly drawn that we must present it.

"Let us first approach the couch of sickness. Tread lightly; for the slightest noise makes the poor sufferer start, and gives him the headache. Be careful to close the door after you; for the faintest breath of air gives him cold. See how he is shading his eyes with his hand! for the few rays of light which struggle feebly through the Venetian blind are painful to them. Observe his hand: how white and bloodless! If you take it in your own, you must handle it as you would an infant's —an ordinary pressure will make him cringe with pain. His banker has just failed, and reduced him to ruin; but you must not breathe a syllable of this in his hearing! —it would kill him. Do you observe that rope suspended over the bed from the ceiling, with a small cross-bar of wood attached to the end of it? So faint is the contractility of his muscles, that he could not, without this contrivance, raise himself in bed. Observe him, as he carries his cup of gruel to his pallid lips! Mark how the liquid quivers in the vessel! Hark, how its edge rattles against his teeth, as he applies it to his mouth! The contractile property of the muscles of his arm is so feeble, that they have not power to keep the limb steady, even while he carries nourishment to his mouth. His heart, too, *contracts* so feebly, that it cannot send the blood far enough to reach the skin. It is this which makes it so deadly pale;— it is this, too, which makes him shiver on the application of the slightest current of air.

"In the above picture you will observe two things: first, that the CONTRACTILITY of the invalid has almost entirely disappeared, leaving him powerless; and secondly, that his SENSIBILITY is so acute, that those impressions of light, sound, touch, &c., which, under ordinary circumstances, were only necessary to the enjoyment of existence, have now become sources of painful suffering; thus proving, that whenever SENSIBILITY is advanced beyond the natural standard, the sources of pain are multiplied, and those of pleasure diminished; and that wherever SENSIBILITY is excessively high, CONTRACTILITY (that is, strength) is excessively low."

Letters V. and VI. are beautifully written. The mechanism of nutrition is admirably and elaborately described. Would that our limits permitted us to prove this assertion by a longer example. He says, in page 137, while speaking of the pyloric valve—

"Let us suppose that there is, floating in the chyme, a particle of food which has not yet been sufficiently acted upon by the gastric juice. I will tell you what happens. As soon as the pyloric valve *feels* the presence of the smooth and bland chyme, it instantly opens, and allows it to pass; but no sooner does the particle of food which has not yet been reduced to chyme attempt to follow, than the valve instantly closes the aperture, and refuses its permission; this particle of food must, therefore, return to the upper part of the stomach, to be again submitted to the agency of the gastric juice, before it can be permitted to escape from the stomach into the bowels. Is not this a beautiful exemplification of the importance of the sensibility of our organs? and said I not truly, when I called it 'our guardian angel?' For what is the sensibility of the pyloric valve, by which it is enabled to distinguish between perfect and imperfect chyme?—what is it, I say, but a watchman, a sentinel, posted at the entrance into the bowels, in order to watch over their safety; to see that nothing be allowed to enter which is likely to disturb or irritate them; to take care that nothing injurious, nothing offensive, nothing which may be in any way

hostile to their safety, nothing, in fact, which has no business there, be permitted to trespass within the sacred precints of organs so important to the health and welfare of the whole being, of which they form so vital a part?"

"What mischief, therefore, do those persons inflict upon themselves—what a wide door for the admission of all sorts of evil do those persons throw open, who, perpetually stimulating the pyloric valve by the unnatural stimuli of ardent spirit and highly-seasoned sauces, enfeeble, wear out, and eventually destroy its sensibility; so that whatever the caprice of the palate throws into the stomach, is tumbled, right or wrong, assimilated or unassimilated, good, bad, and indifferent, altogether, without et or hindrance, into the bowels!—for the sentry-box is deserted—the watchman is dead."

The opening of the sixth letter is so good, that we cannot omit it. His object is to prove that disease and premature death are *entirely* the result of our artificial condition.

"When a man, who *thinks* as well as sees, suffers his eye to range over the various minor systems which compose the one great scheme of the universe—when he looks at the planetary system, and beholds worlds whirling amid worlds in countless numbers, with inconceivable rapidity, yet *infallible precision*—when he dwells on the vegetable system, and sees myriads of plants rising from the same earth, living in the same air, warmed by the same sun, watered by the same rain, yet each differing from each, and affording, year after year, for ever, each its own peculiar product, with *unerring exactitude*—the vine the grape, the oak the acorn, the brier the rose, the foxglove its bells of blue, the holly its berries of red;—when, with more inquisitive glance, he penetrates the thicker veil with which nature has curtained the chemical world, and watches the several phenomena resulting from chemical operations—combustion, putrefaction, vegetable fermentation, &c., and observes the *unfailing certainty* with which all these render obedient homage to the one great law of affinity;—then, when he looks inward, and contemplates his *own system*—beautiful as the most beautiful, and not less worthy of Omnipotent Wisdom than the most worthy—when he looks inward, I say, and beholds there all confusion and imperfection—when he perceives that, of all the systems of nature, that of *man alone* is liable to derangement, and is the only one of all which ever fails of fulfilling its intention—when he sees, that while all others always go *right*, his own goes almost always *wrong*;—when, moreover, he reflects that his own system is the work of the same Almighty hand which fashioned and gave being to all the others—when the eye remarks all this, the mind cannot but be irresistibly struck with the anomaly; and the tongue cannot but exclaim, 'Why is this so?' How is it that the system of man—of man, the master-miracle of creation—how comes it, that the system of man is for ever going wrong, while all around him goes right?"

In Letters VII. and VIII. the causes of disease in general are pointed out and forcibly illustrated. The error of that common opinion, which supposes that health suffers from what are usually denominated the discomforts of life, is aptly denominated thus:—

"Look at the delicate and fragile plant in your garden—see how it is buffeted by the wind, and alternately scorched by the sun, and deluged by the rain, and frozen by the frost, and spattered by the mud, and brushed and bruised by the passenger's foot, yet how greenly and healthily it grows! Take it into your parlour, and warm it by the fire, and curtain it with flannel, and defend it from the cold, and the wind, and the rain, and the rude contact of the traveller's foot, and the other 'discomforts' of its out-of-door existence—what think you? Will it continue to flourish as greenly and healthily as before?"

In the ninth letter we come to the kernel of the nut—the great object of the book—the point for the establishment of which all the preceding letters were mainly written—viz. that talismanic agent by which the evils resulting from our artificial condition are to be always ameliorated, if not entirely avoided. The whole letter is pithily written, and highly argumentative, and, we must say, to us, irrefutably convincing, though in excuse of our own aberrations from this new high road to health, we would willingly pick a hole in the argument if we could. Letter X.,

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containing strictures on the present state of society, we will dismiss in a very few words. It is like Bishop Berkeley's famous work—hard to be believed, and hard to be refuted.

To the *healthy*, then, we recommend this work that they may know how to preserve that which they enjoy—to the *unhealthy*, that they may learn to recover that which they have lost. The rules are few, but they are GOLDEN ONES.

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*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*Rudiments of Modern Geography, with an Appendix, for the Use of Schools.* By ALEXANDER REID, A.M., Rector of the Circus-Place School, Edinburgh.—*Atlas of Modern Geography. Same Author.*—Both very cheap and very good. Excellent, indeed, for the use of juvenile schools.

*Exercises in Orthography and Composition, on an entirely new plan.* By HENRY HOPKINS, Conductor of a school at Birmingham.—Another good elementary book. The plan is judicious, and sure to tell.

*Select Prayers for all Sorts and Conditions of Men. And the Altar Service for the Use of Country Congregations.* By the Rev. S. ISAACSON, A.M.—Two very admirable little manuals, beautifully printed and got up. The chief novel feature which characterises the book of prayers, is the introduction of a visitation service, calculated to assist young ministers in their intercourse with the sick and aged portions of their flocks. Mr. Isaacson speaks with satisfaction of the general and increasing demand for such books as these: we trust his own will receive proper notice.

*A Guide to the Pronunciation of the French Language; with a Progressive Course of Reading. For the Use of Schools and Private Students.* By C. P. BUQUET, French Master in the Edinburgh Academy.—Like M. Buquet's preceding works, done with care and judgment. Considering the quantity of matter it contains, the book is very cheap.

*A Few Observations on the Russian Fleet in the Baltic.*—We cordially recommend this sensible pamphlet to the attention of those alarmists who think that Russia is going to swallow us up some fine morning before breakfast. Still, however, the Russian navy has been, and still is, rapidly increasing, and our public men must look with a most anxious care to our own. Some striking details, regarding this subject in all its bearings, will be found in Captain Slade's last work on Turkey. Captain Slade, who has recently had the very best opportunities of judging them on board their own ships, both in port and at sea, speaks confidently of a great improvement in officers and sailors among the Russians.

*The Monetary Difficulties of America, and their probable Effect on British Commerce considered.* By DAVID SALOMONS, Esq.—We trust that the late storm is passed, and that the United States are already recovering from its effects; but this extremely well-written pamphlet possesses an interest which will not expire with passing events. It treats of wide and unalterable principles of commercial intercourse. The author relies confidently on the immense natural resources of their country and on the energy, intelligence, and good faith of the Americans—and so do we. They are much too clever a people not to see the ruinous consequences of dishonesty. They only require a little time, as we ourselves did after the panic of 1825.

*Murray's Pocket Edition of Byron.*—The last volume we have received of this issue contains the five first cantos of Don Juan, which extraordi-

nary poem, containing by far the best things Byron ever wrote, is to be published, for the first time, complete and unmutilated.

*The Bard.* By GRAY. *With Illustrations by the* Hon. Mrs. JOHN TALBOT.—Not quite so beautiful as the edition of the "Elegy," published by the same house, but still a very beautiful little book. Some of Mrs. Talbot's designs are exquisite.

*Pictorial Bible.*—We have noticed this excellent publication so often already that we hardly know how to add to, or vary, our praise. The second volume, ending with Isaiah, is now completed. The work is unique.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct. By John H. Skelton. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Horlock's Sermons on the Lord's Prayer. 8vo. 5*s.*
Dick's Philosophy of a Future State. Third Edition. 12mo. 6*s.*
Cecil's Remains. Eleventh Edition. Fcp. 5*s.*
Memoirs of the Rev. William Newman, D.D. By George Pritchard. 8vo. 9*s.*
Voyages up the Mediterranean, with Memoirs of a Midshipman. By John A. Heraud. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Kindness in Women. By T. H. Bayly. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Prose and Poetical Sketches. By Mrs. Head. Fcp. 8vo. 10*s.*
Uncle Horace. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Martin's Colonial Library, Vol. VIII., (East Indies, Vol. I.) Fcp. 6*s.*
The Sick Man's Employ and Devotional Exercises. By John Fawcett, D.D. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Christian Reader, selected and arranged by John Slater. 12mo. 5*s.*
Heaven Unveiled. By J. Freeman. Second Edition. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Mary and Florence, or Grave and Gay. Third Edition. Fcp. 5*s.*
The Child's Guide to Knowledge. By a Lady. Seventh Edition. 18mo. 3*s.*
White's Abstract of Geography. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 1*s.*
Intellectual Arithmetic, upon the Inductive Method. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant. 32mo. 2*s.*
Hudson's Land Valuer's Assistant. 32mo. 4*s.*
The Pulpit, Vol. XXX. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Draper's Bible Stories, (New Testament, 2 vols.) 32mo. new edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Macreight's Manual of British Botany. Fcp. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Saunders on the Care of the Teeth. New edition. 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Paul's Practical Observations on Costiveness. 8vo. 5*s.*
Cruchley's Picture of London. Third edition. 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Reid's Atlas of Modern Geography. 8vo. 7*s.*
Buquet's Guide to French Pronunciation. 12mo. 3*s.*
Encyclopædia Britannica. Second edition. Vol. XV. Part II. 4to. 18*s.*
Russell's Modern Europe. New edition, brought down to 1837. 4 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 12*s.*
Sketches in Prose and Poetry. By K. H. Fcap. 10*s.*
Britton's Lincoln Cathedral. 10 Plates. Medium 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.* royal 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Westwood's Enlarged Edition of Drury's Exotic Entomology. 3 vols. 4to. 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*
Fulford's Plain Sermons, with Preface. 8vo. 9*s.*
Wesley's Select Letters, with Memoir. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Jackson's Lives of Early Methodist Preachers. Vol. I. 12mo. 5*s.*
Jackson's Library of Christian Biography. 18mo. Vol. I. (Watts.) 5*s.*
Lardner's Cyclopædia. Vol. XCIV. (Domestic Economy, Vol. II.) Fcap. 6*s.*
Early Lessons on Moral and Religious Duties. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Alston's Gospel of St. Matthew for the Blind. 4to. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Alston's Gospel of St. Mark for the Blind. 4to. 4*s.*
Tyler's Shooter's Manual. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
List of Queen Victoria's First Parliament. 18mo. 6*s.*

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Foster's Law of Wills Amendment Act. 12mo. 2*s.*
The Law of Bills of Exchange, &c. By C. W. Johnson. 12mo. 7*s.*
Mrs. Fraser's Practice of Cookery. 12mo. 4*s.*
Low's List of the House of Commons. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Sequel to Porquet's Trésor. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Bateman's Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala. Part I. folio, col. plates. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Rudiments of Physiology. By the late J. Fletcher, M.D., &c.; edited by R. Lewins, M.D., &c. 8vo. 19*s.*
Prize Thesis, on the Presence of Air in the Organs of Circulation. By J. R. Cormack, M.D. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Dr. Bennet on the Physiology and Pathology of the Brain. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Charge. By the Rev. F. Hodgson, Archdeacon of Derby, 1837. 4to. 2*s.*
The Old Commodore. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
First Principles of Medicine. By A. Billing, M.D. Second Edition. 8vo. 6*s.*
The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XIX. (Swainson's Birds of Africa, Vol. II.) 12mo. 6*s.*
The Despatches, &c. of the Marquis Wellesley. Vol. V. 8vo. 1*l.* 5*s.* (completing the work.)
Simpson's Plea for Religion. A new edition, edited by his Son, with the Life, by Sir J. B. Williams. Fscap. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Book of Psalms, a New Translation. By W. Walford. 8vo. 15*s.*
St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, explained in Simple Language. By G. B. 12mo. 3*s.*
Wyld's Map of the London and Birmingham Railroad. Folded, 2*s.* 6*d.*
A German Grammar. By the Rev. J. G. Tiarks. 12mo. 6*s.*
Cassella's Italian and French Conversation. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
F. W. Simms on the Principal Mathematical Drawings employed by the Engineer, Architect, and Surveyor, with Wood-cuts. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new Novel has just appeared. We have availed ourselves of an early copy, with which we were favoured, to express our high opinion of its varied merits.

Mrs. Thomson's new Novel, "The Lady Anabetta," will be published on the 15th instant.

The new Volume of "The Book of Gems," which is nearly ready, will illustrate the works of our Modern Poets, thus completing the original design of presenting in this unique and elegant collection, the most finished productions of British Poets, illustrated by British Artists, which have appeared from the dawn of our Literature to the present day.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Bowles is preparing for publication a number of his Selected Poems, with "Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed;" and also some Sermons preached in Salisbury Cathedral, Bowood Chapel, and elsewhere. Those at Bowood, we have heard, were on subjects from the Cartoons of Raphael, in the windows of the chapel, presented to Lord Lansdowne by the late king—subjects admirably suited to the poetry and the piety of the preacher.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is revising for press a posthumous MS. work, entitled, "Memoirs of a Man of Genius."

Miss Lawrence, author of "London in the Olden Times," is preparing for immediate publication the work on which she has been engaged for the last five years, entitled, "Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, from the commencement of the 12th to the 16th Century, including a View of the Progress of Society, the Arts, and Literature, during that interesting Period."

Miss Landon's novel, "Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides," so long delayed on account of her health, is on the point of publication. The scene is laid in the time of George II.

Thomas Erskine, Esq., Advocate, author of "An Essay on Faith," "The Brazen Serpent," &c. &c., has a new work for the press, which will appear in a few weeks.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We are happy to announce that a gradual improvement is taking place in the aspect of affairs generally, and that trade, especially in the manufacturing districts, is decidedly on the increase. The harvest is now, we believe, pretty generally approaching its termination, and notwithstanding its having been occasionally interrupted by showers, promises to prove, upon the whole, much more abundant than could have been anticipated.

We regret to find that the cholera still continues its ravages in Rome and other parts of Italy, though with diminished effect.

By the Malta Gazettc of the 6th inst, it appears that there it was rapidly on the decrease. By the daily returns three attacks only were reported on the 2nd; and the deaths were three only. The daily reports hitherto published were therefore to be discontinued; but any fresh cases would, as usual, be noted in the weekly Gazette. By accounts received in Malta from Catania, it is mentioned that great consternation continued to prevail there from its prevalence, and many of the inhabitants had fled from the city. Mr. Rose, the British Vice-Consul, along with his brother, who was Consul for the United States, had fallen victims to it.

There have been no very recent accounts from America, but those last received were decidedly favourable.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 26th of Sept.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, ——. Three per Cent. Consols, 91 seven-eighths.—Three per Cent., reduced, ——. Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, ——. Consols for Account, 92 one-eighth.—Exchequer Bills, 47*s.* to 49*s.* p.—India Bonds, 48*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Bonds for Account, 40 one-half. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 three-fourths.—Spanish Bonds, 19 five-eighths.

Money Market Report, Sept. 26.—By the advices from Hamburgh the price of gold is 438 per mark, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13.11½, and the exchange at Hamburgh on London at short being 13.11½, it follows that gold is 0.12 per cent. dearer at Hamburgh than in London.

The premium on gold at Paris is 8 per mille, which, at the English Mint price of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25.35, and the exchange at Paris on London at short being 25.52½, it follows that gold is 0.70 per cent. lower at Paris than in London.

The scarcity of money continues on the Stock Exchange, and 5 per cent. has been currently paid for it, although the usual rate from account to account is from 1¼ to ¾ only. Consols for money closed at 92, and for this account at 92⅛ to ¼; for the November account they are quoted at 92⅜ sellers. Exchequer Bills at 47*s.* to 49*s.*, and India Bonds 48*s.* to 50*s.* premium. Out of doors, money, although more scarce than it has been for some time past, is easier than in the house. The quarterly payments into the Exchequer at this season is one cause of this demand for money, which will not be relieved effectually, perhaps, till the payment of dividends.

In the foreign market the only business transacted to any extent has been in Spanish, which were said to come lower by pigeon express from Paris. Spanish Active closed at 18⅞ to 19⅛ ex. coupons. The Portuguese 5 per cents. were 40 to ¼; the 3 per cents., 26 to ¼; Mexican 28¾ to 29¼; Colombian, 25¼ to 26; Peruvian, 19 to 20; Dutch 2¼ per cents., 52⅞ to 53⅛; the 5 per cents., 102¾ to 103. Shares have been heavy, and rather lower; London and Birmingham were 53 to 55, and Great Western 10¼ to 11¼ premium.

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## BANKRUPTS.

FROM AUG. 29, 1837, TO SEPT. 22, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

*Aug.* 29.—A. Knox, Maddox Street, Hanover Square, tailor.—R. H. Franks, Redcross Street, Barbican, batter.—W. J. Harris, Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, watch-case maker.—H. Molyneux, Exeter, draper.—J. Leicester, Warrington, Lancashire, bobbin maker.—M. Broadbent, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen clothier.—J. G. Bird, Manchester, commission agent.—J. R. Taylor and E. Taylor, Masbrough, Yorkshire, earthenware manufacturers.—J. Esdaile, Manchester, hatter.—J. Harvey, Glastonbury, Somersetshire, innholder.—J. Veysey, Exeter, hatter.

*Sept.* 1.—J. Rees, Stratford, Essex, chemist.—J. Beard and J. B. Herbert, Gloucester, timber dealers.—W. Butt, Ledbury, Herefordshire, grocer.—A. Hitchens, Fordingbridge, Southampton, currier.—C. Caudwell, Manchester, baker.—H. H. Preston, Derby, lacemen.—W. Shuard, Spetchley, Worcestershire, builder.—J. Palmer, sen., Stapleford, Nottinghamshire, and T. T. Barker, Sandiacre, Derby, cotton doublers.—A. S. Stocker, Birmingham, machinist.—W. Turner, Birmingham, ironmonger.—T. Barrow, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, innkeeper.—G. S. Devonport, Chester, woollen draper.—E. Hainsworth, Stanningley, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—S. L. Booth, Leeds.—H. Dorset, Hertsmonceaux, Sussex, grazier.

*Sept.* 4.—J. Regan, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, licensed victualler.—J. Holton, jun., Frome, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, grocer.—W. Selfe, Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, silversmith.—T. Marshall, Ilkeston, Derbyshire, grocer.—C. J. Holt, Manchester, tallow chandler.—J. Casneau, Liverpool, merchant.—M. Crozier, Liverpool, commission merchant.—G. Hall and J. Bryant, Bath, stationers.

*Sept.* 7.—W. H. Hunt, Crown Court, Cheapside, merchant.—W. A. Rocher, Broadwall, Blackfriars, wine merchant.—W. Liddiard and R. Kitton, Golden Lane, City, carpenters.—J. Green and G. Elley, Birmingham, wholesale jewellers.—W. T. West, Nottingham, draper.—J. Bonner, Cheltenham, ironmonger.

*Sept.* 11.—W. Page, Plymouth, linen draper.—W. Kier, Liverpool, wine merchant.—G. Wilson, Darlington, Durham, mercer.—J. Plevin, Nantwich, Chester, timber merchant.—R. and R. Lowe, jun., Worcester, leather dressers.—J. Williams, Manchester, glass manufacturer.—W. Clarkson and J. Waterhouse, Stranningley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—H. Doncaster, Sheffield, porter merchant.—W. G. Jackson, Hartlepool, Durham, grocer.

*Sept.* 14.—W. K. J. Wilson, Sydney Place, Stockwell, Surrey, master mariner.—J. Dalls, Goole, Yorkshire, broker.—D. Nixon, Stoney Stratford, Buckinghamshire, surgeon.—T. W. Vernon, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron dealer.—W. Howse, Hanley, Staffordshire, victualler.—G. Chapman, Selby, Yorkshire, cornfactor.—J. Swift, Jun., Gainsborough, auctioneer.—J. Dows, Thatcham, Berkshire, miller.

*Sept.* 19.—J. Brace, of Willow Walk, Bermondsey, tanner.—T. Cave, Jun., and J. C. Burton, Nottingham, lace-manufacturers.—J. Appleyard, Leeds, corn merchant.—J. Leake, Shrewsbury, coachbuilder.—J. Peckmore, Birmingham, baker.—W. J. P. Jackson, Kidderminster, baker.

*Sept.* 22.—J. and W. Mulholland, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Myrtle, Brighton, butcher.—J. B. Kirk, Burton St. Mary, Gloucestershire, furniture broker.—J. Plevin, Nantwitch, Cheshire, timber merchant.—J. Bowerman, Cheltenham, common carrier.—W. Milnes, Leeds, woolstapler.—J. N. Garside, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton spinner.—T. B. Walden, Liverpool, silk mercer.—T. Millward, Cheltenham, builder.—J. Denton, Stainland, Yorkshire, silk spinner.—J. Wharton, Hulme, Lancashire, joiner.

## NEW PATENTS.

W. Palmer, of Sutton Street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Manufacturer, for improvements in printing paper-hangings. July 29th, 6 months.

J. Matley, of the city of Paris, in the kingdom of France, and of Manchester, Lancashire, Gentleman, for a machine called a tiering-machine, upon a new principle, for supplying colours to, and to be used by, block-printers in the printing of cotton, linen, and woollen cloths, silks, paper, and other substances, and articles to which block-printing is or may be applied without the aid or assistance of a person to tier upon. August 2nd, 2 months.

A. R. F. Rosser, of New Boswell Court, Middlesex, Esquire, for improvements in preparing manure, and in the cultivation of land. Communicated from a foreigner residing abroad. August 2nd, 6 months.

A. Macewan, Grocer and Tea Merchant in Glasgow, for a process for the improvement of teas as ordinarily imported. August 5th, 6 months.

R. T. Beck, of the parish of Little Stonehouse, Suffolk, Gentleman, for new or improved apparatus or mechanism for obtaining power and motion to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate Rotæ Vivæ. Communicated from a foreigner residing abroad. August 9th, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the process or operations connected with the manufacture of alkali from common salt, and with the use of the products obtained therefrom. August 17, 6 months.

W. Gillman, of Bethnal Green, Middlesex, Engineer, for an improvement or improvements in steam-boilers, and in engines to be actuated by steam or other purpose. August 17, 6 months.

H. Shuttleworth, of Market Harborough, Leicestershire, Gentleman, and D. F.

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Tayler, of the Priory, in the parish of Woodchester, Gloucestershire, Pin Manufacturer, for certain combinations and improvements in machinery for making pins, being an extension of an invention for the term of five years, from the 15th of May, 1838, the expiration of the former letters patent granted for the term of fourteen years to L. W. Wright, in pursuance of the report of the Judicial Committee of her Majesty's Privy Council. August 21.

J. G. Hartley, of No. 11, Beaumont Row, Mile End Road, Middlesex, Esquire, for an improved application of levers for the purpose of multiplying power. August 22nd, 6 months.

T. Du-Boulay, of Sandgate, Kent, Esquire, and J. J. C. Sheridan, of Lewisham, Kent, Esquire, for improvements in drying and screening malt. August 24th, 6 months.

J. Crellier, of Liverpool, Lancashire, and J. Holt, of the same place, plumber, for certain improvements in water-closets. August 24th, 6 months.

R. Brown, of Water Side, Maidstone, Kent, Engineer and Iron Founder, for certain improvements in the construction of cockles, stoves, or apparatus for drying or stoving hops, malt, grain, or seeds. August 24th, 6 months.

W. Hearn, of Southampton Street, Pentonville, in the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, Engineer, and W. Davies, of Upper North Place, Gray's Inn Road, in the parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex, Plumber, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in the construction of boilers for the generation of steam and heating water or other fluids. August 24th, 6 months.

W. Southwell, of No. 5, Winchester Row, New Road, Middlesex, Piano-Forte Maker, for a certain improvement in piano-fortes. August 24th, 6 months.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1837. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aug. | | | | | |
| 23 | 71-45 | 29,98 Stat. | S.W. | ,2 | Cloudy, raining generally all the day. |
| 24 | 69-44 | 30,10-30,08 | N.E. | ,225 | Generally clear. |
| 25 | 67-32 | 30,11-30,06 | S. | | Generally clear. |
| 26 | 70-37 | 29,85-29,79 | S.W. | ,025 | Cloudy, storm of thund. light. and rain, from 4 |
| 27 | 60-32 | 30,09-30,03 | N. | ,12 | Generally clear. [past 10 till 2 o'clock P.M |
| 28 | 63-36 | 29,98-29,73 | S.E. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the evening. |
| 29 | 61-42 | 29,53-29,40 | N.E. | ,175 | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 30 | 57-41 | 29,42-29,34 | N.W. | ,6 | Generally cloudy. |
| 31 | 61-84 | 29,42-29,38 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| Sept. | | | | | |
| 1 | 61-35 | 29,38-29,34 | S.W. | ,0375 | Morning cloudy, vivid lightning in the evening. |
| 2 | 63-37 | 29,52-29,38 | N.E. | | Generally clear, except the morn. rain at times. |
| 3 | 56-36 | 29,68 29,53 | N. | ,0125 | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 4 | 59-39 | 29,85-29,78 | N. | ,075 | Generally cloudy, rain in the morning. |
| 5 | 63-30 | 29,99-29,77 | N.E. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 6 | 62-32 | 29,94 Stat. | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 7 | 65-36 | 29,99-29,77 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the evening. |
| 8 | 64-43 | 29,84-29,80 | S.W. | ,2 | Generally cloudy, rain at times. |
| 9 | 67-42 | 29,81-29,63 | S.E. | ,025 | Generally clear, rain in the evening. |
| 10 | 69-42 | 29,86-29,76 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 11 | 70-43 | 29,76-29,66 | S.W. | | Generally clear, except the evening, with rain. |
| 12 | 61-39 | 29,68-29,42 | S.W. | ,15 | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 13 | 65-39 | 29,25-29,09 | S.W. | ,15 | Generally clear, rain during the morning. |
| 14 | 60-40 | 29,50-29,23 | W. | ,05 | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 15 | 60-33 | 29,87-29,50 | W. | ,0125 | Generally clear. |
| 16 | 60-29 | 29,94-29,89 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morning. |
| 17 | 71-29 | 30,00-29,94 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 18 | 67-52 | 30,04-29,95 | S.W. | | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 19 | 69-48 | 30,05-30,01 | S. | ,0125 | Cloudy. |
| 20 | 69-50 | 29,98-29,87 | E. | | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 68-39 | 29,96-29,84 | N.E. | | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 22 | 67-39 | 29,99-29,97 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Fossil Remains.—A. M. Fabreguetta, French Consul in the Island of Crete, has forwarded some fossil remains of his own country, found in the neighbourhood of the town of Canea. They are accompanied by a letter from M. Caporal, a medical gentleman, in which it is stated that these remains belonged to a young man. They most tenaciously adhered to a stone, (of what kind is not mentioned,) which was separated by explosion, and consist of long bones, some ribs, vertebræ, and teeth, all of which are grinders. The situation was thirty feet from the sea.

Iodine.—M. Aimé has sent a phial to the French Academy of Sciences containing a compound liquid, which he calls Iodal, in which, according to him, the iodine plays the same part as chlorine does in chloral. It is by making iodine act upon nitric alcohol that he obtains this compound, and iodal is given in the form of a liquid much heavier than water. Its colour is at first red, from excess of iodine, but after some time it loses all tint whatever.

History.—The Royal Academy of Metz has proposed the following queries for the present year, as subjects for prizes. What is the real use of history? Under what points of view, and within what limits, would it be advisable to teach history among the different classes of society? What is the best system for the study of elementary history, in the great schools, colleges, and primary schools? What are the best means of making the influence of the enlightened classes contribute to the happiness of the poor and ignorant? In order to obtain the above-mentioned object, what would be the advantages and disadvantages of a certain degree of patronage? Each of the prizes to consist of a medal worth two hundred francs.

Russian Characters.—It is well known, on the testimony of Arab authors, that the Russians used written characters in the beginning of the tenth century, but the nature of these characters has been hitherto unknown. A. M. Frähn, of the Academy of Sciences, at St. Petersburgh, now says that they were carved on wood, and had no analogy with the Sclavonic or Runic; but there is a remarkable resemblance between them and the still unexplained inscriptions on the route between Mount Sinai and Suez, attributed by common report to the early Christians, who, before the sixth century, passed that way on their pilgrimages to the Monastery of the Transfiguration.

Ancient Theatre at Catania.—From some interesting excavations recently made by M. Sebastian Ittar, there is every reason to believe that this was originally a Greek theatre, rebuilt, with some differences of plan, by the Romans. It is also obvious that marine pieces were performed on real water, as the means for inundation are obvious, and the places for the entrances and the exits of the boats, &c. still remain. The pit was a mosaic of marble, granite, and Rosso-antico; and the torso of a faun, part of a dolphin, and other sculptures, were found.

Napoleon.—A monument is to be erected at Algojola in Corsica, in honour of Napoleon, this being his native town. The statue and pedestal together will be eighty feet high.

Egypt.—M. Lefebvre, a civil engineer, has lately performed several mineralogical journies between the Nile and the Red Sea. In these deserts he found an enormous deposit of oriental alabaster, which is now worked by the government. This quarry is seven leagues from Beni-Scueys, and at the top it bears marks of having been formerly worked, but its position does not agree with that ascribed in ancient geography to Alabastron Folis.

Earthquakes.—This year has been remarkable for earthquakes, and at the foot of the Saint Plomb, at Brigue, in the Alps, there seems to be a permanent earthquake, for the movements began on the 22d of February and have continued ever since, but have considerably diminished in intensity. The earthquake at Lisbon extended as far as Brigue, and caused great destruction there, which adds to the present alarm. Nervous persons are painfully affected by these continued shocks.

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Roads.—We are happy to inform our travelling readers that our neighbours in France have come to a resolution to improve the roads in that country, but it is still disputed whether they shall not set to work upon roads already made or make new ones, which are much wanted, and without which great obstacles exist for the conveyance of produce.

Oil Gas.—M. Auguste Laurent has again urged to the French Academy of Sciences, the advantages of using gas drawn from the oil of bituminous slate for lighting manufactories. He is convinced of its economy, and obtains seventy-two cubic feet of gas from every two pounds of oil, and the intensity of light is such that a socket with sixteen or eighteen holes is equal to fourteen or fifteen wax candles.

Fishes.—Three new specimens of the genus Cyprinus have been found lately in the Moselle by M. Holandre, the author of the Fauna of the Moselle: one borders upon the common carp, but is longer in form, has no barbs, and is of a silvery white; a second approaches the bream, and the third is not unlike the dace.

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Captain Back has addressed the following interesting Account of his Polar Expedition to the Secretary of the Geographical Society.

Sept. 11, 1837.

Sir,—As the expedition, from which I have just returned, originated with the Geographical Society, and at its recommendation, was most liberally carried into effect by his majesty's government, I feel it incumbent on me to offer to the Society an outline of the principal events which occurred, from the time of my quitting England, in June 1836, till my return to Lough Swilly, on the night of Sunday, the 2nd instant.

In a statement of this description, it would be impossible to enter into the detail of all the extraordinary, and I may say unparalleled, circumstances which have marked the course of the whole of our proceedings: such details I trust I may shortly be enabled to afford to the Society and to the public in a more complete form; but, in the mean time, it is due to those who took so warm an interest in the expedition, to furnish them with an authentic narrative of the voyage, which must, however, necessarily be very brief, and will consist of extracts selected from my daily journal, as better calculated to convey a correct impression of the singular occurrences to which we were witnesses.

June 23. We took our departure from Papa Westra, and steered across the Atlantic: the weather stormy.—July 20. We fell in with the ice, and, on the following day, we first saw the coast of Labrador, near Cape Chudleigh.—Aug. 1. Passed through Hudson's Straits; and, on the 5th, saw some of the company's ships, apparently beset with ice, off the North Bluff. By keeping close in with the land, we got a-head, and lost sight of them; and, on the following day, we were ourselves hampered. The ice was compact, and covered the horizon towards Hudson's Bay, as far as could be seen from the mast-head, while to the north-west it presented a contrary appearance. I had, therefore, no hesitation in proceeding in that direction.—Aug. 16. We got a run of forty miles from Trinity Isles; yet did not get sight of Baffin Island till the 23rd, when we also saw Southampton Island to the S.W. Two days of westerly wind at this crisis would have enabled us to reach Repulse Bay; but easterly winds prevailed, and packed the whole body of ice in such a manner, that all hope of retracing our steps to pass to the southward of Southampton Island, and up Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, was out of the question. On the 29th we were drifted by the ice to lat. 65° 50′ N., long. 82° 7′ W.: this was our extreme north point, and here we were within about forty miles of Winter Island, where the Hecla and Fury passed the winter of 1821. By dint of wearing, the ship was worked to the southward towards Southampton Island, whither we were attracted by the flattering appearance of lanes of open water.—Sept. 4. We were only 136 from Repulse Bay, and two days of strong breeze would have led us through Frozen Strait to our destination. During the next fortnight we continued drifting slowly to the westward, passing within three miles of Cape Comfort, a bluff headland, rising about 1000 feet above the sea.—Sept. 20. We were seriously nipped by the ice; so much so as to start some of the ship's fastenings. On the 22nd, being within twenty-five miles of the Duke of York's Bay, we tried to cut through the ice, but found it impracticable, as it closed immediately. From this date the ship

was no longer under our own guidance; but, being closely beset, was carried to and fro, according to the wind and tide.—Sept. 26. We were drifted into lat. 65° 48′, long. 85° 40′, our extreme western point, and ninety miles from Repulse Bay — Sept. 27. A rush of ice from the eastward lifted the ship's stern 7½ feet out of the water. Constant easterly winds.—Oct. 9. A clear channel in shore as far as Cape Bylot, for the space of twelve hours, and again on the 27th; but we were so completely frozen up, we could not take advantage of it; although, to effect so important an object, the ice-saws, axes, and every other implement, so liberally supplied by government, were put in requisition, and all the energy of both officers and crew was strained to the utmost.—Oct. 17. The thermometer fell to 9° below zero of Fahrenheit. In the beginning of November, the ship was housed in, and every arrangement made for meeting the rigour of winter. Snow walls were raised round the ship; and in this manner we drifted to and fro off the high land of Cape Comfort, at times carried so close to the rocks as to excite alarm for the safety of the ship. —Dec. 21. A furious gale from the westward drove us off shore, fourteen miles to the eastward of Cape Comfort, from which point the coast, not before laid down on our chart, was surveyed, as we drifted to the south-eastward, for the distance of about 120 miles, as far as Seahorse Point, the eastern extreme of Southampton Island. The general character of the coast, barren hills and cliffs, varying from 750 to 1000 feet above the sea.

On Christmas-day the first symptoms of scurvy showed themselves, which gradually extended itself to all hands. At one time twenty-five men were suffering severely from it; but, eventually, only three persons fell victims to this dreadful disease; viz. the gunner and two seamen. In the beginning of January, during a calm, our floe of ice split with a fearful crash; and this was the commencement of a series of shocks, that nothing but the great strength of the mass of timber and iron employed in fortifying the ship could have withstood: as it was, the vessel strained in every direction.—Feb. 18. Early in the morning, thermometer at 35° below zero, a disruption of the ice took place; and waves of ice thirty feet high were rolled towards the ship, which complained much. The decks were separated, the beams raised off the shelf-pieces. Lashings and shores, used for supporters, gave way; iron bolts partially drawn; and the whole frame of the ship trembled so violently, as to throw some of the men down.

Yet this was not our worst disaster. On the 15th of March, while drifting to the south-eastward, off a low point, since appropriately named "Terror Point," a tremendous rush of ice from the north-west took the ship astern; and although buried to the flukes of the anchor in a dock of ice, such was the pressure, that she was forced upon it, and at the same time thrown over to starboard. The sternpost was carried away, and the stern lifted seven feet out of the water. The same night a second rush of ice tore up the remnants of our floe, forced the ship on the ice, so that her forefoot was quite out of water. Her sunken stern was threatened by an overhanging wave of ice full thirty feet high; but which providentially stopped as it touched the quarter of the ship. The water poured in through the stern-frame, and the ship creaked and strained in every direction. Provisions were got on deck, the boats lowered, and every preparation made for the worst extremity; and in the darkness and silence of night, we calmly awaited the anticipated coming of another shock, which, to all human appearances, must have been the last. Heaven ordained it otherwise; and in this novel cradle of ice, we were drifted without further injury to Seahorse Point. The ice that bore us was ascertained to be seventy feet thick; and it was not until we had sawed through long lines of twenty-five feet thick, at a future day, that the ship was freed from this situation. The position of Seahorse Point was determined to be 63° 43′, long. 80° 10′ W.; variation 49° westerly. The lowest temperature was 53° below zero, when both mercury and brandy were frozen.

On the 1st of May, the ship, still on the ice, was drifted near Mill Island; thence to the southward of Nottingham Island, between it and Cape Wolstenholme, a perpendicular cliff of one thousand feet high; thence to the northward of Charles' Island, which we reached on the 21st of June. The ice now showed symptoms of disruption, and we set all hands to work, with a 35-foot ice-saw worked by shears; and on the 11th of July, having sawed to within three feet, the ice split in a fore and aft direction, and liberated the larboard side. We immediately made sail on the ship, but found we could not extricate her from an iceberg between the fore and main chains. We again had recourse to saws and purchases, when the lump of ice, still fast to the ship, rose to the surface of the water, and threw the vessel on

her beam ends, the water rushing in with frightful rapidity. All hands were instantly set to work again, and laboured day and night, unremittingly, at the fatiguing but indispensable operation of sawing; till exhausted by their exertions, I was obliged to call them in from the ice for rest and refreshment. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed from quitting the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, snapping, apparently without effort, the lashings and spars that had been placed, fearing this occurrence; and but for the merciful interposition of Providence, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been labouring. As the ice separated the ship righted, and drifted along. Finding it impossible to hang the old rudder, a spare one was fitted, and sail made on the ship. It was an anxious moment, as we waited to see if she would answer her helm; and as she bore up before the wind, with her head towards England, a cheer of gratitude burst from all on board.

I had cherished, to the last moment, the hope that the damages sustained might not be so great as to prevent my pushing for Wager Inlet by Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, and there to beach the ship and repair damages, while some in boats carried into effect the object of our expedition; but when I found that she required two pumps constantly going to keep her free, that both outer and inner sternposts were gone, the keel seriously damaged, besides various other casualties, I felt it became my duty, however reluctantly, to make the best of our way homewards. Fortunately, the early part of our voyage across the Atlantic was favourable; but, subsequently, the weather became boisterous, and the leaks increased very much, so that we could barely keep her free with incessant pumping: to secure the ship, also, we were obliged to frap her together with the stream chain-cable.

On the 6th of August, we again passed through Hudson's Straits; and on the 3rd of September arrived in Lough Swilly, not having let go our anchor since June 1836. The north-eastern stem of Southampton Island has been now surveyed for the first time, by Lieut. Owen Stanley, who has also made various views of the coast, and a chart showing the track of the ship. The remarkable positions in which the ship was placed among the ice, are admirably illustrated by Lieut. Smyth, in a series of spirited and characteristic drawings. I cannot conclude this brief account without bearing testimony to the great assistance I have invariably received from Lieut. Smyth, and all the officers and crew employed under my command, in this expedition; to the cheerful obedience with which all orders were obeyed; and to the steadiness of behaviour evinced in circumstances of no common trial. To speculate on what might have been the result of this expedition, had ever I reached either Repulse Bay or Wager River, would now be idle; but I cannot resist the opportunity of recording my unaltered opinion as to the practicability of the service when once a party should have reached either of the before-mentioned starting places.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE BACK.

To CAPTAIN WASHINGTON, R.N.
*Secretary R.G.S.*

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ATHENS.—There are few persons out of Greece, who are acquainted with the present state of the city of Athens. It is generally described according to the accounts which were published before it became the capital of the kingdom; and then it was certainly in a deplorable condition. It presented to the eye of the beholder only a mass of ruins, and you could perceive scarcely more than about twenty tolerably solid and regularly-built houses. Accordingly, when the seat of government was transferred to Athens, it was with the greatest difficulty that some buildings could be fitted up for the members of the regency, the diplomatic body, the secretaries of state, and their offices. But the appearance of Athens has, since that time, been materially changed. On the site of most of the ruins, buildings have been erected; and they are executed in entire conformity with the plan of Athens. Several streets have been opened, levelled, and widened. The principal are, Hermes Street, Æolus Street, and Minerva Street. Hermes Street divides the city into two equal parts, parallel with the Acropolis. Æolus Street crosses Hermes Street, and extends to the Temple of Æolus, where a square of the same name is now being laid out. Minerva Street, the broadest of all, runs nearly in the same direction as Æolus Street. Solid and handsome buildings have already

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been erected on both sides of Hermes Street, in its whole length. There are not so many building in Æolus and Minerva Streets, but there is every appearance that they will be completed within three years. Hermes Street is already levelled, and, as well as many others, will soon be paved. Half of the old Agora Street is already paved. Hermes Street and Æolus Street divide the city of Athens into four quarters. Of the streets of the second class, the principal are, Metagitnia, Palace, Agora, and Adrian Streets.

The government has neglected nothing to secure the health of the inhabitants of the capital. Large sums have been expended in repairing and cleansing the ancient sewers, which convey the water and filth of the city into the great canal, which divides the city into two parts. Besides this great canal, the following are worthy of notice; namely, the canal which runs through the whole of Metagitnia Street; another which runs from the square Sicaropazaron, through Adrian Street; and, lastly, the canal of Palace and St. Mark's Streets. The object of securing the health of the inhabitants would not, however, have been attained, had not measures been at the same time adopted for draining the neighbouring marshes. The overflowings of the Cephisus, formed in the grove of Olives, and in the plain between the Piræus and Athens, several pools of stagnant water, the exhalations of which were extremely noxious. The government has had them all drained, the bed of the Cephisus corrected, and canals made to carry off the waters into the sea. These operations have, besides, restored not an inconsiderable tract of land to agriculture. There are in Athens twenty public wells; and, beside this, the public buildings, and many private houses, have water, with which they are supplied out of the general aqueduct, on very moderate terms. This water, which is distributed in the city, comes from two sources; one at the foot of the Pentelikon, called the Fountain of St. Demetrius, which is connected with the city by an admirable canal, of the time of the Emperor Adrian, which is in perfect preservation, and is ten feet broad and twelve feet high; the other source is that of Tachymachos, at the foot of Mount Hymettus. There are in Athens a civil and a military hospital: the latter is remarkable for its solidity and handsome style of architecture, and is on a very healthy spot: the building of the civil hospital is beginning. Since the removal of the government to Athens, several other public buildings have been erected; such as the barracks, the artillery barracks, the mint, and the royal printing office: the last is an establishment that does honour to the government; it has nine typographic and seven lithographic presses, and above seventy workmen are employed in it. In a short time the building of the University will commence: a church of the Anatolian dogma will be built at the same time. The palace of the king, the building of which began a year ago, will not be inferior to the edifices which formerly adorned Greece; the situation is equally beautiful and salubrious.

There are in Athens thirteen churches in which divine service is performed; twelve belong to the Eastern, and one to the Western Church. There are two cemeteries, one belonging to the commune, the other to the Protestants. What was formerly the Turkish school has been temporarily fitted up as a prison. Athens is also fortunate with respect to establishments for education. It is the seat of the university; of a gymnasium, in which the government has founded thirty exhibitions for poor students; of a Hellenic school, a city school, and the seminary for schoolmasters. Besides these, there are several schools supported by private persons: for instance, the American Philhellenes; the girls' school of Madame Polmerange, which has long been established at Napoli, was lately removed to Athens. In this school fourteen girls are clothed, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the government.

Manufactures are still very backward in Athens; and the same is the case in all the other towns in Greece: foreigners have, however, founded some establishments which promise well. The revenues of Athens have considerably improved; according to the statement of 1836, they had risen to nearly 120,000 drachms. They arise from the rent of buildings belonging to the town, from the excise, &c. We may further observe that, when a census of the population was made for the first time in 1833, it amounted to scarcely 7,000 souls, whereas it is now 15,000, besides the military.

Athens stands on a spot which is rich in remains of antiquity; but, as the government has not yet been able to grant any considerable sum to make excavations in places where there is reason to hope that numerous antiquities might be found, the acquisitions hitherto made are limited to accidental discoveries in laying the foundations of new buildings. In digging the foundations of a house which Dr.

Treiber and Mr. Origone lately built in the vicinity of the Temple of Theseus, the remains of a wall were found, and a part of the cornice of a column of the Doric order. M. Pataki, superintendent of the antiquities, caused further excavations to be made, with the permission of the owners; and a head of good workmanship was found, that, from the manner in which the hair is arranged, seems to be of the time of the dominion of the Romans. Then a pedestal was found, with three words of an inscription. On the same day, a female head, of exquisite workmanship, was found; and another head, which seems to have belonged to a statue of Nerva. To judge by the direction of the wall, it probably belonged to a monument in honour of a Roman emperor; for, on a close examination of the workmanship of the cornice and the three heads, we may take it for granted that they are of a later date than the classic era.

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The following are given, in an American work, from Dr. Franklin's unpublished papers.

The great secret of succeeding in conversation, is to admire little, to hear much, always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends; never to pretend to wit, but to make that of others appear as much as possibly we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose.

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici.

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Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of a tankard that has cold water in it in the summer-time?

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Whence does it proceed that the proselytes to any sect or persuasion, generally appear more zealous than those that are bred up in it?

*Answer.* I suppose that people BRED in different persuasions are nearly zealous alike. Then he that changes his party is either sincere or not sincere: that is, he either does it for the sake of his opinions merely, or with a view of interest. If he is sincere and has no view of interest, and considers before he declares himself how much ill-will he shall have from those he leaves, and that those he is about to go among will be apt to suspect his sincerity: if he is not really zealous, he will not declare; and therefore must be zealous if he does declare.

If he is not sincere, he is obliged at least to put on an appearance of great zeal, to convince the better his new friends that he is heartily in earnest, for his old ones he knows dislike him. And as few acts of zeal will be more taken notice of than such as are done against the party he has left, he is inclined to injure or maligu them, because he knows they contemn and despise him. Hence one Renegado is (as the Proverb says) worse than ten Turks.

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SIR,—It is strange, that among men who are born for society and mutual solace, there should be any who take pleasure in speaking disagreeable things to their acquaintance. But such there are I assure you, and I should be glad if a little public chastisement might be any means of reforming them. These ill-natured people study a man's temper, or the circumstances of his life, merely to know what disgusts him, and what he does not care to hear mentioned; and this they take care to omit no opportunity of disturbing him with. They communicate their wonderful discoveries to others, with an ill-natured satisfaction in their countenances, *say such a thing to such a man and you cannot mortify him worse.* They delight (to use their own phrase) in seeing galled horses wince, and like flies, a sore place is a feast to them. Know, ye wretches, that the meanest insect, the trifling musqueto, the filthy bug, have it in their power to give pain to men; but to be able to give pleasure to your fellow creatures, requires good-nature and a kind and humane disposition, joined with talents, to which ye seem to have no pretension.

X. Y.

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If a sound body and a sound mind, which is as much as to say health and virtue, are to be preferred before all other considerations,—Ought not men, in choosing a business either for themselves or children, to refuse such as are unwholesome for the body, and such as make a man too dependent, too much obliged to please others, and too much subjected to their humours in order to be recommended and get a livelihood?

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How shall we judge of the goodness of a writing? or what qualities should a writing on any subject have, to be good and perfect in its kind?

*Answer* 1. To be good it ought to have a tendency to benefit the reader by improving his virtue or his knowledge.

The method should be just, that is, it should proceed regularly from things known to things unknown, distinctly and clearly, without confusion.

The words used should be the most expressive that the language affords, provided they are the most generally understood.

Nothing should be expressed in two words that can as well be expressed in one; *i. e.* no synonymes should be used, or very rarely, but the whole be as short as possible, consistent with clearness.

The words should be so placed as to be agreeable to the ear in reading.

Summarily,—it should be smooth, clear, and short,

For the contrary qualities are displeasing.

Bu taking the query otherwise:

An ill man may write an ill thing well; that is, having an ill design he may use the properest style and arguments (considering who are to be readers) to attain his ends.

In this sense, that is best wrote which is best adapted for attaining the end of the writer.

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Can a man arrive at perfection in this life, as some believe; or is it impossible, as others believe?

Perhaps they differ in the meaning of the word perfection.

I suppose the perfection of anything to be only the greatest the nature of that thing is capable of.

Thus a horse is more perfect than an oyster, yet the oyster may be a perfect oyster, as well as the horse a perfect horse.

And an egg is not so perfect as a chicken, nor a chicken as a hen; for the hen has more strength than the chicken, and the chicken more life than the egg—yet it may be a perfect egg, chicken, and hen.

If they mean a man cannot in this life be so perfect as an angel, it is true; for an angel by being incorporeal, is allowed some perfections we are at present incapable of, and less liable to some imperfections that we are liable to. If they mean a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being in heaven, that may be true likewise.

But that a man is not capable of being so perfect here as he is capable of being here, is not sense; it is as if I should say, a chicken in the state of a chicken is not capable of being so perfect as a chicken is capable of being in that state.

In the above sense there may be a perfect oyster, a perfect horse, a perfect ship, why not a perfect man? that is, as perfect as his present nature and circumstances admit.

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*Question.* Wherein consists the happiness of a rational creature?

*Answer.* In having a sound mind and a healthy body, a sufficiency of the necessaries and conveniences of life, together with the favour of God and the love of mankind.

*Q.* What do you mean by a sound mind?

*A.* A faculty of reasoning justly and truly, in searching after such truths as relate to my happiness. Which faculty is the gift of God, capable of being improved by experience and instruction into wisdom.

*Q.* What is wisdom?

*A.* The knowledge of what will be best for us on all occasions, and the best ways of attaining it.

*Q.* Is any man wise at all times and in all things?

*A.* No: but some are much more frequently wise than others.

*Q.* What do you mean by the necessaries of life?

*A.* Having wholesome food and drink wherewith to satisfy hunger and thirst, clothing, and a place of habitation fit to secure against the inclemencies of the weather.

*Q.* What do you mean by the conveniences of life?

*A.* Such a plenty * * * * *

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*Query.*—Whether it is worth a rational man's while to forego the pleasure arising

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from the present luxury of the age in eating and drinking and artful cookery, studying to gratify the appetite, for the sake of enjoying a healthy old age, a sound mind, and a sound body, which are the advantages reasonably to be expected from a more simple and temperate diet?

Whether those meats and drinks are not the best that contain everything in their natural tastes, nor have anything added by art so pleasing as to induce us to eat or drink when we are not athirst or hungry, or after thirst and hunger are satisfied; water, for instance, for drink, and bread, or the like, for meat?

Is there any difference between knowledge and prudence?

If there is any, which of the two is most eligible?

Is it justifiable to put private men to death for the sake of the public safety or tranquillity, who have committed no crime? As in case of the plague, to stop infection, or as in the case of the Welshmen here executed.

If the sovereign power attempts to deprive a subject of his right, (or, what is the same thing, of what he thinks his right,) is it justifiable in him to resist if he is able?

What general conduct of life is most suitable for men in such circumstances as most of the members of the Junto are? or of the many schemes of living which are in our power to pursue, which will be most probably conducive to our happiness?

Which is the best to make a friend of, a wise and good man that is poor, or a rich man that is neither wise nor good?

Which of the two is the greatest loss to a country, if they both die?

Which of the two is happiest in life?

Does it not, in a general way, require great study and intense application for a poor man to become rich and powerful, if he would do it without the forfeiture of his honesty?

Does it not require as much pains, study, and application, to become truly wise and strictly good and virtuous, as to become rich?

Can a man of common capacity pursue both views with success at the same time? If not, which of the two is it best for him to make his whole application to?

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## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Parliament is appointed to meet on the 15th of November, and Mr. Abercromby will be proposed as Speaker. It is understood that Mr. Shaw Lefevre will move his re-election.

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## MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

### Hon. Sir Edward Stopford.

At Leamington, in the seventy-first year of his age, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Edward Stopford, G.C.B. and K.T.S., Colonel of the 41st Regiment of Foot. In private life his character was everything which a truly honourable mind and amiable disposition could constitute. In his public services he maintained and promoted the high reputation of the noble troops which he commanded, and was honoured both for his conduct in the field, and for his mild, steady, and judicious discipline, with the confidence and esteem of the illustrious chief under whom he served.

### Sir Henry Gwillim.

At Staplefield, Sussex, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, Sir Henry Gwillim, formerly first Puisne Justice of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras. He acquired professional distinction before his appointment to India by his edition of "Bacon's Abridgment," and he subsequently published a copious and highly valuable collection of tithe cases. His learning was deep and accurate—as an author his industry in research was unwearied—as a judge his integrity and independence were uncompromising.

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THE

# METROPOLITAN.

NOVEMBER, 1837.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Goethe's Correspondence with a Child: for his Monument.* 2 vols. 8vo.

The object contemplated in publishing these volumes is meritorious, and will interest many lovers of genius and art. It is to go in aid of funds for the erection of a monument to the immortal Goethe, whose fame, however, will long survive the marble and the bronze. The original was published in Germany, two or three years ago; and many thousand copies, it is said, were sold in that country, where every person with the least tincture of letters is an enthusiastic admirer of the wonderful poet. It was at first thought that some publishing house in London would pay down a handsome sum for the copyright of the translation; and the experiment was tried by several amiable individuals, one or two of whom not only felt a proper admiration for Goethe, but a personal interest in the fair editor. The experiment failed—for east and west, from the patriarchs in the "Row" to the great King John in Albermarle Street: not one was found that would "down with the dust."

This expression seems vulgar, but it is classical, being used by Fuller; but we do not mean Jack Fuller, dear Jack, the butt of the House of Commons, but the venerable Fuller, the author of the Holy War. Our bibliopoles, in such a cause, of course put sordid profit altogether out of the case, but they thought that it was not likely that they should sell copies sufficient to cover even a small outlay in paper, print, &c., and that Goethe's monument would remain unerected, if its erection depended upon any such levy in England. We are not quite sure that they were wrong. The translation has therefore been printed and published at Berlin, and a certain number of copies sent over to London for sale. And now for the book: the title is, in more respects than one, a misnomer: it ought to have been called, 'Letters of a young Lady to Goethe's Mother and to Goethe;' for the poet's part of the correspondence is a very meagre affair, consisting merely of some very short and hurried notes, which any German gentleman might have written just as well as the poet. We substitute 'young lady' for child, because the authoress and editor was some sixteen years old when she wrote the first of them, in the year of our Lord 1807; she must have been in the class of what Lady A——u——e, that queen of spinsters, before she spoiled herself by marrying an ancient knight, used to call "old young

ladies" by the year 1824, when her last letter is dated. But though the pen of Goethe had so little to do with them, these letters are not without their beauty and interest. Far from it; yet, unluckily perhaps, most of their beauties are of a kind that will hardly be understood or relished by a merely English reader. We put our regret hypothetically, seeing that we are not yet convinced in our own minds that German ultra-sentimentalisms and German vapoury, misty metaphysics, are not too dearly purchased by a large sacrifice of right feeling and of common sense. We are aware that the opinion just now in fashion runs highly in favour of everything German; but we will not allow a fashion to have any influence over us; and still looking, as we have been accustomed to do, on the effect produced by literature on national character, we must doubt whether our excellent friends and congeners have been altogether in the right way. Some of the obscurity and mistiness on the present occasion may have arisen from the authoress' being her own translator: hence the book is not always English, though parts of it are struck off very happily, and are really extraordinary performances for a foreigner, who, we believe, has never lived in England. The fair authoress has even ventured to translate German verse into English verse and rhyme—a bold undertaking! Her success has not been equal to her courageous daring; yet some of her English verses ought to be preserved as curiosities.

The work is dedicated to Prince Puckler,—the Prince "Pepper and Mustard," we presume, of the Travellers' Club. The following passage will convey a not unfair notion of the writer's manner and *idealism*.

"All are not fit to sound truth, but only its appearance; to trace the secret ways of a profound nature, to solve the problems in it, is denied to them; they only may utter their delusions, which produce stubborn prejudices against better conviction, and robs the mind of its authority to acknowledge what is deviating from the common; it was in such confusions that my views of you were also entangled, while moved by your own feelings, you declined every derogating judgment of me, kindly trusting, *you would enrich heart and mind by me*; how made this blush me. The simpleness of your views, of your self-contemplating, self-forming nature, your subtle perception of other's disposition of mind, your prompt organ of speech, in a melodious style symbolically displaying, in various ways, inward contemplation and exterior objects, this natural art of your mind!—all this has cleared my ideas of you, and made me acquainted with that higher spirit in you which ideally parodies so many of your utterances.

You once wrote me: "*He who sees my park, sees into my heart.*" It was last year, in the midst of September, that I entered your park, early in the morning; the sun was spreading his beams, it was a great silence in all nature; clear paths led me between fresh green plots, on which the flower bushes seemed still asleep; busy hands soon came cherish them, the leaves shaken down by the morning breeze were gattered and the confused branches unwreathed; I went further on different days, at different hours; in every direction as far as I came I found the same carefulness and peaceful grace, which was spread all around. Thus does the loving develope and cherish sense and beauty of the beloved, as you here cherish an inheritance of nature you were trusted with. I'll fain believe this to be the mirror of your most profound heart, as it implies so many a beauty, I'll fain believe that the simple trust in you will be no less cherished and protected, than each single plant of your park. There I have read to you from the diary and my letters to Goethe, and you liked to listen; now I give them up to you; protect these pages like your plants; and so again leave unminded the prejudice of those who, before they are acquainted with the book, condemn it as not genuine, and thus deceive themselves of truth.

Let us remain well minded to one another; what faults and errors may be imputed to us by others who don't see us in the same light, we will not give up a confidence in a higher idealism, which so far overreaches all accidental offences and misunderstandings and all assumed and customary virtue. We will not disown the manifold noble causes, intimations and interests of being understood and beloved; if others do not comprehend it, let it remain a problem to them."

This curious dedication is followed by a preface, informing us that "This book is for the good, and not for the bad." One must be "too bad" to give a too literal or an uncharitable interpretation to all the love that is in it. It was all innocent and strange, and very German to the matter. Such things are not uncommon among our friends; and after seeing, as *we* have seen, a beautiful young lady from the banks of the Elbe embrace and hug Paganini, who, after all, was only a sublime fiddler, smelling strongly of garlic, and another fair enthusiast from the banks of the Danube kiss the smoke-dried lips of a certain painter, whose pipe was seldom out of his mouth, we can feel no surprise at the fair Bettine's tender demonstrations towards the handsome and time-honoured author of "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," and "Faust." Unimaginative English matrons may scarcely understand this; but we make no doubt that one of the persons most delighted with these platonics was the wife, the excellent Frau Von Goethe herself.

It is thus that the young lady describes to the "Frau Rath," as Goethe's mother was called all over Germany, her first interview with the poet, who was then nearly sixty years of age—

"With this billét I went forth. The house lies opposite the fountain: how deafening did the water sound to me! I ascended the simple staircase: in the wall stand statues which command silence: at least I could not be loud in this sacred hall. All is friendly, but solemn. In the rooms simplicity is at home, ah! how inviting! 'Fear not,' said the modest walls, '*he* will come and will be—and more he will not wish to be—as thou art,—and then the door opened, and there he stood solemnly, grave, and looked with fixed eyes upon me. I stretched my hands towards him—I believe. I soon lost all consciousness.—Goethe caught me quickly to his heart. 'Poor child, have I frightened you?' These were the first words with which his voice penetrated to my heart—he led me into his room and placed me on the sofa opposite to him. There we were both mute; at last he broke the silence: 'You have doubtless read in the papers that we suffered a few days ago a great loss by the death of the Duchess Amelia?' 'Ah!' said I, 'I don't read the papers.'—'Indeed?—I had believed that everything which happens in Weimar would have interested you.' 'No! nothing interests me but you alone, and I am far too impatient to pore over newspapers.'—'You are a kind child.'—A long pause—I, fixed to that tiresome sofa in such anxiety. You know how impossible it is for me to sit still in such a well-bred manner. Ah! mother, is it possible so far to forget one's self? I suddenly said, 'I can't stay here upon the sofa,' and sprang up. 'Well,' said he, 'make yourself at home,' then I flew to his neck—he drew me on his knee, and locked me to his heart. Still—quite still it was: everything vanished. I had not slept for so long: years had passed in sighing after him,—I fell asleep on his breast, and when I awoke, I began a new life."

The next letter, addressed to the same venerable lady, after describing a Meister Schwab, a great hand at a fairy-tale, and relating the manumission of a tame squirrel, goes on as follows:—

"They both scolded me, but I was silent, laid myself at the bottom of the carriage on three bottles of Selterwasser, and had a delicious sleep, till by moonlight the carriage was overturned, but so gently that no one was hurt. Away flew a nut-brown chamber-maid from the box, and in romantic disorder lay fainting on the flat bank of the Maine, directly in face of the moon: two band-boxes, with lace and ribbands, flew somewhat further, and swam cleverly enough down the river; I ran after them into the water, which from the great heat was very shallow, and all called after me, was I mad? I could not hear them; and I believe I and the boxes should have swam back to Frankfort, if a boat which stood out into the stream had not brought them to. I packed them under either arm, and walked back again through the clear waves. 'Thoughtless girl,' said my brother Frank, and with his soft voice tried to scold: I put off my wet clothes, was wrapt up in a soft cloke, and packed into the closed carriage.

"In Aschaffenburgh they put me forcibly into bed, and made me some camomile tea. Not to drink it, I pretended to be fast asleep. Thereupon my merits were

discussed, how, I had too good a heart, was full of kindness, and never thought of myself; how, I had swum after the band-boxes, which, if I had not fished again to land, it would have been impossible the next morning to have performed toilette, before dining with the royal primate. Ah! they didn't know what I know,—viz. that in that wilderness of false locks, gilt combs, and lace, was hidden a treasure in a red velvet bag, for whose sake I would have thrown both boxes into the water, with all which did and did not belong to me, and that but for this I should have rejoiced over the return-voyage of the band-boxes. In this bag lay concealed a bunch of violets, which in a party at Wieland's in Weimar, your son secretly threw to me as he went by. My lady mother! I was then jealous of Wolfgang, and believed the violets had been given him by a female hand, but he said, 'Art thou not content, that I give them thee?'—I took his hand in secret, and drew it to my heart; he drank out of his glass, and placed it before me, that I also might drink; I took it in the left hand and drank; then laughed at him, because I knew he had placed it there, that I might let go his hand. 'It,' said he, 'then hast such cunning, thou wilt know well, how to chain me for life.' I beg you not to be puffed up because I have trusted you with my inmost heart;—I must have some one to whom I can impart. They, who have handsome faces, wish to see them in the glass; you are the glass of my happiness, which now blooms in its greatest beauty, and must therefore often see itself reflected. Pray, chatter to your son in your next letter (which, by-the-bye, you can write to-morrow, without first waiting an opportunity) how in the cold moonlight I swam after the bunch of violets in the band-box for a quarter of an hour, (so long it wasn't though,) and that the waves bore me like a water-nymph along, (waves there were none, only shallow water which scarcely bore up the light boxes,) and that my inflated clothes showed like a balloon. What are all the *frocks* of his youthful loves in comparison with my *floating garments*? Do not say that your son is too good for me, when I run myself into such danger for a violet! I attach myself to the epoch of sensitive romance, and come luckily on Werther, where, by-the-by, I feel much inclined to turn Charlotte out of doors. Your son's taste in that 'white gown with pink ribbands' is bad. I will never during my life wear a white gown; green—green—all my clothes are green!"

A little farther on there is more serious talk of love, and genius, and mingling of the souls.

"In such a way of life, what can I learn, or how become wise? What I write to your son pleases him; he always desires more, and that makes me blessed; for I revel in an abundance of thoughts which refreshingly express to him my love, my happiness. What then are talent and wisdom, since I, the most blest, do not want them?

"It was last year in the beginning of May that I saw him for the first time. He broke off a young leaf from the vine, which grew around his window, and laid it on my cheek, saying, 'This leaf and thy cheek are both downy;' I sat upon the stool at his feet, and leaned upon him, while the time passed in silence. Now, what of wisdom could we have spoken to one another, which would not have detracted from this unrevealed bliss? what words of genius could have repaid that quiet peace which bloomed within us? Oh! how often have I thought on that leaf, and how he stroked my forehead and face, and how he passed his fingers through my hair and said, '*I am not wise*, I am easily deceived, and thou wilt gain no great honour, if thou imposest on me, with 'Thy love.' Then I fell upon his neck.—All this is not 'Genius,' and yet I have lived it over a thousand times in thought, and shall my life long drink from that fountain, even as the eye drinks in the light;—it was not 'Genius,' and yet to me it outshone all the wisdom of the world. What could recompense me for this kind trifling with me?—what supply the fine penetrating ray of his glance, which streams into my eye?—I care nothing for wisdom: I have learned happiness under another form; that too which gives others pain, hurts not me, and *my pain* no one can understand.

"How bright is this night! The hills with their vines clothed in splendour lie there, and sleepingly suck in the nourishing moonlight.—Write soon."

* * * * *

"The clear blue sky, the golden sunshine, filled the whole vale. Oh God! if I sat here, tending the sheep, and knew that at evening, *one* who thinks on me, would come; if I waited all day, and the sunlight hours rolled by, and the hour of shade, with the silver-crescent moon, and the stars, should bring the friend, he would find

me on the mountain-verge, running to his open arms, so that he should suddenly feel me warm with love at his heart!—what else would then be worth living for! Greet your son from me, and tell him that my life is certainly a peaceful one, and enlightened by the sunshine, but that I care not for this golden time, because I am always longing for the future, when I expect the friend. Farewell! With you, midnight is the spirits' hour, in which you deem it a sin to have the eyes open, lest you should see them: but I have just been walking alone in the garden, through the long vine-walks, where grape upon grape, glitter in the moon-shine, and I leaned over the wall, and looked down upon the Rhine: there all was still. But white foam ripples whispered, and there was a continual dabbling on the shore, and the waves lisped like infants."

In enclosing a letter of her son's, the Frau Rath expresses herself in a manner which will annoy some people, and puzzle a good many more. But German wit and humour are almost as unintelligible as German sentimentalities and German metaphysics.

"Don't get ill, girl," says the ancient matron. "'Rise! take up thy bed, and walk.' So said the Lord Jesus to the sick, and so say I to thee. Thy bed is thy love in which thou liest sick; take it up, do not spread it before evening, and then rest in it when thou hast endured the burden and heat of the day."

In some instances the fair Bettine's platonics have an almost Sapphic warmth. The following extract from a letter to Goëthe is not amiss.

"Thou knowest my heart: thou knowest that all there is desire, thought, boding and longing; thou livest among spirits, and they give thee divine wisdom. Thou must nourish me; thou givest all that in advance, which I do not understand to ask. My mind has a small embrace, my love a large one; thou must bring them to a balance. Love cannot be quiet till the mind matches its growth: thou art matched to my love; thou art friendly, kind, indulgent: let me know when my heart is off the balance: I understand thy silent signs.

"A look from thy eyes into mine, a kiss from thee upon my lips, instructs me in all; what might seem delightful to learn to one, who like me, had experience from those. I am far from thee, mine are become strange to me; I must ever return in thought to that hour, when thou heldest me in the soft fold of thy arm,—then I begin to weep: but the tears dry again unawares; yes, he reaches with his love (thus I think) over to me in this concealed stillness, and should not I, with my eternal undisturbed longing, reach to him in the distance? Ah! conceive what my heart has to say to thee: it flows over with soft sighs, all whisper to thee: be my only happiness on earth thy friendly will to me. O dear friend! give me but a sign that thou art conscious of me. You write that you will drink my health; ah! I grudge thee it not;—leave no drop behind; would that I myself could be so poured into thee and do thee good!

"Your mother told me how you were sitting in the theatre shortly after writing Werther, and how an anonymous note was pressed into your hand, in which was written: *ils ne te comprendront point Jean Jacques.* But she maintains, I might say, to every one: *tu me ne comprendras point Jean Jacques;* for what booby will not misunderstand thee, or will give thee thy due? But she says, that you Goethe understand me, and that thou givest me my due.

"The education plans and Jew pamphlets I will send next post-day. Although you art not ready for every reciprocal obligation, but yet will send me what is matured; still think that my love sends to thee burning beams, to bring each emotion for me, to sweet maturity."

Mixed up in unequal quantities with matter of this kind are passages of description and anecdote that are valuable, and require little more than a slight correction of the translation to be truly beautiful. The very best of these passages are, however, defaced with whims and oddities, or with things that appear to be such to our dull English intellect. The following is a singular account of Madame de Stael's appearance at Frankfort:—

"My misfortune took me to Frankfort, exactly as Madame de Staël passed through: I had already enjoyed her society a whole evening at Mayence, but your mother was well pleased to have my assistance, for she was informed, that Madame de Staël

would bring her a letter from you, and she wished me to play the 'intermezzos,' if she should need relief during this great catastrophe. Your mother has commanded me to describe all to you with the utmost minuteness:—the interview took place at Bethmann-Schaaf, in the apartments of Maurice Bethmann. Your mother—either through irony or fun—had decorated herself wonderfully, but with German humour, and not in French taste. I must tell you, that when I looked at your mother, with three feathers upon her head, which nodded on three different sides—one red, one white, and one blue, the French national colours—rising from out a field of sunflowers, my heart beat with joy and expectation. She was deeply rouged, her great black eyes fired a burst of artillery; round her neck she wore the celebrated gold ornaments, given her by the Queen of Prussia. Lace of ancient fashion and great splendour, (a complete heir-loom,) covered her bosom, and thus she stood with white kid-gloves; in one hand a curiously wrought fan, with which she set the air in motion; the other hand, which was bared, quite covered with sparkling stones, taking from time to time a pinch out of a golden snuff-box, in which was set a miniature of you, where, with powdered ringlets, you are thoughtfully leaning your head upon your hand. The party of distinguished elder ladies formed a semicircle in Maurice Bethmann's bed-chamber; on the purple-covered carpet in the centre of which was a white field with a leopard,—the company looked so stately, that they might well be imposing. On the walls were ranged beautiful Indian plants, and the apartment was lighted by shaded glass globes; opposite the semicircle stood the bed upon a dais of two steps, also covered with a purple tapestry, on each side a candelabra. I said to your mother, 'Madame de Staël will think she is cited before the Court of Love, for the bed yonder looks like the covered throne of Venus.' It was thought that then she might have much to answer for. At last the long-expected one came through a suite of lighted apartments, accompanied by Benjamin Constant. She was dressed as Corinne; a turban of aurora and orange-coloured silk, a dress of the same, with an orange tunic, girded so high as to leave little room for her heart; her black gloves were drawn down, covering only her hand, in which she held the well-known laurel-sprig. As the apartment where she was expected, lies much lower, she was obliged to descend four steps. Unfortunately, she held up her dress before instead of behind; this gave the solemnity of her reception a terrible blow; it looked very odd, as, clad in complete oriental style, she marched down towards the stiff dames of the virtue-enrolled Frankfort society. Your mother darted a few daring glances at me, whilst they were presented to each other. I had stationed myself apart to observe the whole scene. I perceived Madame de Staël's astonishment at the remarkable decorations and dress of your mother, who displayed an immense pride. She spread out her robe with her left hand—with her right she saluted, playing with her fan, and bowing her head several times with great condescendsion, and said with an elevated voice, '*Je suis la mère de Goethe;*' '*Ah, je suis charmée,*' answered the authoress, and then followed a solemn stillness. Then ensued the presentation of her distinguished suite, also curious to become acquainted with Goethe's mother. Your mother answered their civilities with a new-year's-wish in French, which with solemn courtesies she kept murmuring between her teeth—in short, I think the audience was perfect, and gave a fine specimen of the German Grandezza. Soon your mother beckoned me to her; I was forced to play the interpreter between both: then the conversation turned only upon you and your youth; the portrait upon the snuff-box was examined, it was painted at Leipsic, before you were so ill, but already very thin; one can nevertheless recognize all your present grandeur in those gracious features, and above all, the author of Werther. Madame de Staël spoke about your letters, and that she should like to read what you wrote to your mother, and your mother promised them to her; I thought, she should surely get none of your letters to read from me, for I bear her a grudge; as often as your name dropped from her not well-formed lips, an inward wrath fell upon me: she told me that in your letters you call her 'amie;' ah! she surely remarked in me, that this came quite unexpectedly to me; ah! she said even more.—But now my patience was lost;—how can you be friendly with so unpleasant a countenance? Ah! there one may see, that you are vain—or perhaps she told me untruths? Were I with thee, I would not suffer it. As Fays with fiery dragons, I would guard my treasure with looks. Now I sit far removed from thee, do not know what thou art doing, and am only happy when no thoughts torment me."

One great misfortune of Germany during the career of Bonaparte was

the want of a patriotic and enlarged *German* spirit. There were Prussians and Austrians, and Saxons, and Wertembergers, and Bavarians, and Hansetown-men, but no where *Germans*. It has been well said that Goëthe himself in his youth had no other country (patra) than a walled city, which he could run round before breakfast; and the great Wieland was accustomed to say of himself, "I have no fellow-countrymen; I have only *sprach-genossen*'—speech-mates. It is true that the old political divisions of what was certainly meant by nature to be one great, compact empire, into an infinitude of states, jealous of each other, and, with two exceptions, miserably small and weak, had tended for many ages to prevent the growth of a general national spirit, and had set Germans fighting against Germans; one party being often in close alliance with the French, and combating with them on the soil of Germany against their own *sprach-genossen;* but still the character of their literature had also been in fault, (in Goethe's writings there are scarcely any appeals to *national* feeling,) and at a moment when they ought to have been engaged heart and hand for the defence of German liberties, they were dreaming of Utopias in the third heaven. The revèille—the waking from this dream in 1813 was a glorious thing; but Germany had slept a sleep of seven long years before she roused herself, and had been all that time the submissive vassal of the conqueror whom she aided with men and money to forge chains for the rest of Europe. In our fair correspondent we find traces of a patriotic spirit so early as the year 1808-9, and we have been deeply moved by the generous, glowing interest she took in the brave Tyrolese, who so long fought single-handed—being basely abandoned by the Austians who set them on—against both French and Bavarians, who marched together in a most unholy league. In writing from the capital of Bavaria, in March 1809, she says:

"I am in a ferment too, and indeed a revolutionary one. The Tyrolese, I am on their side, that you may think. Oh! I am weary of hearing our neighbour's flute in the attic, blowing its airs till late in the night—the drum and the trumpet, they make the heart fresh.

"'Ah, had I but doublet and breeches and hat,' I would run over to the straight-nosed, plain-hearted Tyrolese, and make their fair, green standard flap in the wind."

In the same month of the next year she thus describes the military execution or murder of the gallant Andrè Hofer.

"Ah, dear Goethe! your lines came to me at the right time, just as I did not know what to do for very despair. For the first time have I followed the events of the world with great constancy to the heroes who fought for their sanctuary: Hofer I had pursued at every track; how often has he, after the burden and heat of the day, concealed himself in the late night among the lonely mountains, and taken counsel with his pure conscience, and this man, whose soul, free from evil defects, was open to all, as an example of innocence and heroism, has now at last on 20th of February suffered death as the consummation of his lofty destiny. How could it have been otherwise, should he too have suffered disgrace?—That could not be: God has so ordained it best, that after a short pause from this glorifying patriotic inspiration, with great strength and self-consciousness, and not complaining of his fate, he should be torn for ever from his miserable fatherland. For a fortnight he lay a captive in the dungeon at Porta Melina with many other Tyrolese. His sentence he received calmly and unshaken. They would not let him take leave of his beloved countrymen, the drums drowned the lamentations and cries of the imprisoned Tyrolese. He sent them by the hands of the priest his last piece of money, and requested they might be told, he went consoled to death, and looked for their prayers to accompany him on the way. As he passed by their dungeon-doors, they all fell upon their knees, prayed and wept; at the place of execution he said, 'he stood before him who had created him, and standing, he would yield up his spirit to him.' A coin which had been issued during his administration, he delivered to the corporal with the charge to bear witness, *that in his last hour he felt himself bound*

*by every tie of constancy to his poor fatherland.* Then he cried, '*Fire!*' they fired badly, twice, one after the other; only at the third time was it that the corporal, who conducted the execution, put an end to his life with the thirteenth bullet.

"I must close my letter, what more could I write to you? the whole world has lost its colour for me. A great man is Napoleon; so say the people here—yes, externally, but to this outward greatness he sacrifices all which crosses his unplanetary career. Hofer inwardly great, a sacred German character—if Napoleon had protected him, then I too would call him great. And the emperor, could not he say, 'Give me my Tyrolese hero, then I will give you my daughter?' Then had history called that great, which she must now call little."

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*The Poetical Works of Robert Southey, collected by* HIMSELF. *In ten volumes.* Vol. I.

Robert Southey is not only one of the most voluminous, but also, in many respects, one of the most meritorious writers of modern times. His prose compositions have a manly simplicity, a staid vigour, and a sober English spirit, that hardly ever fail to delight us, and to carry us along with him, notwithstanding the dogmas and prejudices in which he occasionally indulges too freely—too violently, perhaps; but, we believe, with perfect sincerity of heart. This high excellence in prose has contributed, with other circumstances, to cause him to be neglected as a poet, in which character he first won his laurels, and in which, almost exclusively, he was known for many years. But, though his poetry is not equal to the best of his prose compositions, it has merits of a very high order—merits originally and peculiarly his own; and though bards of greater fire have risen since the days of his poetic celebrity, when, for a time, he had the field almost to himself, there is that sterling stuff, in his great poems, which will command attention in all ages, while some of his minor pieces, on familiar every-day subjects, seem to us to be, in their way, a near approach to perfection. In our particular case, it is possible that there may be some kindly prejudice; for it happened accidentally that Southey's poetry was almost the first we ever read. It is many years since then—we need not say how many—that we were living in a quiet country village, with scarcely any other resource than such as could be derived from a small but heterogeneous collection of books. For a long time we were deterred by its size, (it was in goodly quarto,) but at last we took down "Joan of Arc," and began to read it—although it was poetry, (for hitherto, like most children, and perhaps like many grown people at the time, we considered verse as rather a dull affair.) As we read on, however, our little mind was absorbed by the adventures of the Maid of Orleans, and we remember that we could scarcely lay down the book until we got to the end of it. We are afraid, for the credit of our childish taste, that the romantic incidents of the story went a great way towards the creating of this deep interest, but still there must have been some other charm, for even after the story was so familiar to us, as that of "Goody Twoshoes," we still kept reading the book day after day. Ah, then—

> "How happily the days
> Of Thalaba went by!"

Soon after this a neat octavo volume, containing the "Metrical Tales," which had just been published, fell into our hands, and this also we read through and through with infinite gusto; and then becoming familiarised with the name and the manner of Southey, we procured his "Thalaba," the "Curse of Kehama," and "Madoc," and read them all before becoming acquainted with any other modern poetry, with the exception, we

lieve, of some of Crabbe's Tales, Monk Lewis's Tales of Wonder, and Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders. Some of our early favourite's poems we have never read since, but others we have frequently looked into, and always with pleasure and profit, and with grateful feelings to Mr. Southey, who was, though but accidentally, one of the greatest benefactors of our young days, by being the first to open to us a new world of imagination, and to create in us that love for poetry, and the quiet enjoyments of literature, that has brightened our brightest days, and cheered us in our gloomiest. To us there is something exceedingly touching in the opening sentences of the preface to the present edition.

"At the age of sixty-three I have undertaken to collect and edit my poetical works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow upon them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes; and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste or fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed."

But the conclusion to this same preface is still more affecting.

"It was in a mood resembling, in no slight degree, that wherewith a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance, which, by the usages of this world, is permitted to us in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope . . ."

The delightful auto-biographic sketches—the little accounts of the how and where the different pieces were produced, which Walter Scott introduced in the prefaces and introductions of his last editions, have made such things fashionable; and, like most novelties, they have been imitated in an impudent, blundering manner by inferior writers. It is a mistake to give us the history of the *façon* of a book, when the book itself fails to interest us, and in third and fourth-rate writers such disclosures must always savour of vanity. But a writer of Southey's eminence and age, addressing us from the depth of an almost holy solitude, and as if it were from the brink of the grave, (though we hope many a year may pass ere he descend into it,) may safely and gracefully indulge in this vein: and we wish that the notes of the kind begun in this volume may be continued in the nine succeeding ones, so as to give us his own history of his own poems. What we have now before us is as delightful as Scott's, as the following extracts will show.

"Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, which we believe will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heir-loom by those who are dearest to us both. When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and universally engaged in literary pursuits,

communing with my own heart, and taking that course which, upon mature consideration, seemed best to myself, I have said everything necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be."

"Joan of Arc," however, was composed before Mr. Southey had enjoyed these advantages.

"Early in July, 1793, I happened to fall in conversation, at Oxford, with an old schoolfellow upon the story of Joan of Arc; and it then struck me as being singularly well adapted for a poem. The long vacation commenced immediately afterwards. As soon as I reached home, I formed the outline of a plan, and wrote about three hundred lines. The remainder of the month was passed in travelling, and I was too much engaged with new scenes and circumstances to proceed, even in thought, with what had been broken off. In August I went to visit my old schoolfellow, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, at that time, resided with his parents at Brixton Causeway, about four miles on the Surrey side of the metropolis. There, the day after completing my nineteenth year, I resumed the undertaking; and there, in six weeks from that day, finished what I called an Epic Poem in Twelve Books. My progress would not have been so rapid, had it not been for the opportunity of retirement which I enjoyed there, and the encouragement that I received. In those days London had not extended in that direction farther than Kennington, beyond which place the scene changed suddenly, and there was an air and appearance of country, which might now be sought in vain at a far greater distance from town. There was nothing indeed to remind one that London was so near, except the smoke which overhung it. Mr. Bedford's residence was situated upon the edge of a common, on which shady lanes opened leading to the neighbouring villages (for such they were then) of Camberwell, Dulwich, and Clapham, and to Norwood. The view in front was bounded by the Surrey hills. Its size and structure showed it to be one of those good houses built in the early part of the last century by persons who, having realized a respectable fortune in trade, were wise enough to be contented with it, and retire to pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of leisure and tranquillity. Tranquil indeed the place was, for the neighbourhood did not extend beyond half a dozen families; and the London style and habits of visiting had not obtained among them. Uncle Toby himself might have enjoyed his rood-and-half ground there, and not have had it known. A forecourt separated the house from the foot-path and the road in front; behind, there was a large and well-stocked garden, with other spacious premises, in which utility and ornament were in some degree combined. At the extremity of the garden, and under the shade of four lofty linden trees, was a summer-house, looking on an ornamental grass-plot, and fitted up as a conveniently habitable room. That summer-house was allotted to me; and there my mornings were passed at the desk. Whether it exists now or not, I am ignorant. The property has long since passed into other hands. The common is inclosed and divided by rectangular hedges and palings; rows of brick houses have supplanted the shade of oaks and elms; the brows of the Surrey hills have a parapet of modern villas, and the face of the whole district is changed.

"I was not a little proud of my performance. Young poets are, or at least used to be, as ambitious of producing an epic poem, as stage-stricken youths of figuring in Romeo or Hamlet. It had been the earliest of my day-dreams. I had begun many such; but this was the first which had been completed; and I was too young and too ardent to perceive or suspect that the execution was as crude as the design. In the course of the autumn I transcribed it fairly from the first draught, making no other alterations or corrections of any kind than such as suggested themselves in the act of transcription. Upon showing it to the friend, in conversation with whom the design had originated, he said, "I am glad you have written this; it will serve as a store, where you will find good passages for better poems." His opinion of it was more judicious than mine; but what there was good in it, or promising, would not have been transplantable. Toward the close of 1794 it was announced to be published by subscription in a quarto volume, price one guinea. Shortly afterwards I became acquainted with my fellow-townsman, Mr. Joseph Cottle, who had recently commenced business, as a bookseller, in our native city of Bristol. One evening I read to him part of the poem, without any thought of making a proposal concerning it, or expectation of receiving one. He, however, offered me fifty guineas for the copyright, and fifty copies for my subscribers, which was more than the list amounted to; and the offer was accepted as promptly

as it was made. It can rarely happen that a young author should meet with a bookseller as inexperienced and as ardent as himself; and it would be still more extraordinary if such mutual indiscretion did not bring with it cause for regret to both. But this transaction was the commencement of an intimacy, which has continued, without the slightest shade of displeasure at any time, on either side, to the present day. At that time, few books were printed in the country, and it was seldom indeed that a quarto volume issued from a provincial press. A fount of new type was ordered for what was intended to be the handsomest book that Bristol had ever yet sent forth; and when the paper arrived, and the printer was ready to commence his operations, nothing had been done toward preparing the poem for the press, except that a few verbal alterations had been made. I was not, however, without misgivings; and when the proof-sheet was brought me, the more glaring faults of the composition stared me in the face. But the sight of a well-printed page, which was to be set off with all the advantages that fine wove paper and hot-pressing could impart, put me in spirits, and I went to work with good-will. About half the book was left in its original state; the rest of the poem was recast and recomposed while the printing went on. This occupied six months. I corrected the concluding sheet of the poem, left the preface in the publisher's hands, and departed for Lisbon by way of Corunna and Madrid."

"Joan of Arc" and "The Vision of the Maid of Orleans," with the very interesting historical notes, fill this, the first volume of the issue, which is embellished with a good portrait of the author, and a vignette of the monument of Joan of Arc, at Rouen.

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*Illustrations of Jerusalem and Mount Sinai: including the most interesting Sites between Grand Cairo and Beirout.* From Drawings, by F. ARUNDALE, Architect. *With a Descriptive Account of his Tour and Residence in those Remarkable Countries.*

These illustrations consist of nineteen good-sized views of remarkable places in Syria and the Holy Land, a clear and excellent map of the route from Grand Cairo to Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and Beirout, and an admirable plan of the city and suburbs of Jerusalem. The views, which are done in lithography, and tinted so as to look like drawings in sepia, have a character of great truth and simplicity. Without knowing the original places, we would venture to affirm, from the manner of these sketches, that they are like what they are meant to represent; and a friend, who has recently returned from the Holy Land, assures us that they are most correct portraits, without any of the landscape painter's sacrifices to composition and effect. This is as it should be, and we fancy most people, in such subjects more especially, will appreciate veracity and simplicity infinitely more than high finishing, or than anything else the artist could put in. The view of the Convent of Mount Sinai, in the midst of wild, overhanging mountains, and the sketches of the interiors of the Chapel of the Burning-bush, and the Tomb of St. Catherine, have this air of truth in the greatest perfection. The view of the exterior of the Holy Sepulchre,

"Il gran Sepolcro adora, e scioglie il voto,"

is treated by Mr. Arundale with great skill, and so are most of the memorable spots within, or about, Jerusalem. The Pool of Bethesda, over which the minaret of a Mahomedan mosque now towers, the Arch of the Ecce Homo, the Village of Bethany, Nazareth, as seen from the south, all dwell upon the mind like real scenes; but the most touching scene in the collection is, perhaps, the view of Jerusalem, with its crenelated walls, domes, towers, and minarets, taken from the Mount of Olives. The only uninteresting sketch in the book is one taken on the top of

Mount Lebanon; but immediately after this there are two others—one a view of the town of Saide, the ancient Sidon, the other of the town of Beirout, the ancient Berytus—that are in the highest degree interesting, and as essentially oriental in character and detail as it is well possible to be. At old Sidon, close by the sea shore, there are two tall palm trees, the sight of which almost makes one feel and breathe the perfumed air of the East.

It would be but an idle waste of words to dwell on the associations, historical and sacred, ancient and wonderful, that are awakened by these views. To every reader of the Bible and New Testament—of the Roman historian in the classical times, and the chronicler and annalist of the Crusades in the Middle Ages, they will be welcome—thrice welcome; while every traveller that has trodden the mountains of Judæa and the plains of Syria, or visited any part of the East, (that country which is all over so holy-looking, and so unlike to Europe,) will feel many a melancholy but pleasing recollection of the past revive in his bosom, as he dwells over these unambitious and graceful delineations.

We have spoken of the plates before the letter-press, as the pen, on this occasion, is avowedly subordinate to the pencil. Mr. Arundale says, that his particular object has not been the written description, so much as the delineation of the different places through which he passed. He was tempted, however, to give an account of his own little adventures and personal experience, which he has done with great modesty; and then to condense, from other writers, such as Maundrell, Pococke, Chateaubriand, Dr. Clarke, Burckhardt, Dr. Richardson, Captains Irby and Mangles, the existing information relating to Jerusalem and Palestine, and this he has done with much spirit and good sense, being enabled by his own observation to compare and correct—to adopt what most bore the air of correctness, to reject what seemed doubtful or contradictory. He hopes that the notes of his tour will be serviceable as guides to the future traveller, who, he trusts, after passing the same route, will be enabled to bear witness to their correctness. We have no doubt of this ourselves, and as (thanks to steam!) tourists to the Holy Land are annually increasing in numbers, there may be a considerable demand for such a book among this class alone.

Though fallen from her high estate, Jerusalem is still a considerable city.

"From the Armenian fathers," says Mr. Arundale, "we acquired some information respecting the long disputed point, the relative population of Jerusalem. Their accounts I took some pains to examine, and compare with the numerous and often conflicting censuses made by previous travellers. The following appears to be somewhat nearer the truth than any account which I have yet seen:—

"Jerusalem, at present, is supposed to contain 21,000 inhabitants; of these there may be,

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|---|---|
| Turks | 13,000 |
| Jews | 4,000 |
| Greeks | 2,000 |
| Catholics | 1,000 |
| Armenians | 500 |
| Copts | 60 |
| Total | 20,560" |

Dr. Edward Hogg, a recent traveller, whose sketches we noticed some time ago with well-merited praise, gives the following description of the general aspect, and of the trading resources, of the place. On entering any Turkish town, the first question the European asks himself is, How do all these people live? for signs of business and industry there are none.

"Like other Turkish towns, the survey of the interior disappoints the expectations excited by its external appearance. The streets are narrow and uneven. Irregularly placed houses, with diminutive doors, and now and then a projecting upper window, are badly built, and from the scarcity and dearness of timber, are usually covered with rude, beehive-shaped roofs. In some directions are detached heaps of ruins, and in others are enclosures fenced with the prickly Indian fig: towards the Jews' quarter some extensive ranges of walls and arches, the remains of the spacious hospital of the Knights of Malta, are still considered by the Hebrew inhabitants as English property. A few stragglers only are seen wandering in the streets—the bazaars are miserably furnished—one of them, arched and dark, is falling fast to ruin. The trade of the town is confined to chaplets, crosses, carved shells, models of the sacred places, and mother-of-pearl receptacles for holy water, which, sanctified in the sepulchre, are eagerly sought for, and widely distributed through Catholic Europe. So low, however, is the state of art, that one individual only, an ingenious and intelligent Jew, can engrave the seal rings so generally worn in the East, while a few native Christians carve rudely in mother-of-pearl, or tattoo the arms of pilgrims with sacred symbols. Of bread and meat there is no lack, but of the latter little variety. Fruit and vegetables are sparingly supplied, although on Fridays the neighbouring peasants hold a kind of market—those of the Moslem faith assembling for devotion, as well as to dispose of their scanty produce."*

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*Book of Gems. The Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain.* Edited by S. C. Hall.

This beautiful book is a worthy companion to the two volumes which have preceded it under the same title. The three together form a complete treasure of British poetry and British art. As illustrated books, they stand almost alone, nothing approaching their exquisite beauty and finish, except it be Mr. Rogers' last editions, and Mr. Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." We believe that there is not a corner of the civilised world into which the two first volumes of the "Book of Gems" have not penetrated, and we feel confident that the third volume will command an admiration equally universal. Like its precursors, it contains forty engravings after different English masters, heading select specimens from forty of our poets—the difference in the latter respect being that the poets are all modern, in most respects living writers, and not chosen from the ancient fathers of song, and the "mighty dead," as in the first and second volumes. The editor has not adopted any recognisable order or arrangement in the volume now before us, but has strung his gems at random. Wordsworth, indeed, occupies that first place to which we consider him to be fairly entitled; then follows Byron, then Southey, then Moore, then Shelley, then Coleridge, then Milman, then Elliott of Sheffield, better known under the sobriquet of "The Corn Law Rhymer," then Charles Lamb, then Montgomery, (the right one,) then Kirke White, then Professor Wilson, and the rest with a still greater disregard of chronological precedence or relative poetical merit. Samuel Rogers, for example, is placed between two young women—Mrs. Norton and Miss Landon—and the venerable Joanna Baillie is introduced at the latter part of the volume, after Thomas Hood and Charles Dibdin. Perhaps, in such a work, all this not of much importance, yet, for ourselves, we should have liked *some* sort of order, and would have preferred the chronological to any other. This order would have been easy to the editor—it would have saved him the trouble and the pains of making invidious-looking comparisons and preferences, and it would have been useful to the reader as showing, in some degree, the gradual march and variations of popular poetry in the nineteenth century.

* Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem. By Edward Hogg, M.D. 1835. 2 vols. 8vo.

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A complaint, however, which will be far more generally urged is, that the editor has passed over some first-rate modern writers altogether. He complains, indeed, of the narrowness of the limits that were assigned to him by circumstances over which he had no control; but thus situated, he ought to have been more scrupulous in his selection, omitting some who scarcely soar above an elegant mediocrity, to make room for others, whose spirit and originality, or scholar-like perfection of language and execution, will secure them a lasting place in their country's literature. Where, for example, is Mr. Frere, who, as an Eton boy, produced the "Battle of Brunnenburg," and, in mature years, the cantos of "Whistlecraft," which were the first introduction of what we commonly call the Beppo stanza and style, the merit of which is unfairly given to Lord Byron? Where is Mr. Frere's (in all senses) most worthy friend, Mr. William Stewart Rose, the translator of "Ariosto," the author of "Partenopex de Blois," (a most finished specimen of English heroic verse,) of the "Red King," (the most perfect of ballad poems,) "of the Dean of "Badajoz," and of some of the most exquisite epistles in rhyme that were ever written? And where is Mr. Canning, the friend of both these gentlemen, whose elegant witticisms in verse ought to find some room in all collections of modern English poetry? We would also ask why Mr. Bulwer is omitted? This popular writer not only first made himself known as a poet, but has continued to write poetry at intervals ever since, and some of his pieces are beautiful, both in conception and execution.

Every attentive and tasteful reader of modern verse will feel, on looking over Mr. Hall's selection, how these queries might be multiplied.

In introducing Mr. T. K. Hervey, the editor seems almost to apologise for bringing him into such company. Mr. Hervey is certainly not equal to *some* of the great names in the book, and is, as certainly, inferior to several that are left out of it; but yet, in our opinion, he is superior—infinitely superior to several of Mr. Hall's especial pets. When he says that he must place Mr. Hervey below "the great *makers*, whose names precede his in the volume," is he quite convinced that Mary Howitt, whose name immediately precedes it, is a greater poet? Or does he fancy that Clare, and Croly, and others, that stand "far a-head" in his book, have a tithe of the true spirit of poetry which is in the author of the "Convict Ship at Sea;" who, if he would but conquer his indolence, and eschew some of the affectations and mannerisms of the pocket-poets of the day, would infallibly secure to himself an honoured post in the world of letters. It is quite clear that the editor of the "Book of Gems," and we, judge both poetry and character by a different standard. In our opinion he does injustice to the writings of Joanna Baillie, touching which he quotes from some manuscript notes of the late Mr. Hazlitt, who was, by turns, the best and the worst of critics. But the editor's reflections on the character and manners of Mr. Milman, will call forth a loud and angry dissent from all who know that excellent, frank, and kind-hearted gentleman. It is, indeed, as far from truth as light is from darkness, to say of him, that he is a starch, proud ecclesiastic, one that is perpetually reminding people "that he is a dignitary of the church to which he belongs, and that he is indisposed to touch anything common or unclean." Mr. Hall evidently does not know much about him: he makes several mistakes in his memoir, being ignorant even of the fact that Mr. Milman has had, for some years, the living of St. Margaret's, Westminster. These brief memoirs, by the way, abound in errors—the bibliography being frequently incorrect. In the life of Thomas Campbell, for example, it is said that "Gertrude of Wyoming" was published in 1820, whereas, we believe, it appeared some ten or twelve years earlier, and certainly four editions of it had been published by the year 1812. Such mistakes are not unimportant in the eyes of real book-lovers.

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We had noted down several other slips, but it is never our wish to be severe; and, on the present occasion, we are anxious to part in good humour with a work that is the pride and glory of typography and book embellishment.

Among the many exquisite engravings, we have been particularly struck by the portrait of Wordsworth, by C. Rolls, after Pickersgill; the Sunrise, by Miller, after the great Turner; the View in Venice, by Miller, after Bonington; the Landscape, with Cattle, by Brain, after Cooper; the Sea-shore Scene, by Radcliffe, after D. Cox; the Gothic Cathedral, with the procession issuing from its magnificent portal, by Sands, after D. Roberts; the Road-side Inn, by Freebairn, after Mulready; Sunset on a River, by Hinchliff, after Reinagle; and the Boats in a Storm, by Bernot, after Prout. The Little Red Riding Hood is pretty, but we would recommend Mr. Inskipp to take an early opportunity of visiting the Zoological Gardens, for he surely could never have seen a wolf when he painted the nondescript animal that we see here.

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*Original Geometrical Illustrations; or, the Book of Lines, Squares, Circles, Triangles, Polygons, &c.* By JOHN BENNETT, Engineer, Author of the "Artificer's Complete Lexicon," "Labour Prices for Builders," &c.

This is a practical book written by a practical man; it is clear and simple, and will be found of the greatest use to carpenters, builders, and other mechanics and artisans, who have no time to devote to the more abstruse parts of geometry, and who yet are constantly standing in need of the sure guidance of the science. By the aid of this work and Mr. Morgan's invaluable Elementary Treatises, a man of common, day-school education may readily make himself master of all the geometry and mensuration most necessary in the mechanical arts, in surveying, and civil-engineering.

Mr. Bennett's volume has one important advantage, the geometrical figures and diagrams are laid down with great simplicity and perspicuity, and in a good large size, being principally drawn to the full-size or scale of the common two-foot rule, and thereby rendered exceedingly plain to the eye, and easy of imitation. The demonstrations are clear and brief.

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*The Despatches, Minutes, and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, K. G., during his Administration in India.* Edited by MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

This work for Indian statesmen and the future historians of India, (to whom it will be indispensable,) has now reached the fifth volume, the last volume being, in our opinion, the most valuable of the five, both from the nature of the transactions detailed, and from the ascendant characters of the marquess's correspondents. In some instances, the arrangement of the matter might have been better; but as the work will never be anything but one of reference, a good and full index (that rarity in modern literature!) may set all this to rights.

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*The Sketcher's Manual, or the whole Art of Picture-making, reduced to the simplest principles by which Amateurs may instruct themselves without the aid of a Master.* By FRANK HOWARD, Author of "The Spirit of Shakspeare."

This little book will afford valuable assistance to young beginners in the delightful art of sketching from nature; and it contains, at the same time, many hints that may prove useful to those who have made some progress in the art. The author very properly separates the practical from the scientific, the mechanical from the intellectual portions of the art of drawing; and he treats the humbler portion, to which his present work is confined, with great clearness and precision, leaving nothing unexplained that requires explanation to any one. This is the proper merit of an elementary work; and yet it has been too often overlooked by the writers and compilers of such books. A growing love for the art in nearly every class of society has, within these last five-and-twenty years, called forth an immense number of treatises; but even in such of them as possessed some merit—the large majority of them are worthless—there is a most perplexing want of the first rudiments; and even those which are most elementary, require a certain degree of proficiency, or of previous instruction, in the reader. Another capital defect common to nearly the whole family is, that they do not teach the student how to look at nature, and copy from it. At most, they drill him into a mechaniccl copying of a print or a drawing; and hence but too many of our amateurs, particularly among ladies, never get beyond this servile kind of work, or ever succeed in transferring the beautiful scenes they see abroad or in their own country to their sketch-books. There are few things more delightful or capable of conveying a longer train of pleasures, of remembrances, and associations, than the being able to draw from nature with some truth and effect; and this we think any person of common taste and ability may soon be enabled to do, by studying Mr. Frank Howard's little Manual, which we commend and recommend with perfect good-will and sincerity. We have had some experience in these matters, and would have given a deal for such a book when we were young.

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*Interesting Tales.* By J. H. JUNG-STILLING, *including Incidents connected with his Life, which do not appear in his Biography. Translated from the German,* by SAMUEL JACKSON. 1 vol. 12mo.

For the original publication of these tales we are indebted to Caroline, the amiable daughter of the late revered Heinrich Stilling. Although this is not so beautiful a book as the autobiography of Stilling—one of the most exquisite little books we are acquainted with—it is still a book of great and rare merit, deserving of a cordial recommendation, especially to young readers. The ten short tales, of which it consists, are, with one exception, (The Way to the Throne,) narratives of humble German life—not the life of fantastic metaphysicians and poets, but of real homely, honest burghers and peasants of the better class, between whom, and the same class of men in our own country, especially in the northern divisions of it, there is a striking affinity.

We have read the stories of "Conrad the Good," "The Emigrant," "Blind Leonard and his Guide," "The Watchman and his Daughter," and one or two others, with singular satisfaction. There is a *bonhommie* about them—a simplicity and straight-forwardness which contrast in a happy manner with the artificiality of most of our modern stories. The

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last story of all is not perhaps, the best, but its shortness suits our limits, and we quote it here, in order still more to direct attention to Mr. Jackson's excellent translations. The anecdote should have found a place in Walter Scott's volume on demonology. The horror-inspiring picture is a most striking incident, and what a picture would not a painter execute under such horrible circumstances!

## "AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF IMAGINATION."

"There dwelt, at Schaumburg, a worthy and wealthy citizen, who maintained himself by book-binding and watch-making. This upright individual was Doctor Stilling's friend, and when any one was unwell at his house, he availed himself of his counsel and his aid. His wife, on one occasion, fell sick; he wrote, therefore, to his physician. Stilling hastily mounted his horse, and rode thither. He arrived in the evening, and was consequently obliged to pass the night at his friend's house.

"After the doctor had duly attended upon his patient, and refreshed himself, both in body and mind, at a friendly meal, the bookbinder conducted him to his bedroom. As soon as he had put down the candle upon the toilette, a portrait met Stilling's view, which hung beneath the looking-glass; it was painted on copper, and was a master-piece in its kind. He considered and admired the picture for awhile; but a feeling of horror gradually came over him, for he observed something horrible in it, which developed itself more and more to his view, the longer he contemplated it. Although he endeavoured as much as possible to find out the characteristic features, which made such an astonishing impression upon him; yet he found nothing particular in the detail, but that which occasioned such a deep and penetrating horror, was the effect of the whole. Stilling felt this so strongly, that he found it requisite to appeal to his reason, in order to be able to pass the night in the room.

"The portrait was about the size of a quarto page, and represented the bust of man of from thirty to forty years of age. He had on a laced hat, wore a full-bottomed wig, and was dressed in scarlet galloon; all according to the costume of the former part of the last century.

"Stilling could not turn away his eyes from the picture. The longer he considered it, the more deeply was he struck with horror. The bookbinder observed it, and said to him, 'Doctor, does the painting please you?' The latter replied, 'I know not what to say; I see there a master-piece of painting, and the portrait of an extremely handsome man, and yet these very regular features impress me with a secret horror, the real cause of which I cannot discover. It is not veneration that I feel, but the sensation resembles that which Satan perhaps would make upon me, if he stood before me in the disguise of a handsome man.'

"'The bookbinder was surprised, and said, 'All that have seen the portrait have found something strange and awful in it; but you are the first upon whom it has had such a powerful effect. If you are not too weary and too drowsy, I will relate to you the extremely remarkable affair, to which I am indebted for this rarity.'

"Stilling was so much excited, that sleep had entirely forsaken him; both therefore, sat down together, and his friend related as follows:—

"'About five and twenty years ago, my late father, who was also a bookbinder in Schaumburg, travelled to D——. He there put up at a well-known inn, where he found, as usual, a number of persons of various ranks, sitting round the tables in the travellers' room, drinking wine. But he observed a well-dressed stranger, behind the stove, whose despairing and melancholy mien immediately excited his attention and curiosity. He therefore inquired of the landlord who the man was, and received for answer, that the stranger was a travelling painter, who had arrived there only a few days before, and was extremely melancholy; but whence he came, or whither he was going, could not be ascertained from him.

"'This made my father still more inquisitive; he therefore took a chair, and placed himself near the stranger, so as to be opposite him, but the painter took not the smallest notice of him.

"'My father, by degrees, observed that this singular man sometimes looked behind him, with a dreadfully fearful look; then shrunk as it were together, and immediately averting his look gazed before him in raging despair.'

"'I must know what this means, thought my father—whatever it may cost.' He



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drew therefore still nearer, that he might be able to speak in a low tone with the painter. He then began in his friendly and confidential manner as follows:—"Pardon me, sir, for addressing you; you are unhappy, and I am a friend of all such; perhaps I can alleviate your sufferings.'

"'Whoever knew my father, knows that his venerable and friendly mien, and manner of speaking, were irresistible. The stranger recovered himself, and replied, 'I heartily thank you for the sympathy you feel in my fate; but it is of that nature, that there is no power mighty enough, either in heaven or on earth, that can alleviate it.' On which my father replied, that religion was able to remove all sufferings, if we had only faith in God, and confidence in the Redeemer.

"'However, all discourse was unavailing, the stranger continued insensible, his soul was incapable of consolation; yet he attached himself to my father, acted confidentially towards him, and kept company with him.

"'My father, therefore, did not give up the hope of drawing his secret from him, and of afterwards making an impression upon him, by those incontestible grounds of consolation, which he would bring forwards; he therefore, requested the landlord to give him, if possible, a bed-room next to the stranger's. This, however, was occupied, but there were two beds in the painter's room; my father, therefore, with the consent of the stranger, took possession of that which was still unoccupied.

"'When the two were alone in their chamber, after supper, and conversing together, the painter gradually became so open-hearted, that he revealed his whole soul to my father. His dreadful secret was an assassination, which had been occasioned by the following circumstances:—He had been a painter to the court of D———. A certain cavalier had grossly insulted him at a ball. The painter laid in wait for him as he went home, in a dark and solitary place, ran him through the body with his sword, from behind, and fled. After feeling himself in safety, and the raging passion of revenge had subsided, a deep remorse ensued, and with it the most frantic despair. The whole burden of this crime lay like a mountain upon his soul; he felt nothing else than damnation—an entire hell raged within him, and every thought of consolation was like a drop of water falling into a furnace, which evaporated in a moment. By degrees, the poor sinner, who was thus in a state of damnation whilst still in the body, began to see, close behind him, the murdered nobleman, with a dreadfully threatening mien; this terrible persecutor became more and more clear and lively to his view, and never left him. As often as he looked behind, the tormenting spirit stood at the distance of a few paces from him, in his perfectly natural form, and dressed as he had been at the ball; and he felt as if this avenger of blood would immediately fall upon him. It was this dreadful apparition which tortured the poor painter, so that he could not rest, day nor night, to which was added the inward consciousness of his blood-guiltiness, which pressed the poor spirit down to the ground?

"'My father now knew what the pitiable man required. He therefore brought forwards all the consolations of religion, and applied them to him; but they produced not the smallest effect. At length he proposed to him to return, and give himself up to the hands of justice, or to do it there. But he refused this also. In short, all my father's endeavours in order to save him were in vain. He passed the whole night in moaning and lamenting; but in the morning, after he had dressed himself, he drew this picture out of his trunk, presented it to my father, and said, 'This portrait of my horrible persecutor, which I have completed only a few days ago, I will give you as a memorial of your kind sympathy; let it remind you of one that is eternally lost, and ever devote to him a compassionate tear.

"My father accepted the dreadful present with pleasure, and again used every possible effort to soften his heart, and impart consolation to him, but in vain. The painter refused every remedy, and solemnly affirmed, that it was impossible to help him. He then took leave of my father, by saying, that he had some business to attend to in the day, but would appear again at table, either dinner or supper, at the inn. But during the time that my father was engaged in seeking advice from sensible people, for the man's recovery, the report was spread that he had jumped into the river, and was drowned.

"'Such, dear doctor, is the remarkable history of this painting.'

"Stilling again placed himself before the picture, and considered it with renewed interest; it seemed to him as if he had himself seen the threatening phantom. He slept little in its vicinity, and rode home the next morning, quite filled with the idea of this horriblet ale.

"This phenomenon is of importance to the psychologist, because the painter, or rather the sufferer, had not the phantom continually before his eyes, but only when he looked behind him. There are various instances of this nature, in which, however, the sufferer always saw the figure before him, as soon as he opened his eyes. This may be comprehended; but that a person should only see the apparition on looking behind him, is something rare. But this very remark has induced *many rational people*, to whom I have related the tale, to believe that the spirit of the mur dered man really followed the murderer." *

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## THE ANNUALS.

THE autumnal leaves are falling fast around us, all of one sad colour—sere and yellow—and here are the gay Christmas books, bright in all the hues of the rainbow, to remind us of fire-side pleasures, and make an in-door summer in the midst of winter. Truly they are cheerful and pleasant to look upon! So bright and burnished are they all, that by mere externals, any one of them is enough to light up a drawing-room table. It is difficult to describe by words their varied contents, but we will endeavour to convey in a few brief sentences some notion of what is in each of them. In so doing we shall treat those that are before us in the order in which we have received them, reserving our notice of some which have not yet come to hand till next month.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual.*—This beautiful volume is devoted to Ireland, and concludes the subject which was commenced last year. It contains nineteen engravings,—figure, costume, and landscape,—in the very best style of the art, after original drawings by M'Clise and Creswick, and a well-written tour in part of Ireland from the pen of Mr. Leitch Ritchie, who has evidently taken great pains with his subject. The plates of a "Young Catholic at her Prayers," "The Irish Market-Girl," and "The Irish Jig," after M'Clise, are delightful—the latter two brimfull of life and animal spirit. Of the landscapes after Creswick the views of Cape Fair in the county of Antrim, Carrickfergus Castle, Dunluce Castle, Londonderry, the Lower Lake of Killarney, the Upper Lake, the Gap of Dunloe, and Waterloo-Bridge, Cork, are wonderfully beautiful. "'Tis a sin and shame," as Partridge says, that people should go wandering in search of the picturesque to places "far-abroad," and leave such next-door-neighbour scenes as these unvisited. A few annual torrents of tourists poured through Ireland would do great good in many respects, and we are inclined to hope that Mr. Creswick by his pencil, and Mr. Ritchie by his pen, will be the means of turning the attention of many travellers in that direction.

In his instructive tour Mr. Ritchie has by no means confined himself to the "Picturesque and Romantic" set down on the title-page: on the contrary, he has entered rather largely—and generally with good sense, always with good feeling—into the political condition and future prospects of Ireland. We recommend to serious attention all that he says on the Poor Law question.

*Finden's Tableaux.*—This splendid folio is edited with great taste by the excellent authoress of "Our Village" and "Country Stories," who has very appropriately dedicated it to Lady Dacre, "equally eminent herself in design and in poetry." It consists of a series of fanciful national characters, grouped in such tableaux as might be imitated by the young and beautiful in *tableaux vivants*. The plates, of a noble size, are exe-

* "The position of the apparition seems easily accounted for by the circumstance of his being stabbed from behind, and consequently desiring to convey the idea to the murderer, that he was always about to fall upon him in the same manner."—*Note of the Translator.*

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cuted by the Findens, Scriven, Hall, and other first-rate engravers, after designs by Uwins, Stephanoff, Brown, Perring, and Seyffarth. The distinguishing characteristic of the whole is, lightness and gracefulness. It would be difficult to point out anything more graceful than the frontispiece by Uwins—a group of Neapolitan peasants praying before a shrine of the Virgin. The letter-press consists of four pleasant prose tales from Miss Mitford's own pen, some spirited verses, descriptive of an Andalusian bull-fight, by Barry Cornwall—a Venetian Poem, by Mr. John Chorley—a ballad story of the Indian War, by Mrs. Howitt—an Egyptian Tale, in prose, by the author of "Conti"—and some very spirited verses by a friend of the editor, Mr. Kenyon, whose name, as a poet, is new to us. In all these contributions there is not a line that the most fastidious taste would reject. In short, this is a pure and beautiful book, the editing of which is highly creditable to Miss Mitford's taste and good feeling.

*Syria, the Holy Land, and Asia Minor.*—This rich quarto, the second of a series, which has little of the character of an annual, except in its splendour and the time of its publication, consists of thirty-seven views, taken from original sketches made on the spots by W. H. Bartlett and William Purser. Some of the most memorable places—some of the most romantic and picturesque in the Levant—are here brought upon the drawing-room table to dispel with their eastern sunshine the snows and fogs of an English winter. The magnificent scenery of Mount Lebanon, the fairy residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, at Djouni, Seleucia, Jaffa, Rhodes, Acre, Adana, Syra, Tyre, Sidon, Balbec, the Orontes, Mount Carmel, and Aleppo, are included, with other places of a like interest, in this pictorial treasure. Each engraving is accompanied by a description by Mr. Carne, the able author of the "Lives of the Missionaries" and of "Letters from the East," who is particularly well acquainted with the country—"the land of the cypress and myrtle." The letter-press contains a considerable deal of information not easily to be found elsewhere, and the author's manner is graphic and amusing. Over one story about that poor crazed woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, we have laughed very heartily. A wealthy English traveller, distinguished by his mania for converting the Jews by gold as well as by preaching, passed three days with her ladyship at Djouni, during all which time he kept his own hobby-horse quiet at rack and manger, and let his hostess gallop away on her high-flyer of judicial astrology, demonology, and Heaven knows what beside. He heard all her heterodoxy without a single demur—he followed all her extravagances without uttering one of his own—but when the moment of departure came, his zeal would not permit him to be silent, and he stopped her ladyship in one of her wild sallies with some "serious discourse." She looked at him with scorn, and said, "I thought I was entertaining a gentleman; but I see that I have harboured a fanatic missionary."

Both as a work of art and as a work of literature, this volume is entitled to a liberal patronage.

*Friendship's Offering.*—This work, which was so long edited by our lamented friend Mr. Pringle, continues in the same good tone to which that truly excellent man had brought it. It was never very highly distinguished for its embellishment, but the present volume contains some very agreeable plates, with none in bad taste, except a lumpish affair, called "Winning the Gloves," and a lack-a-daisical portrait. The literary contributions are from the pens of Leitch Ritchie, Mrs. Abdy, Allan Cunningham, Sarah Stickney, Cornelius Webbe, Crofton Croker, Emma Roberts, T. K. Hervey, the author of "Tough Yarns," and other popular writers, who among them have furnished much choice and most varied matter.

*The Forget Me Not.* Edited by Frederick Shoberl.—This, which was the original model, and the *first* of all the Annuals, retains its ground

in a very respectable manner, both as to its embellishments and its literary contributions. In the present volume there are some beautiful verses by two American ladies, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Gould. Major Calder Campbell has contributed some pleasant papers about India and the Highlands of Scotland. Mr. James Montgomery appears as the poet of religious feeling, and the rest of the space is not unworthily occupied by Mrs. Lee, Miss Lawrance, the gifted author of "London in the Olden Time,' the Rev. Richard Polwhele, Mr. H. Chorley, Mrs. Walker, and a few anonymous writers. It strikes us that the worst thing in the book is a paper called the "Phrenologist," by an author who writes LL.D. after his name.

*The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual.*—The serious and somewhat exclusive nature of this work is denoted by its title. The present volume closely resembles, in the nature of its literature and in the style and character of its embellishments, those which have preceded it, and which have obtained so wide a patronage in the religious world. Whatever change there is, is in the way of improvement and of greater variety. The frontispiece has a melancholy interest for us, as it must have for all who knew the original: it is a simple but striking portrait of the lamented Mrs. Fletcher, late Miss Jewsbury. Nearly all the other embellishments are valuable, and most of the articles are written with great care by eminent authors—by men distinguished by their piety and philanthropy. Among them are, the Rev. W. Gilly, Vicar of Norham, and author of the beautiful book on the Vaudois Protestants—the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel—Archdeacon Wrangham—the Rev. F. A. Cox—Archdeacon Spencer—and Dr. Raffles. Biographical sketches and descriptions of remarkable places in the remote corners of the earth enliven the more serious portion of this volume.

*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap Book.* By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton.—Here we have some pretty stories in prose and some very pretty verses, but of the embellishments we cannot speak highly, though they are old acquaintances, at least we fancy that we can remember most of them doing duty before, and in more books than one.

*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book,* with Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L.—Here again, in as far as regards the embellishments, we are in *pays de connaissance;* but several of the prints reproduced are so interesting that we are not sorry to see their bright faces again, *only* we *do* think that it is rather hard upon purchasers to use the same plate, in the same year, in two or three different books. The proprietors, we hope, will understand this gentle hint. A few of the plates, moreover, have done duty so long that they are scarcely fit even for a scrap-book. The poetry by Miss Landon is a remarkable monument of industry and talent. The readiness, ease, and elegance with which this lady writes, are astonishing. She seems to have all the facility of an Italian improvisatrice, with more spirit and feeling than commonly fall to the lot of that tribe—though we should not speak irreverently of a school that has produced a Gianni, a Corilla, a Sestini.

*Flowers of Loveliness.*—In externals this is the most splendid of all the year-books; with its scarlet and gold it is almost gorgeous! Nor are its contents undeserving of so rich a binding. They consist of twelve groups of female figures, emblematic of so many flowers. The emblems indeed are not always made out with much precision, but that is of no very great importance, for the groups are, almost without an exception, fanciful, and lovely in their parts. The Young Nuns, by Uwins, that figure for the clematis; the two lovely girls crowning the child with hyacinth, by the same master; and the nymphs floating in a grotto among water-lilies, by Corbaux, are enchanting. The mignonette group is spoiled by a fright of a baby with eyes like an *energumene.* This volume also is poetically illustrated by Miss Landon, and is, like the "Scrap-

Book," inscribed to the Queen. In this case, the inscription is in the form of an acrostic, and is strictly horticultural; the proper flowers and plants from the Violet to the Anemone being woven into a garland, which spells VICTORIA. We propound and maintain that a female sovereign should have a female laureate, and who so fit for the office as L E.L? Let Doctor Southey retain his butt of Xeres sack, and let Miss Landon be paid in fruit, and flowers, and cases of pink champagne—not forgetting the solid part of the solatium, or what Walter Scott called the "£100 *dry.*"

*Jennings's Landscape Annual.*—This volume concludes the series upon Spain, and contains besides sundry views of remarkable places on the neighbouring coast of Barbary, as Tangiers, Setuan, and Salce; the drawings are all by D. Roberts; the letter-press, being an imaginary term, is by Thomas Roscoe, who has edited the work ever since its commencement. Many of the plates are beautiful as works of art, and otherwise interesting. We would instance the city of Segovia, with its Roman theatre and aqueduct, the Leaning Tower of Saragossa, the interior of Seville Cathedral, and the distant view of Salamanca. The next volume of this work is to be devoted to Portugal, a country abounding, as every one knows, in remarkable buildings, and romantic and picturesque scenery.

*Oriental Annual.*—This work has always been a favourite with us, from the richness and variety of its embellishments, and from our entire confidence in the perfect fidelity and correctness of Mr. Daniell's pencil—a pencil, alas! which will never again be exercised to instruct and delight us. The present volume contains twenty-two engravings from his drawings, being architectural subjects and views in various parts of the Indian Peninsula, together with a few pieces of natural history, costume, and domestic life. The exquisite gracefulness of poor Daniell's female Indian figures will be remembered by all who are conversant with modern art. There are several specimens of the kind in the book now before us, as also of those quaint Indian towers and temples, to which he knew how to give such happy effect. A very remarkable plate is an elephant fight, at Lucnaw, where the King of Sude is presiding over the barbarous sport. As in all the preceding volumes, the letter-press, descriptive of the manners and customs of India, is the production of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, who varies his description with historical anecdotes and little tales.

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*Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*Chemistry of Nature, designed as a Popular Exposition of the Chemical Constitution and Relations of Natural Objects, and as a General Introduction to the Study of Chemical Science.* By HUGO REID, Lecturer on Chemistry to the Glasgow High School, and Glasgow Mechanic's Institution.—An excellent little work on an admirable plan.

*A Grammar of Modern Geography.* By PETER PARLEY, Author of "Tales about Europe, Asia, &c. &c.," with Maps and Engravings.—Very good for very young children.

*The New Excitement; or a Book to induce Young People to Read, for* 1838.—This volume of extracts from books of voyages and travels, histories, biographies, and remarkable adventures, is of a most *exciting* character. If it do not induce young people to read, we scarcely know what will.

*Conversations on the Human Frame and the Five Senses.* By the Author of "Aids to Developement," "A Gift for Mothers," "Memorials of Two Sisters," &c. &c. Illustrated with Plates.—Good, but rather

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overlaid with scientific terms, and, in a religious sense, somewhat too dogmatical for young readers.

*A First Grammar of the Latin Language, designed for Schools and Private Tuition.* By the Rev. W. Butler, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, Head Master of the Free Grammar School, Nottingham.—Concise, clear, and passing cheap. We scarcely know so good a Latin Grammar for young beginners, who are too often terrified with a big book at starting.

*The Child's Fairy Library.*—A good selection, in a pretty book, with pretty pictures.

*The Gods of Homer and Virgil; or, Mythology for Children.* By the Authors of "The Pearl," "The Muses Response," "Urania," &c.—Very well suited to its purpose. The synopsis at the end will be found very useful with young students.

*The Book of Sports, Athletic Exercises, and Amusements.* By William Martin, Author of the "Parlour Book," "Christmas Philosopher," "Christian Lacon," &c.—All sorts of games, from ring-taw to cricket, with their rules and regulations, are laid down in this clever little book, which may settle as many disputes among young children, as Hoyle does among old ones.

*The Earldom Restored; an Event in High Life.* By Edward Lakeby, Gent.—Sad trash! The worst attempt at a novel that we have seen this many a-year. We should leave it unnoticed; but the thorough want of good taste and proper feeling is quite provoking.

*Murray's Pocket Edition of Byron.*—This mignonne edition is now completed by the issue of the tenth volume, which contains the last cantos of "Don Juan." Its sale, we understand, has been immense—and it deserves it. Would it be too bold to try a like edition of Crabbe? We think not.

*Life of Sir Walter Scott.*—We have received, and have just read with the deepest interest, the fifth volume of this remarkable work, which is, if possible, more enchaining than its predecessors. The next volume, we presume, will close the story; and until it appears, it would not be fair to offer any remarks on certain parts of the narrative which may be there explained. The biography owes its greatest charm to Sir Walter's own letters, which are inimitable, and which form the greater portion of the work. They will cause the book to be read with eagerness wherever the English language has extended. Most clever men have been clever letter-writers; but Scott was surely the prince of them all. His hurried notes alone would make a reputation for any other writer.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Hebrew Wife, or the Law of Marriage. By S. E. Dwight. With an Introduction, by Dr. Wardlaw. 12mo. 3*s.*
Friendship's Offering, 1838. 12*s.*
The Oriental Annual, 1838. 8vo. 21*s.*
Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1838. Sup. roy. 8vo. 21*s.*
The Flowers of Loveliness, 1838. 4to. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Forget Me Not, 1838. 12*s.*
Girdlestone's (Rev. C.) Farewell Sermons at Sedgley. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
The Diocesan Statutes of the Romish Bishops of Leinster. Edited by the Rev. R. M'Ghee. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Protestant Mission Vindicated. By the Rev. J. Haugh. 8vo. 4*s.*
Anti-Mammon. By the Rev. F. Ellaby and the Rev. A. S. Thelwall. Third Edition. Post 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
St. John's Letter from the Isle of Patmos. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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Tant on the Grace of God. 18mo. 2*s*.
A Tribute of Gratitude from a Humble Sinner. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Cox's History of an Old Pocket Bible. New Edition. 1*s*. 6*d*.
Notes on Nets, &c. &c. By the Rev. and Hon. Charles Bathurst. 12mo. 4*s*.
Southey's Poetical Works. Vol. I. (Joan of Arc.) Fcp. 5*s*.
Richardson's Fauna. Part IV. (Kirby on Insects.) 25*s*. plain, 35*s*. col. 4to.
Watson on Homicide by External Violence. 8vo. 9*s*.
The Election Day. 12mo. 1*s*.
Peter Parley's Universal History, on the Basis of Geography. 2 vols. 12*s*.
The Child's Fairy Library. Vol. I. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Peter Parley's Modern Geography. 4*s*. 6*d*.
Lewis's Chess for Beginners. Second Edition. 5*s*. 6*d*.
De Porquet's French and English Versions. 12mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
Laing's Journal of a Residence in Norway. Second Edition. 8vo. 14*s*.
Burke's History of the Landed Gentry. Vol. II. 8vo. 18*s*.
Stokeshill Place. Second Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Matthews's Marriage Acts, with Supplement. 12mo. 7*s*.
Matthew's New Criminal Acts. 12mo. 6*s*.
Shipman's Attorney's New Pocket Book. 12mo. 12*s*.
Pickering's Statutes at Large, 7 William IV. and 1 Victoria. 8vo. 11*s*. bds.
Turner's Chemistry. Sixth edition, enlarged. Part I. 8vo. 7*s*.
Quain's Elements of Anatomy. Fourth edition. Part I. 8vo. 12*s*.
Burns's Midwifery. Ninth edition. 8vo. 16*s*.
Morton's Manual of Veterinary Pharmacy. 12mo. 6*s*.
The Landscape Annual, 1838, Spain and Morocco. Post 8vo. 21*s*.; Royal 8vo. 2*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*.
The Book of Gems, 1838. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Gems of Beauty; being Illustrations of the Passions, 1838. 4to. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
Finden's Tableaux, 1838. Imperial 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*.
The English Annual, 1838. 8vo. 15*s*.
Pascal Bruno, a Sicilian Story. Edited by T. Hood. Post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Fragments and Fancies. By Lady E. S. Montagu. 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.
The Lady Annabetta. By the Authoress of Constance, &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Boston on Personal and Family Fasting and Humiliation, with Preface, &c. By the Rev. Alexander Moody. 18mo. 1*s*.
State and Prospects of the World and Church. By a Clergyman. Fcap. 6*s*.
Faber (Rev. G. S.) on the Primitive Doctrine of Justification. 8vo. 9*s*.
Melvill's Sermons. Third edition. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Young Christian's Sunday Evening. By Mrs. Perry. Second series. (The Gospels.) 12mo. 9*s*. 6*d*.
The House I live in, or Popular Illustrations of the Functions of the Human Body. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Peter Parley's Universal History. Fcap. 7*s*. 6*d*.
Bolster's Book of Private Prayer. Fourth edition. 32mo. 2*s*.
The Assembled Commons, with Abstract of the Law of Election and the Usage of Parliament. Royal 32mo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
The Third Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners. 8vo. 4*s*.

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## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A new Novel is in the press from the pen of a Gentleman, long resident in Trinidad, entitled "WARNER ARUNDEL; or, THE MEMOIRS OF A CREOLE." We understand that, although wearing the air of fiction, it is in a great degree founded on facts, and promises to afford a very interesting sketch of life under the peculiar circumstances which attach to the Creole character.

Mrs. Thomson's novel, "THE LADY ANNABETTA," is now published.

Mr. Lodge's corrected "PEERAGE" for the coming year, is considerably advanced in preparation.

A new Edition of that elegant little work, "THE BOOK OF FLOWERS," has just appeared, with coloured Plates, as a companion to that popular little volume, which believe, now in its fifth Edition, "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," revised by litor of "The Forget-Me-Not."

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our accounts of trade, particularly from the manufacturing districts, continue to wear a cheering aspect. The approaching visit of the Queen to the City, and the opening of Parliament, may be expected to excite particular attention during the ensuing month. The royal stud, the property of his late Majesty, has just been sold at the hammer for about sixteen thousand pounds. Its preservation had been strenuously urged by some and deprecated by others. Several foreign agents were, we understand, among the purchasers.

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## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 21st of October.

**ENGLISH STOCKS.**

Bank Stock, 209 three-fourths.—Three per Cent. Consols, 92 three-fourths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 91 seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 99 one-half.—Consols for Account, 92 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 51*s.* to 52*s.* p.—India Bonds, 51*s.* to 53*s.* p.

**FOREIGN STOCKS.**

Portuguese Five per Cent. 36 one-quarter. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 three-eighths.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 100 one-quarter. — Spanish Five per Cent. 20 one-quarter.

Money Market Report.—Oct. 21st. The operations of the Consol Market since our last report have not been of any very material importance, but there has been some attention excited among the monied interests by a reported breach of faith on the part of one of the Bank Parlour, who, taking advantage of his situation, became a buyer of Consols, knowing that the Bank were about investing to some extent, and thus turning a confidential position into personal gain. The failure of the old firm of Messrs. Parsons and Co. in the Russia trade, whose liabilities are given at 95,000*l.*, had a slight effect on the English Money Market, causing a temporary decline to 92⅞. The Market has since been rather buoyant, and the quotation for the Account has been as high as 92⅞ 93, closing this afternoon at 92⅞. In the Exchequer Bill Market there is some tendency downwards, and the premium at the termination of business to-day was 50 to 52. India Bonds are likewise rather heavier, being at 51 to 53 premium.

The settlement of the Foreign Account took place on Tuesday, and it passed over without any defalcation. In fact, the business doing is limited, and the credit given equally so. The tendency of Peninsular Bonds is downward, and in particular there is much business in Portuguese Stock, the 5 per Cents. having drooped to 36¼, and the 3 per Cents. to 23¼. Spanish Stock is about ¼ per cent. under its extreme price; but the transactions have been unimportant since our last. The accounts from the seat of war continue so contradictory as to be unravelled with great difficulty. The war appears likely to be an interminable one, a waste of life and treasure, and a source of ruin to Spain. Spanish Active Stock this afternoon left off at 20¼, the Passive Stock was 4⅛ ⅜, and the Deferred 6⅛ ⅜.

Reports have been prevalent during the last few days, that arrangements have been made, or are on the eve of being made, with the Peruvian Government, in consequence of which the bonds of this Republic will be received at Lima and other places in the Peruvian Republic, in payment of a proportion of the duties. This has had the effect of causing some purchases of Peruvian Stock. The other transatlantic bonds present a gloomy appearance, and exhibit a declining feature. Chilian are quoted at 30 to 32; Columbian are at 25⅛ to 26: and Mexican 27½ to 28. We have had no later advices from any of the States during the week; and the depression can be solely ascribed to the non-fulfilment of any of the prognostics by which the recent improvement was caused.

Much firmness prevails in the Northern Stock, particularly in Belgium and Russian Securities, the former being at 103⅛ to 104, and the latter at 110⅛. The Dutch Stocks are also very steady, the Five per Cents. being at 100⅛ ⅜, and the Two-and-a-Half per Cents. at 53⅛ ⅛. Danish bonds are 71⅜ 72¼, with no material speculation. The Brazilian bonds support their prices, but the transactions are of little weight. The closing quotation this afternoon was 84.

The statement published of the liabilities of the Bank of England from July the 25th to October the 17th inclusive, state them to be 22,217,000*l.* The agrots were

32, 172,000*l.*, a considerable increase over the last report. The exchanges yesterday were quoted at 25 80 to 25 82½ on Paris, on Amsterdam 12 4½ to 12 4¾, and on Hamburgh 15 13¼ to 15 13¼.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPT. 26, 1837, TO OCT. 24, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

*Sept.* 26.—W. Hibbert, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, butcher.—W. Bennett, Arundel Street, Strand, tavernkeeper.—D. Barrett, Fetter Lane, Holborn, grocer.—R. Graves, Liverpool, rope manufacturer.—W. Doncaster, Nottingham, Dyer.—J. Wheater, Farmley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.

*Sept.* 29.—J. T. Jackson, Leadenhall-street, victualler.—W. Stannet, Princes-street, Lambeth, victualler.—B. Overton, High-street, Hackney, man-milliner.—E., W. J. F., and P. N. Walker, Thurstonland, Yorkshire, clothiers.—H. and W. Turner, jun., Greenhill, Yorkshire, worsted stuff manufacturers.—J. Nattress, Manchester, brasier.—W. Hood, Atherstone, Warwickshire, clock manufacturer.—M. Andrew, Sheffield, grocer.—J. B. Kirk, Barton-St.-Mary, Gloucestershire, furniture broker.

*Oct.* 3—W. Gwyther, Piccadilly, linendraper.—E. Jones, Birmingham, grocer.—T. Cooke, Loughborough, Leicestershire, grocer.—J. W. Shawe, Liverpool, broker.—J. Johnson, Liverpool, flour dealer—P. Mawdsley, Kirkdale, Lancashire, victualler.—J. S. Morris, Devonport, Devonshire, iron founder.—W. Ransom, Stowmarket, Suffolk, corn merchant.—W. Bolton, York, linendraper.—G. Dennistoun, and R. Laird, Liverpool, merchants.

*Oct.* 6.—R. Shirley, Kinfare, Staffordshire, worsted-yarn manufacturer.—G. Bullock, Derby, tea dealer.—J. E. Harrison, Nottingham, hatter.—H. Silvester, Birmingham, Florentine button maker—W. Grundy, Pilkington, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. Broom, Kidderminster, worsted-yarn spinner.—R. Sheppard, Boston, Lincolnshire, corn merchant.—J. Ford, jun., Porto Bello, Staffordshire, locksmith.—R. Parr, Liverpool, draper.

*Oct.* 10.—J. H. Nainby, Blackfriars-road, tobacco dealer.—T. Foulkes, Duke of Clarence, London-road, Surrey, victualler.—S. Bullen, Norwich, linendraper.—R. Foulkes, Denbigh, linendraper.—W. A. A. West, Eccleston, Lancashire, flint glass manufacturer.—R. Ellis, Preston, Lancashire, cotton spinner—W. Bartlett, Redditch, Worcestershire, needle manufacturer.—T. Holland and W. Eitam, sen., Birmingham, lead merchants.—J. Hickman, Ledwych, Shropshire, hop merchant.—J. Llewellyn, Carmarthen, draper.—J. Chapman, jun., Frome, Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier.

*Oct.* 13. G. Stringer, sen., High-street, Islington, furnishing ironmonger.—J. H. Miller, Mitcham, Surrey, seedsman.—J. Whitaker, Leeds, cloth manufacturer.—T. Jones, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—J. Arton, Howden, Yorkshire, draper.—F. G. Brazier, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, oilman.—J. Farrington, Blackpool, Lancashire, inn-keeper.—G. Calthorp, Spalding, Lincolnshire, merchant.—W. Norris, Liverpool, merchant.

*Oct.* 17. F. Giles, Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—T. Johnson and W. Bevern, Panton-street, Haymarket, tailors.—R. Wicksteed, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, victualler.—R. Knight, Ulverston, Lancashire, currier.—W. Lineham, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, slater.—J. Wells, Sheffield, Yorkshire, licensed victualler.—E. Mirfin, Manchester, general warehouseman.—R. Carr, Headington, Oxfordshire, butcher.

*Oct.* 20.—A. Macleod, Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, commission agent.—J. Sheppard, Lower Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, wine merchant.—W. Mitchell, St. Helen's-place, banker.—R. R. Chubb, Newgate-street, seedsman.—J. Holloway, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, straw-hat manufacturer.—E. Burrell, Liverpool, ironmonger.—J. Barret, Boston, Lincolnshire, machine maker.—W. A. Bisset, Manchester, silk manufacturer.—J. Jarman, Exeter, chandler. T. Vowles, Yatton, Somersetshire, tailor.—W. Kingswell, Liverpool, cooper.—W. H. James, Redditch, Worcestershire, ironmonger.—R. Merfin, Leeds, Yorkshire, draper.

*Oct.* 24.—Owen Evans, Ulster-place, Regent's-park, surgeon.—Henry Houghton and Thomas Houghton, Great Dover Road, Southwark, upholsterers.—William Gilbert, Hackney, builder.—Richard Henderson, Tottenham Court Road, hosier. William Killbe and Charles Ludyatt, Gravesend, licensed victuallers.—William Hyde, Sheffield, comb manufacturer.—Thomas Compson Hales Owen, Shropshire, tanner.—Joseph Haycraft, Birmingham, drysalter.—John Sheldon, Chelsenham, builder.—Thomas Bailey Nottingham, Bingham, and Beeston, draper.

## NEW PATENTS.

W. Armstrong, jun., of Hawness, Bedfordshire, Farmer, for improvements in ploughs. August 28th, 6 months.

J. J. C. Sheridan, of Ironmonger Lane, in the city of London, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of soda. August 31st, 6 months.

J. Hanson, of Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Leaden Pipe Manufacturer, and C. Hanson, of the same place, Watchmaker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing pipes, tubes, and various other articles from metallic and other substances. August 31st, 6 months.

J. Neville, of Clap Hall, near Gravesend, Kent, Civil Engineer, for a certain apparatus or furnace for economizing fuel, and for more effectually consuming the smoke or gasses arising therefrom, the same being applicable for the generation of steam, and for heating or evaporating fluids. August 31st, 6 months.

W. J. Gifford, of Gloucester Place, Middlesex, Surgeon, for improvements in paddle-wheels. Sept. 7th, 6 months.

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H. V. Huntley, of Great Russell Street, Middlesex, Lieutenant, in the Royal Navy, for improvements in apparatus for facilitating the securing of ships' masts. Sept. 7th, 6 months.

T. J. Cave, of Rodney Street, Pentonville, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a great improvement in the construction of paddle-wheels applicable to ships, boats, and vessels of all descriptions propelled by steam or other mechanical power. Sept. 14th, 2 months.

E. Shaw, of Fenchurch Street, in the city of London, Stationer, for an improvement in the manufacture of paper by the application of a certain vegetable substance not hitherto used for that purpose. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. Sept. 14th, 6 months.

R. Davies, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and R. C. Wilson, of Gateshead, Durham, Earthenware Manufacturers, for an earthenware tile, slab, or plate. Sept. 14th, 6 months.

N. Smart, of Bridge Wharf, Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Wharfinger, for certain improvements in preparing the materials for making bricks, which improvements are also applicable to other purposes. Sept. 1st, 6 months.

S. Cowling, of Bowling, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, Barber, for improvements in raising water applicable to various purposes. Sept. 21st, 6 months.

W. J. Curtis, of Deptford, Kent, Engineer, for an improved boiler or apparatus for generating steam. Sept. 21st, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1837. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sept. | | | | | |
| 23 | 61-41 | 30,07-30,02 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 24 | 60-35 | 30,19-30,12 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 25 | 60-31 | 30,21 Stat. | N.E. | | Generally clear, a little rain about noon. |
| 26 | 60-30 | 30,20-30,12 | N.E. | | Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon. |
| 27 | 60-29 | 30,06-30,01 | N. | ,0125 | Cloudy. |
| 28 | 62-39 | 29,99 Stat. | N.E. | | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 29 | 61-30 | 29,98-29,95 | E. | | Generally clear. |
| 30 | 64-30 | 29,90-29,89 | E. | | Generally clear. |
| Oct. | | | | | |
| 1 | 65-42 | 29,89 29,86 | N.E. | ,025 | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 2 | 66-51 | 30,09-30,03 | S.W. | ,025 | Generally clear, a little rain in the morning. |
| 3 | 70-49 | 30,06-29,99 | S. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 4 | 68-56 | 30,02-29,92 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 5 | 66-45 | 30,13-30,11 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 6 | 65-53 | 30,01-29,90 | S.W. | ,225 | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 7 | 63-42 | 30,19-30,12 | W. | ,0625 | Generally clear. |
| 8 | 63-45 | 30,10-30,04 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, rain at times in the afternoon. |
| 9 | 59-44 | 30,19-30,14 | W. | ,05 | Generally clear. |
| 10 | 62-49 | 30,25-30,20 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 11 | 63-49 | 30,31-30,26 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy, except the evening. |
| 12 | 63-43 | 30,41-30,33 | N. | | Generally clear. |
| 13 | 66-35 | 30,50-30,44 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 14 | 55-33 | 30,55 Stat. | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 15 | 56-18 | 30,52-29,45 | N. | | Generally clear. |
| 16 | 56-35 | 30,36-30,28 | W. | | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 17 | 55-31 | 30,18-30,09 | W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 18 | 59-46 | 30,13-30,03 | W. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 19 | 57-32 | 30,31-30,22 | W. | | Generally clear. |
| 20 | 63-40 | 30,55-30,35 | W. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 21 | 59-39 | 30,48-30,44 | N. | | Generally clear. |
| 22 | 59-38 | 30,36-30,24 | S.W. | | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy. |

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*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Geology.—A. M. Tournet has presented a long memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, containing his geological observations in the neighbourhood of Arbresle, in which he establishes some well determined affinities between the nature of those rocks which have pierced through the upper crust at different periods, as well as their direction, the soil which covered them, and their degree of fusibility, as connected with the period of eruption. M. Tournet thinks that the true and only primordial sedimentary rock is composed of clay slate, and that this rock, which contains the element of mica, being altered or modified in different manners, has been transformed into gneiss, mica-slate, &c. He admits four modes of alteration: one is calcination, a second trituration, a third the changes produced by penetration and *cementation*, and the fourth is the influence of the granite which transforms it into gneiss, by introducing its feldspar when in a state of fusion.

Fucus.—M. Arago, having expressed a desire for further information respecting the place whence the floating banks of sea-weed, seen off the Azores, originally came, a M. Bonnet communicates his observations, all of which tend to the opinion that this weed, which is called the "sea grape," and is supposed to have been brought by a current from the Bahamas, grows in the place where it is found; he says that when becalmed, and the water has been clear, he has seen detached pieces rise from the bottom in a fresh condition, which may be easily distinguished from those which have been some time on the surface; and he (M. Bonnet) is convinced that with proper materials the bottom of this part of the ocean might be reached. This gentleman states in one of his voyages, when in 23° 26′ north latitude, and 44° west longitude, the water became quite muddy, and formed a turbid line north-east and south-west, which was half-a-mile broad.

Encroachments of the Sea.—It is well known that the Baltic Sea, generally speaking, makes inroads upon the surrounding shores, but there was an idea that Prussia resisted these. The researches of a Polish gentleman, M. Domeyko, have, however, proved that this country has shared the general fate to such an extent as to lose a whole province, on the borders of the Gulph of Konigsberg. A German work by Voigt, and other still more ancient authors, all record, that at the time when Prussia was occupied by the Teutonic order, the province of Vitlandia was granted by them to the inhabitants of Lubeck, but every trace of this territory has now disappeared; it was situated between Billau, Brandenbourg, and Balga. Pisanski, in his work on the Baltic Sea, says, that the waters constantly advance on the western coast as well as on the northern coast of Samland, and there is a tradition among the people that some long strips of land, formerly covered with forest, have been thus buried. In fact, the waves still throw up trunks and roots of trees, which evidently came from their own soil, now at the bottom of the sea. The ruins of the chapel of Saint Adalbert, formerly six miles from the sea, are now scarcely one hundred paces distant.

Fossils.—M. Azéma has found some fossil bones of mastodons and the rhinoceros, reptiles, and some well preserved fruits, in the parish of Sauveterre, near the district explored by M. Lartet. It would be interesting to ascertain whether the skeleton of the new and remarkable rhinoceros, brought from behind the Cape by the expedition under Dr. Andrew Smith, presents more affinity to the recent or to the fossil species. It seems that the new fact concerning fossil quadrumana has been succeeded by a similar discovery in the Himmalaya mountains, but which is not so curious as the circumstance of finding these animals in Europe, and, what is still more extraordinary, the comparative anatomists have determined that European species to be similar to those Gibbons which inhabit the remotest parts of Asia. M. Lartet's discoveries have given rise to much discussion in the French Academy of Sciences, the members of which body do not assign all the remains sent to them to quadrumana, but ascribe some of them to carnivora and pachydermata. Among other questions it has been debated whether or not the Gibraltar monkeys are indigenous to that rock, or whether they are brought by sailors from Africa and then let loose.

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Vinous Fermentation.—M. Cagniard Latour, in his researches concerning vinous fermentation, has obtained the following results relating to yeast:—The yeast of beer is a heap of little globulous bodies, capable of reproducing themselves, consequently form an organized, and not inert or purely chemical substance. These bodies appear to belong to the vegetable kingdom, and to be regenerated in different manners. They only act on a dissolution of sugar in water when in a living state, whence it may be concluded, that, by some effect of vegetation, they disengage carbonic acid gas from this solution, and convert it into spirituous liquor. This merits the attention of physiologists, because it is developed in certain circumstances with great rapidity, even in the carbonic acid of the brewer's tub. The mode of regeneration presents peculiarities which have never before been observed with regard to other microscopic productions composed of isolated globules. They do not perish from privation of water.

The Rejected Raphael.—In 1821, under Louis XVIII., the director of the Louvre rejected a picture of St. John the Baptist, as no longer fit to grace the walls of the collection. It was bought by M. Cousin, picture-dealer, Place de la Bourse, who discovered it to be a Raphael, and proved that it was one. The civil list instantly reclaimed the picture, and, after a trial, the picture-dealer has been cast, and condemned to restore it or its value, which is estimated at 37,000f.

Hemel Hemstead.—As the grave-digger was preparing a grave in the burial-ground of the Independent Chapel, Box Lane, Hemel Hempstead, he was surprised at striking his spade against a hard and hollow substance. On discovering that there was something more than earth in his way, he carefully proceeded in his work, and the result was the following curious discoveries:—1st, a Roman vase, of a globular form, about fourteen inches in height, and near three feet in circumference, composed of thick glass or talc of a fine emerald hue, containing human bones. 2nd, a small earthern vase or pitcher of Egyptian or Roman form, empty, and which was broken on one side in taking up. 3rd, a metal stand (supposed for a lamp,) of very curious workmanship; a portion of it appears as if incense had been burned therein. 4th, various ill-shaped nails, much incrusted, lying around the above, supposed to have been used for the purpose of fastening together a chest or box to contain the articles as above, which from the time must have long since perished. These articles were found about from three to four feet below the surface of the earth, and are now in the possession of Mr. Girton, who will be happy to gratify the curiosity of any antiquary or other persons desirous of seeing them.

Latin.—A Latin glossary has been found by M. Charles Frêry, of Commercy, (department of Vosges,) which he has copied, after removing the stains occasioned by damp, for the Bibliothèque Royale. It is extremely interesting, as most of the Latin words are explained in Anglo-Saxon.

Double Sextant.—Mr. David Rowland, the inventor of a double sextant, having been allowed by the Admiralty a passage to the Mediterranean in the *Princess Charlotte*, for the purpose of making a series of experiments therewith, has, within the last few days, returned by the *Caledonia*. Mr. Rowland's valuable instrument has been tried with complete success in the latter ship, and a report issued from the Senior Lieutenant, J. A. Legard, countersigned by Captain Martin, of several observations made; among others, the following, viz. lunar distances were taken to the extent of 149° 22′; Lieutenant Legard also discovered with it a new method of observation, wherein the true altitude may be determined without the central error of the instrument, or the dips of the horizon; the latitude of the ship may be read off from the instrument at once without calculation; horizontal angles for surveying purposes can be measured to the extent of 24° 0′; and the longitude can be ascertained with it, by a new method of observation. The old sextant can be converted by Mr. Rowland to a double one by mounting the arc and frame on the top of it.

Cathedral at Chartres.—The municipal authorities of Chartres having consulted the French Academy of Sciences concerning the roof of their new cathedral, the uppermost ridge of which is wholly made of cast iron, the members of this body have recommended the use of zinc. The extreme combustibility of this metal renders it an improper substance to come in contact with wood, but is much more economical than copper or lead, and equally durable. It at first appears to be rapidly decomposed by the atmosphere, but this decomposition forms a crust which

preserves the rest like a varnish. Contact with plaster or calcareous mortar must be wholly avoided with zinc.

Improved Communication in France.—A Bordeaux paper notices a very important and extensive project which is on foot for extending the communications in the south of France, and thus facilitating those with Spain. The first object is to connect the Garonne with the Adour by means of a canal, which would have various outlets both north and south. Both Bordeaux and Bayonne would have additional outlets for their produce, and the Landes would also benefit very materially.

Safety Vessels.—The "Liverpool Standard" announces that the subject of the safety ships proposed by Mr. Williams in his paper before the last meeting of the British Association, has at length engaged the attention of government, and that they are about constructing a series of steam-vessels for the home and foreign service on this plan. The interior of these vessels being divided by numerous bulk heads, and not intended for merchandise, they may without inconvenience adopt this arrangement. Separate portions of the vessel, each water-tight, will be appropriated to the engine, boilers, cabins, stove-department, and for the accommodation of the crew, &c. An additional advantage arising out of this arrangement is, that in case of being fired into, they will not be in danger of that destruction which would inevitably follow a casualty of the kind to the present class of steam-vessels. A very fine steamer, fitted up with three safety bulk-heads, was this week launched from the yard of Laird and Co., at Birkenhead.

Iron Steam-Boats.—An iron steam-boat, called the *Sirius*, was launched the 26th ult. from Messrs Fairbairne's, at the Isle of Dogs. It is the longest yet made of iron. She measures about 164 feet in the keel, and 166 on deck. Her beam is 17 feet. She is intended to be worked by two high-pressure engines of 35 horse-power each, with 24-inch cylinders, of 3½ feet stroke, and three boilers with copper tubes worked expansively; and to ply on the Rhone. The iron plunks of which she is made are about 7 feet long, 14 inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, and her ribs are of double angle iron with diagonal stays. Her mould is handsome, but rather narrow; and when she has her machinery and water, it is calculated she will not draw above two feet of water. She is, besides, divided into four compartments by three iron water-tight bulkheads; so that if a fracture should happen in any one part she will float safely.

New South Wales.—The following are the results of the last census, (1836,) abridged from the *Colonist*, a very able paper, published at Sydney. In the year 1820, the number of souls within the territory of New South Wales was 21,200; in 1821, it was 29,783; in 1828, it was 36,598; in 1833, it was 60,794; and in 1836, it was 77,096. The increase of the entire population in the *first* eight years, was 15,398; in the *second* eight years it was 40,498, being an increase considerably more than *double* that of the previous period. The gross increase, in the whole *sixteen* years, was 55,986. The population is extended over the counties in the following proportion:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cumberland | 39,797 | Macquarie | 1,300 |
| Northumberland | 5,016 | Gloucester | 854 |
| Durham | 3,208 | Hunter | 808 |
| Camden | 3,161 | Saint Vincent | 592 |
| Argyle | 2,417 | Westmoreland | 579 |
| Cook | 2,052 | Georgiana | 575 |
| Roxburgh | 1,080 | King | 544 |
| Bathurst | 1,729 | Wellington | 530 |
| Murray | 1,728 | Bligh | 376 |
| Brisbane | 1,378 | Phillip | 247 |

The population of Sydney is 19,729—of Paramatta 3,600. The proportion of the sexes throughout the colony is—

| | |
|---|---|
| Males | 55,539 |
| Females | 21,557 |

The proportion of freemen to convicts is—

| | |
|---|---|
| Free | 49,265 |
| Convicts | 27,831 |

Of these, there are 54,621 Protestants; 21,898 Roman Catholics; 477 Jews; and 100 Pagans.

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# HISTORICAL REGISTER.

## MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

### Queen of the Netherlands.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Netherlands died on the 11th inst., after a lingering illness. The loss of this princess, whose virtues and piety had long secured to her the love and esteem of the whole nation, is a subject of very general grief. Her Majesty Frederica Louisa Wilhelmina of Prussia was born on the 18th of November, 1774, and had consequently nearly completed her sixty-third year. She was a daughter of King Frederick William the Second, and was married to the Prince of Orange, the present King, on the 1st of October, 1791. The following is the official announcement of this melancholy event, as published in the *Staats Courant* of the 12th instant:—"It has pleased Divine Providence to take to himself Her Majesty the Queen, at a quarter before one o'clock this day. During the latter part of Her Majesty's residence at Loo she suffered from a progressive decay of strength, which, however, did not hinder Her Majesty from returning to this place on the 4th of this month; but her strength continued to decline, and after having, especially since yesterday evening, rapidly grown worse, Her Majesty expired without pain."

### Mr. Samuel Wesley.

We regret to announce the death of that accomplished scholar, and extraordinary musical genius, Mr. Samuel Wesley, who expired on the 11th of Oct. Although he had been for about a month an invalid, there were no anticipations of so speedy a termination of his mortal career until Tuesday, when it became evident to his family and friends, that the long continuance of his disorder (that of diarrhœa) was more than his enfeebled frame could withstand; exhausted nature rapidly gave way, and the sufferer passed from time to eternity without a struggle. His last moments were employed in imploring the blessing of the Almighty on his children, and he expired in the effort of bidding them an affectionate farewell.

Mr. Wesley was born on the 24th day of February, 1766, being the same day and month on which Handel came into the world. He was consequently in his 72d year. When only three years old he could play and extemporize freely on the organ; and before he was five had taught himself to read and write a print-hand from his unremitting study of the oratorio of *Samson*, which he committed entirely to memory. He also learned by heart, within a month, the whole of Handel's overtures; and before he was eight years of age he had composed and written out an oratorio, which he entitled *Ruth*, and presented to Dr. Boyce, who acknowledged the compliment in the following terms:—"Dr. Boyce presents his compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother composer, Mr. Samuel Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the oratorio of *Ruth*, which he shall preserve with the utmost care as the most curious product of his musical library." Before he reached the year of his majority he had become an excellent classical scholar, a fine performer on the pianoforte and organ, and unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befel him in the year 1787. Returning from spending the evening with an intimate friend (one of the oldest members of the Madrigal Society,) in passing through Snow-hill, he fell into a deep excavation which had been prepared for the foundation of a new building. Here he lay insensible, until daylight disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury, and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trepanning; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and the wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted; for, it is supposed, that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon, the brain, originated those periodical states of high nervous irritability which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For seven years immediately following his accident he remained in a low desponding state, refusing to cultivate his genius for music. On his recovering, he prosecuted the science with the utmost ardour, bringing to light the immortal works of Sebastian Bach, then alike unknown here and on the continent. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse of his mental despondency; and for another seven years he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in the

constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830 composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performance on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state, but in August last partially recovered his health and spirits; it soon became evident, however, his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christchurch, Newgate Street, about three weeks ago, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn, and his "wonderful mind," in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday preceding his death he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some Psalm tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign, and in the evening retired to his room with a presentiment which the event but too accurately verified.

As a musician, his celebrity is even greater on the continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, ever novel, and unexpected; his harmonies bold, sublime, and imposing. His resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporize for half a dozen tunes during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great; close and neat, and free from labour or effort, and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelff; his models in early life were Battishill and Worgan, on the organ; and subsequently Sebastian Bach. Of young Pinto, who was taken away in the prime of life, he always spoke in terms of rapture, and thought him the Mozart of this country. The amateur, the late Mr. Goodbehere, (son of Alderman Goodbehere,) he also remembered in high terms of admiration.

Mr. Wesley was remarkable for energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility approaching to an almost infantine simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management* or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangement, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it has been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to Heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing that although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists never obtained any influence over his mind.

He was regarded with peculiar solicitude by his uncle John Wesley, who, writing in reference to his supposed conversion to Popery, observes, "He may, indeed, roll a few years in purging fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last." Mr. Wesley was accustomed to relate that his father, (the Rev. Charles Wesley,) when dying, called him to his bedside, and addressed him in the words "Omnia vanitas et vexatio spiritus; præter amare Deum et illi servire;" and, blessing him, he added, "Sam, we shall meet in heaven." Mr. Wesley has left a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquirements. The younger branches, although of very tender years, display evident indications of fine intellect, and that exquisite sensibility which characterised the parent.

The musical profession has lost its brightest ornament. Since the days of Henry Purcell, no British composer has evinced so much genius and learning combined with such variety and sensibility; or has displayed so much energy and industry in the composition of memorials as lasting as they are extraordinary. Flourishing at a period when composers met with less encouragement than at any epoch in the history of the art, he pursued his course without reference to the applause of the day, resting on the certainty that the time must come when his works would receive that justice which the then state of the art forbade. He cared nothing for the public opinion respecting his compositions; with him the art was all in all, and, like Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Mozart, he affords another instance of the remark, that it is the high prerogative of genius to look forward with a calm but assured expectation that posterity will award that meed of approbation which must, sooner or later, attend bright and beautiful creations.

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# THE METROPOLITAN.

DECEMBER, 1837.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Lady Annabetta*, 3 vols. By the Author of "Constance," "Rosabel," &c.

This novel belongs to a class which has never lost its popularity. The other schools of romance have come into, and gone out of fashion. The ghosts and usurpations of the old English Baron, merged in the picturesque accessories, with which Mrs. Radcliffe invested her terrors. Then for a time the German imaginings reigned paramount; but no species of fiction has ever, from first to last, maintained its ground like that which is so entirely English—the actual and the domestic. It is curious to observe how completely these works have been the mirror of their times. Manners, opinions, change if not of feelings at least in the way of expressing those feelings, have all found chronicle in the page of the novelist. They are the social history of their time. How accurate is the picture drawn by Richardson! and it is this accuracy which still makes the charm of his writings—they keep the past alive. Within the last few years, a singularly false and vapid school sprang up, where the author's sole aim was to represent a class, and the material was found, not in the varied pages of human nature, but in those of the "Morning Post" and the "Court Guide." The sketches generally lacked interest, because they lacked truth; and the descriptions were caricatures, because the writers conceived themselves bound to give everything a certain air. They "waltzed nowhere but at Almack's." This was too unnatural to last, and a newer and more vigorous style again "held up the glass to nature." The "Lady Annabetta" is a novel of character and of manners; but of character as it exists in real life, and of manners belonging to various classes. The story is of great interest, and its actors have that first-rate merit, they seem as if they were actual acquaintances. We exclaim, How like such and such-a-one! The little country town, full of its own small rivalries, and still smaller ambitions, is done to the very life. The Dorcas Society will be an antiquarian curiosity an hundred years hence. The Lady Annabetta, who gives her name to the work, is an entirely new design. The moral process, which converts the high-minded and affectionate bride into the desponding and sullen wife, is fearfully and truly portrayed: while the eccentricity gradually deepening into insanity is as original as it is powerful. The two *roués*, the elder and the younger, are excellently contrasted—it was well to show

the valetudinarian with the grace and speciousness of youth departed—it indeed points the moral. But the flower of the work is the heroine: it is a portrait in the style of Lawrence—graceful, delicate, and highly finished, but touched with the poetry of the Italian colouring. We see the spoilt and flattered heiress measuring her own consequence by the adulation of a small and interested circle, but with one of those sweet natures nothing can spoil. The working out of her character deserves the highest praise—it leaves her softened yet strengthened, elevated and yet subdued.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To charm, to cherish, and command."

The dialogue is very lively and pointed, and the tour abroad, besides conducing to the conduct of the story, would be delightful only as the diary of a traveller. We advise all who meditate a continental tour to enjoy it first in these pages. We quote the following scene, and leave "The Lady Annabetta" to add to Mrs. Thomson's deservedly high reputation.

"It was evening, and the candles were lighted at the Hall. Mrs. Simcox was expected; Mr. Horn, whose entrance at the hall every day was almost as regular as that of the coal-scuttle, and as much heeded, was holding a skein of silk for Miss De Grey; Mrs. Taggart, who had been invited to dinner, possessing, as she did, a pre-eminent place in the favour of Lady Annabetta, was sitting in uneasy state upon a chair in the centre of a room; and Lady Annabetta, who never sat still, was coming in and out, looking wretched without any cause, sighing and rubbing her hands, and bemoaning herself, without method or motive in her lamentations.

"'There, Mr. Horn—thank you, Mr. Horn; 'tis done,' said Florence. 'How nicely you hold silks;—almost as well as Jeffries.'

"'Mrs. Taggart!' exclaimed Lady Annabetta, with a deep sigh, as if she had been hearing a funeral sermon, "I don't like to see you sitting there—so out of the way, or in the way, rather. Heigho!'

"'No, my lady—no—" said Mrs. Taggart, answering to a movement of her ladyship's hand, 'I decline taking the sofa; leave that, if you please, to Mrs. Simcox,' she added, with some bitterness,—'who takes precedence, you know.'"

"'I didn't know,' replied Lady Annabetta, with an absent air, 'that commoners thought so much about those things.'

"'Oh, my lady,' returned Mrs. Taggart, warmly, 'there is not' (with emphasis) 'half the little nasty pride among the no—bility,' (giving the august word its full importance,) 'as among people who have no right to give themselves airs; you will always find that. Persons of real gentility are always the most humble; that is my maxim. Don't you hold this to be true, Mr. Horn?' turning to the clergyman, who, having been at Oxford, was supposed to know the world.

"'Heads of colleges are always very high,' answered simple Mr. Horn, who, in Lady Annabetta's presence, scarcely dared say his life was his own.

"'I imagine so,'—resumed Lady Annabetta, after a long pause; for she very often allowed the conversation to drop entirely; and after a reverie, in which one might suppose all trace of the previous discourse to have been lost, she took up the thread of the discussion just where it had been left off—

"'I imagine so. Undergraduates ought to be kept at a distance.'

"'I wonder who's arrived,' said Florence, starting up, and shaking some silken ends and threads off her knee into the fire.

"'That's Mrs. Simcox, I have no doubt,' replied Mrs. Taggart, with a meaning smile. 'Trust her for coming early. It is not every day she is invited to such a place as Grinstead Park!'

"'My lady, Mr. Gerald De Grey!' said a servant, stiff as buckram, who moved into the room somewhat in the measured and noiseless way in which Banquo's ghost comes forward on the stage;—and, in a softer voice, added,—'is arrived.'

"'Mr. who?' cried Lady Annabetta, springing up; 'arrived—a—what—you are mistaken, sir.'

"'Mr. De Grey!' reiterated Florence, contemptuously, reseating herself, as if she would not be thought to remain standing to receive him.

"'How unfortunate!' said Mrs. Taggart, sympathetically. 'Now,' thought she

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to herself, 'Mrs. Simcox will be getting hold of him, first with her Byrons, and her Moores, and her Walter Scotts! I wish Mr. Taggart was here.'

"'How late!' observed Mr. Horn, looking at his watch,—'to intrude on a family,' he added, timorously, looking at Miss De Grey, as if to find his cue in her expressive eyes.

"Florence took no notice of him, as much as to reply, 'Whatever we may say of our relations, you had better not interpose *your* remarks.'

"'Mr. De Grey,' resumed the servant, who stood erect in the gloom of the apartment near some pillars, 'is gone to dress, my lady; and I was ordered to tell your ladyship that he had dined;' and the figure, having spoken, vanished.

"The party were left to digest the intelligence.

"'This is Major De Grey's doing,' began Lady Annabetta, energetically. 'He has been sent here to annoy us, whether we will or not. Florence, my dear, you know *your* part!'

"'Oh, yes, mamma,' answered Florence, resolutely, whilst an arch smile played upon her beautiful mouth; 'he will receive no encouragement from me, mamma, be assured.'

"'A plot—a device—a contrivance!' continued Lady Annabetta, in a tone of tragic vehemence, walking about, and rubbing her hands. 'It is just—just like him!'

"Florence was silent for a moment. 'No, mamma; no!' she said, looking up in a soothing attitude to her mother; 'don't say that!—I am sure'—and she stopped short. 'That hateful Gerald!' she broke out again.

"'Detestable!' exclaimed Lady Annabetta. 'I suppose he is coming to look over his property! Odious man!'

"'It is very mysterious,—very unfortunate,' interposed Mrs. Taggart, her head running upon her own concerns, and Mrs. Simcox.

"A silence of some length ensued, which was broken by Mrs. Taggart, saying, 'I thought I heard the hall bell! It is,—it must be Mrs. Simcox!' And Mrs. Simcox had indeed arrived.

"She entered, tall and stately, attired in the Siddonian style, with a cap and lappels over her head, fastened on either side after encircling the chin. The style which ladies adopt generally indicates the class of beauty to which they consider themselves the most entitled to belong. Mrs. Simcox was long and harsh, angular and bony; she had a faint pretension to an aquiline nose, and she took her line accordingly. It was the majestic, the impressive, the effective,. She introduced to Lady Annabetta a young lady who generally accompanied her, and who had chosen to plant herself under the sbadow of Mrs. Simcox's inspiring presence. In vulgar phrase, Miss Hutchins boarded with Mrs. Simcox. This nymph was of the lowly order, though of literary pursuits. But her pursuits, compared with those of Mrs. Simcox, were as the fluttering of a butterfly compared with the flight of a swan,—or goose. Mrs. Simcox was grand, philosophic, political, philanthropic,—took an extended range, a corrector of abuses, a builder-up of new theories. Miss Hutchins was humble and poetical, wrote children's books, sent stanzas to magazines, and lived upon the crumbs and scraps of genius which emanated from her sublimer friend, Mrs. Simcox.

"Miss Hutchins therefore crept into the room behind Mrs. Simcox, content to catch a transient glance from Lady Annabetta, and a good-natured smile from Miss De Grey; Mrs. Taggart, meantime, formally returning Mrs. Simcox's salutation. The commencement of this 'sociable evening' did not promise to be propitious. Lady Annabetta was flurried and absent; she had even forgot that the authoress of many high-sounding works sat in her presence, and she started when Mrs. Simcox apologized for having been detained so late.

"'—Correcting the press, my lady, is an occupation that will not stand still.'

"Lady Annabetta and Florence, who thought that when a book was written, and sent to the printers, it was finished, could not think what she meant, but bowed assent to the remark; Lady Annabetta remarking, after a short pause, that for her part, she never read now.—'No!' she ejaculated with a sigh, which appeared to come from the heart, though it was only a bad habit,—'no! I used to read books through, indeed, but—'

"The company waited for some time in patient expectation of the rest of the sentence, but Lady Annabetta was lost in thought.

"'Mamma,' said Florence, 'had not Jeffries better come and make tea? Mr. Horn, do move this table for me;—and look for some prints at the bottom of the

room,' cried she, sending the little man mercilessly about. 'Mamma's quite absent,' she whispered to Mrs. Taggart; 'we must—we must make an effort to entertain Mrs. Simcox. It is all this horrible—horrible'—she raised her voice a little in the exertion of moving a portfolio—'I say, Mrs. Taggart, it's all this odious—Gerald de Grey.'

"The door had been slowly opened behind her a few minutes before. A dark figure emerged from the space between the pillars; it was Mr. De Grey."

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***The Life and Pilgrimage of John Christian Stahlschmidt, particularly in his Travels in all the Four Quarters of the World.*** Written by HIMSELF. *From the German.* By S. JACKSON.

This is another translation from the German by Mr. S. Jackson, whose excellent versions of Heinrich Stilling we have noticed more than once. Christian Stahlschmidt was an honest iron-founder of the town of Freudenberg, in the principality of Nassau-Siegen. He left his country at an early age, and after visiting India, and meeting with many adventures and miraculous escapes, both by sea and land, he settled at Philadelphia. Here, his only means of subsistence was making laces for the, as yet, unrevolutionized Americans. But unfortunately for him he could only make "flat laces," whereas the Philadelphians would hardly wear any but "thick round laces,"—such being the fashion. Having "ruminated upon the matter," he at length succeeded in making a machine which answered the purpose, and he spun thick round laces. But, from some cause or other (most likely a revolution in fashion) his thick round laces were almost as *flat* (commercially speaking) as his flat ones had been, and he did not find purchasers sufficient to enable him to live by his labour. This, he says, caused him "much inward and outward suffering and anxiety" for his "*outward* support." When his money was nearly all gone, and starvation stared him in the face, he became acquainted with many pious people, and a great "awakening" took place in Philadelphia. He says that the first impetus to this "awakening" had been given by some Methodist preachers, who had arrived a few years before from England, and who continued their labours with much success. The leader of these preachers was a Mr. Weyberg, and it luckily happened for John Christian Stahlschmidt that they were next-door neighbours, and became friends. As the lace trade grew worse and worse, John Christian tried to get employment in some merchant's warehouse, but after striving in vain for several months, he was recommended by Mr. Weyberg to try the calling of Methodist preacher, "it being easy to obtain a provision in that department." The lace-maker required time for reflection, and "laid the matter before the Lord," and after passing some time in what he calls "the passive state," he closed with Mr. Weyberg's proposal.

"I reflected," he says, "that I could find no employment anywhere, however much I strove to obtain it, and since the ministerial office was offered me, I must make the attempt, trusting to the divine aid and assistance, and accept it. At the same time I hoped, that because it was entirely contrary to my inclinations, and yet appeared to be the path of Providence with me, the Lord, during the time of preparation, would reanimate me with his grace and love, and then I expected to be able to labour for his honour and glory. But so far was this from being the case, that the severest trials and sufferings befel me in that profession; and yet everything went well in the end."

His preparation was very short: he began to study Latin, but, "because the study of that language took up too much time and was not considered indispensable," Mr. Weyberg gave up the teaching of it, and instructed him in divinity, in plain English and German, and in a few

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months John Christian began to preach. Though he had adopted this profession as a sort of *pis-aller*, he seems to have been perfectly sincere in his belief. Indeed, many years before, while yet a youth, in Germany, he had had what he calls "a partial conversion," and then "a permanent conversion," and he had studied the works of Jacob Böehme, which seem to have given him (as they have done to many thousands of better educated men) a wonderful confidence in dreams and visions and direct interpositions of Providence.

We have so many books of this kind that we think Mr. Jackson's abilities as a translator might have been better employed than in adding a new one from the German; and we consider that the tendency of such works is rather to excite enthusiasm and fanaticism than sound devotion. Others will entertain a different opinion; and there are thousands in the land to whom the book will be very acceptable. It is interesting, now and then, from the *naiveté* and single-mindedness of the honest German.

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*Wanderings in Greece.* By GEORGE COCHRANE, Esq., late of Queen's College, Cambridge; Knight of the Royal Greek Military Order of the Saviour, &c. &c.

Charles Lamb certainly must have meant *old* books of travel, when he said, in one of those immortal letters which have recently been published,* "read no books of travels, (they are nothing but lies,)only now and then a romance to keep the fancy under." We say, Lamb must have had his mind's eye on the Mandevilles and Fernando Mendez Pintos, whom he had probably browzed over in that "spacious closet of good old English reading," that formed his peculiar and exquisite taste. Compared with the gorgeous descriptions and wonderful adventures of some of the "voyagers" of the olden days, the most spirited romance at the time when Lamb wrote this particular letter, (which was before the appearance of the Waverley novels,) was dull and unexciting. Our modern travellers, on the contrary, are sober matter-of-fact people, "good men and true," sometimes, but at all events always *true*—mistaking and misapprehending often enough, but rarely, very rarely "lying." Circumstances, indeed, and steam-boats, have been fatal to the imagination of travellers, who can no longer find a corner for its safe indulgence, so rapidly is every part of the world now visited and revisited.

But even in these truth-telling times Mr. Cochrane's volumes are remarkable for their thorough and homely veracity. We have read recently several more brilliant descriptions of Greece, but none on which we can more perfectly rely. In all matters within his range (for he does not pretend to be an archaeologist, or antiquarian topographer, or very learned in anything) he may be safely taken as a guide in those parts of Greece which he visited. The very minuteness of his details are a pledge of his accuracy. This minuteness is, however, at times, rather laughable. When, for example, he has to give some Greeks some wine, he tells us, first, that he called up the steward; secondly, that he had bought the wine at San Tropez, about twenty miles from Toulon; thirdly, that the corks of the bottles were drawn; and fourthly, that he called for glasses;—the last an unnecessary ceremony, for the Greeks drank the wine from the bottles. His account of the preparations for a short journey from Athens to Marathon,

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea,"

* "The Life and Letters of Charles Lamb." By Serjeant Talfourd. By far the most delicious book of the season.

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drove all thoughts of Leonidas, and of the three hundred, out of our mind. After choosing horses and saddles, he says,

"Our next care, then, was to order some chickens, and two large seasoned meat pies, to be got ready, to which we added some bread, and a dozen bottles of French wine, and six bottles of brandy. These were to be prepared by Madame Cassalis, at the hotel, and to be packed in a basket. We then proceeded to Mr. Brown's warehouse, and purchased some black and green tea, with some coffee and sugar. Previous to our hiring the horses, we had informed the Rev. Mr. Hill of our determination, and he proposed that, as the Monastery of Pentelic was on the road to Marathon, he would make a pic-nic repast there with his family."

The Mr. Brown of Athens, here alluded to, is a fortunate victualler—he is gaining quite a European reputation. Mr. Claridge, in his "Guide Book," lauds the excellence of his English hams, and his *eau-de-vie;* and here we learn that he is provided with tea, both black and green, and coffee, and sugar besides. Some refined minds may be annoyed at the idea of eating savoury pies at such a place—Marathon; but having ourselves pic-nicked in the Temple at Sunium, and drunk brandy-punch on the sepulchral barrow of Achilles, (which dear Mrs. W——, the late consuless at ——— used to call "killus'es burrows,") we cannot, in conscience, be severe on that head.

On points of greater importance, Mr. Cochrane is equally particular, and there his minuteness will be more generally appreciated. His account of the state of the country, and of the labouring classes, is excellent; and as far as our experience goes, we can confirm the praise of a most competent judge—we mean General Gordon, who has known the country for very many years, and who has been one of its best friends. "It appears to me," says the general, in a letter to the author, "that you have succeeded better, than any preceding traveller, in pointing out the true state of the Greek peasantry." His remarks on colonization are judicious and practical. The author has visited the country more than once. He first went out with his relative, Lord Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, in 1827—his last visit was prolonged to the year 1836.

We were much amused by an account of a Christmas dinner, given by Sir Edmund Lyons, our resident minister at Athens. The company on entering were greeted by a blazing fire of Newcastle coal. The following list would not interest us if it proceeded from May Fair, or Belgrave Square; but from Athens it is both curious and comforting—it shows what a footing the English have gained there, and English money and civilisation will be sure to produce a rapid effect on the manners of the upper classes of the Greeks.

"The company (in addition to the minister himself, Lady Lyons, the two pretty and accomplished daughters of the host and hostess, and Mr. Lyons, their son,) consisted of General Sir Richard Church, (commander-in-chief of the Greek army,) and Lady Church, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, Mr. Waller, Mr. Griffiths, (of the embassy,) Mr. Noel, and Mr. Miller, *a gentleman of large landed property in Negropont;* Mr. Bell, *a British naval officer, and a large proprietor in the environs of Athens;* Miss Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, *the owners of many houses in Athens;* Mr. Black, Captain Price, commanding H. B. M. frigate, Portland, and some of his officers; the Rev. Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill; the two Miss Mullinens, and Miss Baldwin; the Rev. Mr. King and Mrs. King, (who, with Mr. and Mrs. Hill just named, being Americans, I venture to range among the 'English;' at all events, in a foreign country;) the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Leaves, an English clergyman resident at Syra, and at that time visiting Athens; Dr. Maniarchis, who, though a native of Greece, is more than half an Englishman, having been brought up at Cambridge, and speaking English like a native; and, finally, Mr. Lurriotes, who is also half an Englishman, having been formerly deputy from the Greek government to this country."

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*The Christmas Library*, Vol. I.—*Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things.* By MARY HOWITT.

This beautiful little book, than which there can scarcely be a better Christmas present for the young, is written with a feeling and spirit that may delight all ages. The title fairly describes the subject matter; but, we may add, that with the exception of a very few pages of prose, it is written in verse, happily varied in measure and stanza. Here and there we find some very graceful imitations of the old poets and song-writers of the Shaksperian age. The lines on the Owl, beginning

> "Pray thee, owl, what art thou doing,
> With that dolefulest tu-whoo-ing?
> Dark the night is, dark and dreary
> Never a little star shines cheery;"

sound in our ears like the burden of some antique ditty, or those snatches of song which Shakspeare so often introduces, and with such happy effect. There is the same antique air, and a fine perception of nature, in the lines on the Carrion-Crow, in those on the Falcon, and those on the Sea-Gull, and in several others. In some of the pieces the poetess is humorous and jocose. The dialogue between the Caroline-Parrot and the Captain is a good specimen of this sort, and the description of the House-Sparrow is still better—indeed, it is truly admirable—Jack Sparrow, with his thievish propensities, his dirty habits, his brawling disposition, was never better described.

> "The bully of his tribe—to all beyond,
> The jolly gipsey, beggar, knave, and vagabond!"

But if Mary Howitt deals this hard measure to Nottingham sparrows, or sparrows of other country-towns or places, what would she say of London sparrows! of the true cockney-breed, who are seen in their monstrous perfection, (at the West end, and the suburbs, they are comparatively gentlemanly birds,) in Holborn and Fleet Street, in the avenues of Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane, and the "boskey dells" between Saffron Hill and Mutton Hill? Your true cockney-sparrow is the very chimney-sweeper and blackguard of birds—there is nothing like him on earth, or in air, in any other part of the world. He deserves a poem as long as the tenth of Juvenal all to himself.

To pass from small things and vile, to great and good things, we will quote the lines on the Elephant.

### THE ELEPHANT.

> Elephant, thou sure must be
> Of the Titan progeny;
> One of that old race that sleep,
> In the fossil mountains deep!
> Elephant, thou must be one!
> Kindred to the Mastodon:
> One that didst in friendship mix
> With the huge Megalonix;
> With the Mammoth hadst command
> O'er the old-world forest-land.
> Thou, those giant forms didst see,
> Taller than the tallest tree;
> And with up-turned trunk did browse,
> On the bud-palm's lowest boughs;
> And did see, upcurl'd from light,
> The ever-sleeping ammonite;
> And those dragon-worms at play
> In the waters old and grey!

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Tell me, creature, in what place,
Thou, the Noah of thy race,
Wast preserved when death was sent,
Like a raging element,
Like a whirlwind passing by,—
In the twinkling of an eye,
Leaving mother Earth forlorn
Of her mighty eldest-born;
Turning all her life to stone
With one universal groan!
In what cavern drear and dark,
Elephant, hadst thou thine ark?
Dost thou in thy memory hold
Record of that tale untold?
If thou do, I pray thee tell—
It were worth the knowing well.

Elephant, so old and vast,
Thou a kindly nature hast;
Grave thou art, and strangely wise,
With observant serious eyes,
Somewhat in thy brain must be
Of an old sagacity.
Thou art solemn, wise, and good;
Thou liv'st not on streaming blood;
Thou and all thine ancient frere
Were of natures unsevere;
Preying not on one another;
Nourished by the general mother
Who gave forests thick and tall
Food and shelter for you all.

Elephant, if thou hadst been
Like the tiger fierce and keen,
Like the lion of the brake,
Or the deadly rattle-snake,
Ravenous as thou art strong,
Terror would to thee belong;
And before thy mates and thee,
All the earth would desert be!
But instead, thou yield'st thy will,
Tractable, and peaceful still;
Full of good intent, and mild
As a humble little child;
Serving with obedience true,
Aiding, loving, mourning too;
For each noble sentiment,
In thy good, great heart is blent!

Several of the pieces in this volume would do honour to any collection or selection of our minor poets. They have all been written, as the author informs us, "literally among birds and flowers." The wood-cuts, which embellish the volume, are spirited and graceful.

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*Poppo's Prolegomena on the Peculiarities of Thucydidean Phraseology.* Translated, abridged, and criticized by GEORGE BURGES, A.M. late of Trinity College, Cambridge; *who has subjoined an Appendix, Postscript, and Supplements, on the merits of the MSS., the use of the Scholia, the value of Valla's version, and the inveterate corruption of the Text.*

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Although our magazine has little to do with works on the dead languages, yet when classical subjects come before us in an English dress,

we are ready to receive them with all the honours due to the literature of Greece and Rome. On the present occasion, we are bound especially to take some notice of Mr. Burges's publication. For as we sat in judgment of his edition of the Philoctetes of Sophocles, and spoke favourably of a volume, small in size, yet exhibiting no little proofs of extensive research, and felicity of emendation, it would be a tacit confession of our want of all but school-boy learning, did we fail to notice a work of far higher pretensions, connected as it is with an author, of whose Heraclitian obscurities even a Dionysius complained, and which not a single modern scholar has satisfactorily explained. The present work, then, of Mr. Burges, will be considered as a God-send by the present and future readers of Thucydides: for he has commenced a railroad through a country hitherto deemed impassable, and lighted it with the oxy-hydrogen-gas lamp of his learning and genius united: and thus enabled the student to see his way clearly, instead of being lost, as before, in the Bœotian fog of German erudition. We shall, therefore, be particularly anxious to hail the appearance of Mr. Burges's contemplated edition of a complete Thucydides, for which he is eminently fitted by a long life devoted to Greek. By-the-bye, we discover from a note in p. 313, where Mr. Burges has supplied a Lacuna in Plato, that he is the writer of the article on Lord Brougham's "Natural Theology," which appeared in the first number of the "Church of England Quarterly Review."

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*The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous unpublished Poems. By various Authors.* Edited by LORD NORTHAMPTON.

We regret, exceedingly, that our attention was not sooner directed to this volume. The circumstances which have led to its publication are of the most interesting kind; and such, we trust, as (without our feeble co-operation) to have obtained already an extensive sale for the volume. These circumstances are explained briefly, but most touchingly, by the noble editor, whose exertions, on the occasion, are quite in keeping with his generous and benevolent character. The exertions he has made, and the deep interest he continues to take in the bereaved family of a man of genius, learning, and virtue, will surprise no one that is at all acquainted with Lord Northampton's history. In England and in Scotland, at Rome and other parts of Italy, his lordship and his late accomplished lady have, indeed, .

> "Done good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame;"

and their inherent love of literature has induced them, on more than one occasion, to make the most noble efforts for unfortunate literary men. Lady Northampton—longer and better known as Lady Compton, the correspondent and early and very dear friend of Sir Walter Scott—was one of the most accomplished and original-minded women of her day: her benevolence was as remarkable as her talent, and when she died, the bright sun was dimmed to many besides her own affectionate family.

"This work," says Lord Northampton, "was projected as early as spring 1836, while the late Rev. Edward Smedley was still living, and its original object was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was to all appearance sapping a sense still more precious. Before many weeks had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him



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from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father. For *them* the project was continued, but as it depended on the co-operation of many, and might therefore very possibly come to nothing, the editor did not think it right to inform those, for whose benefit it was intended, till it was so far advanced, that at least it was not likely to fail from a deficiency in literary contributions. When this communication was at last about to be made, the editor found that Mrs. Smedley was herself going to publish, also by subscription, a volume of poems by her late husband, with a memoir of his life. Had this been known sooner, the editor would certainly never have undertaken the present work. He rejoices, however, that he did not know it: as whatever may be the pecuniary result of this publication, he is sure it must be gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Smedley's friends to see this proof of the respect in which he was held.

"The editor regrets that his task has not fallen into the hands of some one more competent to its discharge: this feeling makes him the more anxious to express his acknowledgments to those, without whose aid his undertaking could not have been completed. To several friends he has to give especial thanks for procuring for him the contributions of others, whose acquaintance he had not the pleasure of possessing. In this respect his gratitude is more particularly due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was indeed his confederate in the scheme from the first: and also Mr. Milnes, Mr. Strong, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Bernard Barton."

Many of our readers are, no doubt, well acquainted with Mr. Smedley's writings, and still more, will have looked into the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," the hard labours upon which, as editor and contributor, we fear, shortened his valuable life. As a man, he had that never dubious merit of acquiring and retaining the friendship of persons distinguished alike by intellectual acquirements and their exalted virtues. Several such friends pay their tribute in the volume before us, which, taken as a whole, is a far better collection of miscellaneous poetry than we have seen for a long time. Wordsworth, Sotheby, Sir William Hamilton, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Moore, Horace Smith, Alfred Tennyson, Southey, Milman, Bowles, James, the author of "Richelieu," Lord John Russel, Spring Rice, and the noble editor, are a few of the many contributors, and each has evidently given some of his best things. Several of the pieces are from the pen of the late Lady Northampton, and others have been contributed by Miss D. M. Clephane, her ladyship's sister—for talent and feeling belong to the whole noble clan of the Maclean Clephane.

Bernard Barton has justified the title of the volume.

"*A Tribute*—to the parted dead!
Whose pilgrimage below,
By many a shadowy cloud o'erspread,
Had much of care and woe.

"*A Tribute*—to the Muses' light!
Lov'd with a poet's love;
Which made, at seasons, sorrow bright
By sunshine from above.

"*A Tribute*—to that steadier ray
Of Gospel Truth and Power,
Which cheer'd the christian pastor's way,
And sooth'd his saddest hour.

"*A Tribute*—to the mourners left!
Who, while they feel the rod,
Bow in submission, though bereft,
And put their trust in God.

"Lastly, *a Tribute*—to the worth
Of christian charity!
Whose recompense is peace on earth,
Whose record is—on high!

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"Such is our volume—such it's aim;
Reader! perform thy part;
So shall our pages haply claim
Their *tributs* from thy heart!"

We trust that this appeal to all the better feelings of our nature will not be made in vain. Were it not from our inward conviction that the true beauties of poetry can never be relished by persons insensible to such appeals, we would say that the volume contains a full guinea-worth of choice verse, so that the purchaser will have *valeur contant* for his outlay.

We had marked for quotation an admirable story of Modern Rome, by Lady Northampton, who knew that country better than any English lady ever knew it, but it is rather to long for our limits. But to give a specimen of the many beautiful things before us we will copy a few of Mr. Hare Townsend's exquisite "Stanzas to Edith."

"Have ten years fled—of slow and fast,
Since in this lovely land we met?
All seems as when we parted last,
The self-same looks are glowing yet.
No shade of time or dim regret
Is o'er thy playful features cast,
As if no tear their lids had wet,
Thine eyes laugh scorn on sorrows past.

Perhaps thou think'st the same of me,
As touched by memory's murmur'd spell,
I sing the very song to thee,
Which thou wert used to love so well.
The *mind* how faintly looks can tell!
How ill do outward things agree
With inward! How all things rebel,
Which few can know and none can see.

I think of times when I could seek
Vain sorrow as relief from joy:
When poesy was wont to speak
The pains and pleasures of a boy—
Pains which no hour of sleep destroy—
Pleasures, heaven-tinctur'd as the streak
Which, all unstained by earth's alloy,
Greets day on Skiddaw's snowy peak.

How lovely looks that rosy light,
Seen from the shelter'd vale below!
Allur'd we seek the glittering height,
The beam is gone—but not the snow?
There Life's untrodden summits glow,
Thus Hope's first dawning rays invite:
We travel on—and find 'twas woe,
Which distance only made so bright.

Oh Edith, pleasant hours were they,
When first these mountain-vales I sought;
I seemed to sweep the world away,
So hateful to my earliest thought.
And in its stead was Nature brought
Before me in her best array;—
Hearts that could feel, and looks untaught,
To mask the feelings' native play.

For one glad moment I disown
Time's empire, and those days descry,—
The next, I feel ten years are gone,
Mark'd by the heart, if not the eye.

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Though all around should wake no sigh,
Ev'n though experience had not thrown
The broken toys of childhood by—
Yet death would prove ten years are flown.

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*A Home Tour through various parts of the United Kingdom. Being a Continuation of the "Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts." Also Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-General.* By Sir George Head, Author of "Forest Scenes and Incidents in the Wilds of North America."

Our home tourist has the art of making the most homely scenes and the most homely people as interesting as a romance, and that too without departing a line's breadth from truth and nature. We think we have discovered the art that enables him to do this, and which, by the way, is no art at all. It lies in his deep and quick sympathy with all mankind—his tender feeling for the brute creation—for all living creatures. Hence he enters heart and soul into the subjects he describes, and invariably invests them with the sunny glow of his own kindly nature. When a writer is in earnest he is almost sure to do well—when unaffected himself, or only touched skin deep, the most that we can expect is a maudlin sentimentality with a few vague generalities.

In the present volume Sir George Head gives an account of the Isle of Man, of a steam voyage from the little town of Ramsey, in that island, to Glasgow—of a trip from Glasgow to Tobermory, Staffa, Iona, and Mull—of a visit to Guernsey—and of a journey in Ireland, from Athlone to Galway. The last hundred and fifty pages contain his adventures in early life as an officer in the commissariat department, and are about as pleasant pages as we ever read withal. In parts they are delicious. This short and rapid sketch of his own career conveys an excellent notion of the important and arduous duties of commissary officers attached to an army in the field—duties that are too generally overlooked in an exclusive admiration of the actual combatants.

Our author joined the army of the Duke of Wellington at Badajoz in the summer of 1809, and was at first employed in the somewhat humble capacity of commissariat clerk, at a stipend of *7s. 6d.* a day—but he was young, poor, and enterprising, and the "world's wide chart" was spread before him. His first entrance upon duty is described in a manner alike creditable to his good sense and his good feeling, and the following passage contains other little things that may amuse the reader.

"It happened about this time, not long after the battle of Talavera, when the British army broke from cantonments around Badajoz and commenced their march towards the valley of the Mondego, that a young officer in the department, recently invested with a commission, was put in charge of a portion of the troops then about to depart by the way of Abrantes, across the Tagus, to Coimbra. On this occasion I was attached to him as clerk, thereby commencing a service wherein I was treated invariably, during the whole period I remained under his orders, with the utmost kindness and consideration; and I thus formed acquaintance with the individual before adverted to as a member of one of the principal families in the island of Guernsey, in another part of this volume.

"Twenty-seven years have now rolled over the head of this, my former master, since the day on which, distinguished by a blue uniform coat with cuffs and collar of black velvet, unbuttoned in easy costume, and pantaloons decorated with a stripe of reddish brown Spanish leather, cut in zigzag Vandyke pattern, and extending the whole length of the outer seam, proudly spurred at the heels, a white streaming feather in his cocked hat, massive gold epaulettes on his shoulders; mounted on a long-tailed Spanish charger, and accompanied by his clerk aforesaid on a small mule, both together on a sunshiny morning rode out of the town of Badajoz.

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"The above description of dress, the fashion of the sword, generally of a cavalry pattern, being quite *ad libitum*, is such as the King's regulations more or less modified according to the fancy of the wearer, prescribed at this period to a field commissary with the British army. I do not mean to infer an overstrained interpretation of the limit established by universal custom, on the part of the present individual, though, as is well known, a latitude in dress has heretofore been exclusively made a subject of censure on officers of the commissariat department. Nevertheless, without reason or justice, for a variegated costume prevailed, not only in their case, but generally in every corps and grade in the army; even from the Duke of Wellington, equipped in a white cloak and white cravat, to the lowest subaltern downwards. As regards the commissariat, the duke probably was unwilling, when the supplies of the army were at stake, to deprive them in their dealings with the local authorities of the advantage of a style of dress, which, such as it was, being permitted through the whole campaign, may unquestionably be said to have received his grace's sanction."

Soon after this, Mr. Head's work began; and he tells us, that hitherto he had been wholly unacquainted with business and rather insufficiently grounded in arithmetic and the art of keeping accounts of any kind.

"At the town of Coimbra, pleasantly situated in the vicinity of the sea-port of Figueiras and on the banks of the Mondego, was established a considerable depôt of stores and provisions for the army; and here a regular routine of office duty, such as it was, now for the first time devolved upon me. Simple as were these my avocations, I was subjected to confinement in the office the whole of the day, drawing checks for returns of provisions and forage on the storekeeper in charge of the stores, upon documents, whereon it was my duty to see that the specified number of officers, rank and file, were correctly vouched by the commanding officer of the regiment or detachment; that the quantities of provisions drawn were correctly estimated, and that the receipt was signed by the person duly authorized. These vouchers, in those days furnished in triplicate, were then entered in an abstract such as I have before described, for the purpose of being afterwards incorporated in a general account.

"After a few days' practice, although nothing new remained to be learnt, yet from previous want of usage on my own part, and the multiplicity of applicants for rations on the other, I had enough to do to keep down the press of business each day; however, I became by degrees reconciled to a duty which, while the troops remained in cantonments, yielded little enough of variety.

"At the close of each day, that is to say, so soon as the brunt of work had passed away, my new master, whom I am happy now to call my old friend, and myself, dined regularly together as comfortably as circumstances would permit; welcoming contentedly a meal, whereat youth and health supplied the want of luxurious viands. Week after week, every day, almost without an exception, I verily believe, we attacked the same identical dish during the whole winter; that is to say, a large piece of plain boiled ration beef, with such vegetables as could be procured. Deficiencies were afterwards amply supplied by a profusion of oranges fresh from the tree, here at all times to be purchased twenty for a vintaine, or a little more than a penny; and frequently hanging in unplucked clusters on their native fragrant dark green bough. We usually restricted our dessert to a vintaine's worth, that is, a score; but since in this native fruit the white substance immediately under the yellow rind, which, in English imported oranges is tough and leathery, actually melted in the mouth, in appearance resembling the watery covering of an ice-plant, we were not unfrequently induced to send again to the market-place, and complete our complement to scores apiece. One sorrowful exception I remember making to this code of frugality, in the instance of an experiment, by way of variety, upon a ragoût of lampreys, which pottage, prepared by a professed Portuguese cook, made me so very ill, that I was the more happy, after such an abomination of grease and garlic, to return to humble fare."

In the month of April, 1810, our author was promoted, and sent with Colonel Robe's nine-pounder brigade to the frontier of Beira.

"Although imperfectly inured to my present sedentary occupation, for since leaving school, I had seldom ever happened to sit still for half an hour at a time in the middle of the day, I had not altogether unprofitably submitted to irksome confine-

ment. Some detachments were continually passing through to the army, others remained quartered in the town, comprising together portions of the troops in various and manifold branches, whose provision returns all passing through my hands, I gained thereby a general insight into the routine of duty. Nevertheless, as a captive from a dungeon, I hailed the beneficence of fortune, that now once more restored me to former habits and robust exercise.

"It was I think exactly on the 28th of April, when performing my first act as a public accountant, I passed a receipt for four bullocks delivered to me for the use of the brigade under my charge, and gave credit in my accounts for a specified weight of meat in the usual manner. The brigade of men and horses now supplied by me with rations of provisions and forage furnished returns for the same, once in three days; bread, wine, and forage, I procured from the inhabitants, giving receipts, payable at head-quarters, for the quantities, and I rendered my accounts at the end of each month, according to the forms I had already seen, including that of the formidable abstract before-mentioned, now fortunately reduced to a more practicable scale, a serjeant of the brigade being moreover appointed my store-keeper, on whom I drew checks, as I had been used to do before at Coimbra. The prospect of a stirring life now appeared again to rise before me, I felt myself becoming a free agent daily more and more, a Spanish capataz reported to me his arrival from the commissary-general, with instructions to place himself and forty-two stout mules under my orders; and finally, in this as it were the opening dawn of prosperity, as when disconsolately steering through a fog, new objects suddenly appear and others brighten till the sun at last breaks forth in full splendour, such I may really say was my gladness of heart when, after the above-related humble acquisitions of independence, the officers of the artillery brigade to which I was appointed invited me an honorary member to their mess. A follower of their fortunes, I lived happily with these kind companions during the eventful proceedings of the next twelve months, including the advance of the brigade to the battle of Bussacos, the retreat of the allied army to the lines at Torres Vedras, and the subsequent advance of the troops in pursuit of Marshal Massena, till the battle of Fuentes d'Onor. My occupations, it is true, were altogether distinct from theirs during the whole of the day; but after the morning's fatigue was over, whether in a well-roofed or a roofless house, a tent, or bivouacked in the open air, I felt myself once more restored to the consolations of society, and animated by the consciousness of possessing a home."

In the following year, after the battle of Fuentes D'Onor, which he witnessed, and which he describes with great spirit, he was ordered to take charge of a depôt at Celorico, where his business still increased, and where his privations and annoyances were not trifling.

"The commissariat duties of this post, owing to its advanced position towards the army, whereof it was the entrepot of all manner of stores, provisions, and forage on the route from the several points of Coimbra, Raiva, and St. João da Pesqueira; being a central point for the organization of ox-cart transport collected from the adjacent country; a thoroughfare for numerous detachments incessantly moving to and from the army; and, lastly, containing an extensive hospital establishment for the sick and wounded; were at the time in question, heavy and multifarious. The fluctuation in the number of the troops quartered in the town and vicinity, for whom it was indispensable to provide daily rations, was irregular and excessive; transport, moreover, was required to convey the said rations to the out-quarters in the neighbourhood; and the continual throng of people, applicants on various other branches of service on the one hand, and unavoidable difficulty and official delay on the other, created a press of business so grievous, that my office was literally besieged, all day, every day, and for days together, like a poll-booth at a contested election. In the street opposite my house a crowd of voracious people were for ever in attendance, whose numbers, continually refreshed by new comers, increased always quite as fast, and sometimes a great deal faster than I could dispatch the old ones, notwithstanding that during the summer I usually began work at five o'clock in the morning, and allowing for the interval of dinner and a ride of a couple of miles afterwards out of the town, extended office hours till ten at night.

"My own room was open to the public, that is to say, the door was never shut; and since the office of the clerks for issuing rations was immediately contiguous, a buzz of tongues and stamping of feet continually resounded in the passage. My own occupation was that of managing the wholesale receipts and issues of provisions, forage,

and stores, sent by brigades of mules and bullock-carts from the rear, and consigning supplies to the field commissaries with the army. Daily returns, showing the existing state of the depôt, were regularly dispatched to head-quarters, whereby the number of mules sent from the divisions, brigades, or cavalry regiments, to Celorico, was chiefly regulated, but nevertheless the transport was frequently detained two three, or more days, waiting the arrival of consignments from the rear. Commissariat officers, when within a reasonable distance from the depôt, would frequently ride thither to look after their loitering mules, and vie with each other in obtaining a share of the supplies, which I was nevertheless compelled to equalize according to the numbers dependent on the station. A commissary arriving from the army was invariably constrained to force a passage towards my office through the crowd of capatazes and muleteers by whom it was continually surrounded, and then screw his way with equal difficulty towards a point in the centre, where I sat all day enconced by a breastwork of tables. I had, in fact, arranged a regular line of defence fronting the door, and as far removed as practicable; but it may be necessary to give a little account of the house as well as my citadel of duty.

"The town of Celorico was at this time deserted by almost all the inhabitants, except those who either had few household effects to lose, or who derived profit one way or other by their intercourse with the army; consequently the quarters allotted to me as a private dwelling and offices, consisted of a large rambling house, the name of whose owner, if ever I heard it, I have totally forgotten. However, it had suffered grievous dilapidations during the previous occupancy of the enemy. The less my compunction, from its desolated appearance, in resorting to an expedient consistent with the general state of repair, and whereof I have availed myself on other occasions and in other places, on service, to obtain the luxury of a fire; for although Celorico, not far removed from the lofty ridge of mountains, the Sierra d' Estrella, covered with snow all the year round, is frequently visited in the winter by sharp frost, yet not any of the sitting-rooms in the houses are provided with grates or chimneys. The mode I now took to remedy the defect, may serve to give some idea of the condition of the dwelling to which it was applied. Simple, both in design and execution; it was merely as follows. In a corner of my parlour or dining-room I nailed a small wooden batten on the floor, inclosing between the two walls a triangular space, whereupon I spread a compost of mud, lighted a fire, and knocked a hole in the ceiling above to let the smoke out through the upper windows.

"On taking possession of the aforesaid office, which was a room on the ground-floor, it was not only applied to purposes of business, but, being provided with a small adjoining recess, served on my arrival at the station for a dormitory, and there, in fact, I might have continued to sleep, if not at last fairly driven away by the rats. A flour store immediately contiguous to the chamber, not only caused them to congregate in extraordinary numbers, but they became so bold that I have literally, on their making their appearance while I sat writing among a crowd of people in the middle of the day, not unfrequently requested persons to stand aside, and with a horse-pistol, previously loaded for the purpose, killed two or three at a shot. The nuisance created by the vermin at night was really dreadful; like dogs they galloped round the room squeaking and fighting one with another, and not contented with running over me as I lay in bed, at last absolutely used my person as a convenient landing-place to drop upon from the ceiling to the floor. The latter liberty being quite unbearable and startling me to boot; and since mortal patience could sustain it no longer, I resolved to have recourse to poison, and laid baits accordingly in different parts of the room for several succeeding nights, which being tasted and approved, I afterwards mixed with arsenic. It were quite impossible to describe the wheezing, spitting, sniffing, and coughing, that succeeded the deadly repast; indeed, I for some time lay awake listening, really astonished to believe such sounds could possibly proceed from animals so small; to say nothing of certain other noises, the effect of indisposition, whereto, from their extreme peculiarity, I will only cursorily allude; suffice it to say, that their internal organs were affected in every possible way. Notwithstanding the success of the enterprise, whereby at any rate near a score the next morning were picked up dead in the room, and many wandering comatose, and paralytic, accordingly destroyed, the enemy, notwithstanding their loss, repaired their ranks by fresh reinforcements, and in ten days' time were as audacious as ever; collecting in small droves behind trunks and boxes against the wainscot of the room, and bolting across from one ambuscade to another on their

way to their holes,—during which latter movements I took occasion to kill them with a pistol, as I said before.

"As regards business, my dwelling, at all events, was in a central situation,—for the slaughtering place of the cattle, consisting of a large open space, whereon from twelve to twenty head for the use of the depôt were killed every morning, was under my office windows; the butchers' store too was in a contiguous outhouse, part of the same building. The cattle are pithed by the butchers, as is well known in Portugal. For my part I abstained as far as practicable from sanctioning the practice, preferring, from mere motives of humanity, the English way; in fact, the rolling and quivering of the eye-balls, the tremulous spasms of the rigidly stiffened limbs, and altogether the horrid contortions produced, through the agency of the nerves, on the prostrate beast by pithing, are really dreadful to behold. Without dwelling longer on a disagreeable subject than is absolutely necessary, let the uninformed reader, in order to understand the operation, placing his finger on his pole or node of the neck, as it is sometimes called, in that small cavity just under the protuberant part of the skull, imagine his chin violently thrust downwards in contact with his breast, and then a dagger driven into the aforesaid cavity to the centre of the forehead, pointblank through his brains."

At Celorico he had a curious companion. The following passage shows that attentive observance to the ways and habits of animals, which so frequently lends a charm to his little sketches.

"While thus I laboured, day after day, at the receipt of custom, one personage attended upon the household, invariably one of the crowd never by any accident out of the way, I have omitted to mention—a tame, full-grown, female wolf, so perfectly domesticated and well known as to be little feared, chained at the door, in such a position that no individual, whether great or small, could enter the office and approach the table where I sat without absolutely stepping over her back. I procured the animal, a whelp a few days old, from a peasant then about to destroy it with the rest of the litter, at Alto da Chão; and having at the same time attached to my baggage a puppy of a large breed, somewhat older, both animals became on the most friendly terms, and grew up together; wherefore, I am enabled literally to assert, that I have ridden through the streets of a town with a wolf at the heels of my horse. Such was literally the case on more than one occasion; nay, more, the dog—a tall, stump-tailed, black and tan animal, half-terrier half-mastiff—and wolf accompanied me both together two miles from and back again to Celorico, whether it be that the wolf was allured by the society of the dog, or that the act as regards the former be construed into following me.

"The habits of a domesticated wolf bear close affinity to those of the dog; unlike the cowardly cringing fox, prone to hide itself in holes, the wolf displays bold sportive tricks, gallant bearing, and noble demeanour. But the wolf is the savage, the fox the knave, the dog the gentleman; like a man whose interest is thoroughly excited, so the wolf, his appetite once roused, acts according to his nature. This animal, when loose, galloping playfully round in circles, leaping, bounding, and flourishing her tail like a hound, or Newfoundland dog, testifying moreover recognition of her master, laying her paws on my shoulder, and even licking my face; yet the moment a leg of mutton appeared on the table, neither friend nor foe dared interfere or prevent her from immediately making the prize her own."

So many generations have passed since the fair fields of England were trodden by hostile armies, that it is proper and expedient to recal now and then the real horrors of war, and to depict the state of a country labouring under them.

"The organization of the native ox-cart transport, whereby a number usually amounting to a couple of hundred vehicles, or thereabouts, were sustained effective at the station by dint of continually stimulating the local authorities, through the aid and vigilance of the chiefs of brigades or conductors, formed at this time an important branch of my duty. The time of one Portuguese clerk was entirely taken up in writing letters to the several magistrates, or their deputies. I held at this time between fifty and sixty in continual correspondence, whom it was necessary to urge incessantly to furnish the quota allotted to their several comarcas. These magistrates or persons in authority usually dispatched from their homes the owners with their ox-carts three or four together; and on their arrival at the station, the

latter being told off till the numbers amounted from a dozen to twenty, were brigaded and placed in charge of a chief called the conductor, who accompanied them laden with biscuit and forage to the army. Returning after their allotted service they were paid in hard dollars, permitted to return to their homes, and their places filled up by fresh arrivals, until, according to regular routine, it became their unhappy lot to be again drafted for duty, and compelled by the presiding magistrate to leave their unprotected dwellings on a similar journey.

"During the whole period of my peninsular service, I never experienced a more painful effort of duty than in this intercourse with the poorer inhabitants, to turn a deaf ear to misery and supplications urged in behalf of their cattle with heart-rending simplicity. But the necessities of the army were imperative, and the sinews of this unfortunate country strained till near snapping asunder. How the poor people preserved their cattle alive in those hard times and on those journeys, considering that with animals previously weakened and exhausted they were sometimes absent for a week or ten days together, taking with them as fodder merely a few bundles of Indian corn straw, and this for sustenance along a tract, long since as barren as the deserts of Arabia, now that the days are past, and I reflect at leisure, I literally do not know. 'Nao podem, senhor, nao podem,' 'They are not able, sir, they are not able,' they would, alas, too frequently exclaim. 'Coitadinhas estao vaccinhas, senhor,' 'Poor little creatures, sir, they are small cows;' and thus they would piteously entreat till the tears ran down their sunburnt cheeks.

"It is the province alone of an eye-witness to describe a country once unfortunately the seat of war; awful realities that afford no comparison whatever with ordinary grievances; when over a desolated territory the local government becomes inert and paralyzed, when the noble and the wealthy fly from their domain, and when forward adventurers, possessed of temporary sway, usurp and arm themselves with legitimate power, and among all these evils the accumulated weight of suffering falls on the indigent, the poor, patient, industrious husbandman, who remains at his home not having whither else to flee, and whose yoke of oxen are inevitably pressed, because, being his all, they are with himself to be found. Every country, no matter where, is a paradise, compared to the soil where thus, like young wheat under the feet of vigorous wrestlers, the weak and lowly, by the struggles of contending armies, are crushed and rooted from the land."

During our author's stay in the shambles at Celorico, a virulent fever broke out in the town—and soon after, the sudden advance of Marshal Marmont obliged the English to destroy all their stores, and retreat.

In May, 1813, when the Duke of Wellington was enabled to commence his grand advance through Spain, our author was attached as assistant commissary general to the third division under the command of Sir Thomas Picton, and he continued on this duty till the army advanced in triumph to Toulouse, and peace was proclaimed. Of the brave, but fierce and ill-tempered Picton, he gives several very characteristic anecdotes, not forgetting to deal a quietus to a Mr. Robinson, who some two years ago perpetrated an absurd life of that general. The castigation was scarcely needed, for the book, after exciting the laughter of everybody that knew anything of Picton and the Peninsular war, or of military matters generally, went to the tomb of all the Capulets almost as soon as born. We have chosen our extracts chiefly with a view of showing some of the arduous duties of the commissariat department, and we trust such extracts will afford both amusement and instruction, and also convey a favourable notion of the Memoir, which, however, contains matters of a much more exciting and popular nature. We have read the whole of this volume—the Tour as well as the Memoir, with unmingled pleasure, always excepting an occasional annoyance at some dreadfully long, and most awkwardly involved periods. The book will be sure to reach a second edition, and before submitting it again to press we would recommend a careful revision. The knotty sentences we allude to *sautent aux yeux*.

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***Rise and Progress of the British Power in India.*** By PETER AUBER, M.A., A.S., late Secretary to the Hon. the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

This important work—a desideratum in our literature—could scarcely have fallen into better hands. Mr. Auber's life has been passed in contemplating the affairs of the vast Indian Peninsula in all their bearings, his official situation gave him easy access to documents, as to almost every other source of information, and his mind seems to be distinguished by excellent powers of analysis and condensation. His style indeed, is rather dry and common-place, but we willingly resign the charms of rhetoric for the sake of authenticity in the facts; and the subject is so great and interesting, that it must captivate the attention, in whatever style it be written. There is not such a subject in the world, nor has there ever been, nor, in all probability, will there ever again be, such an empire, so founded, or such an association as that of the Merchant Kings—the joint-stock Emperors of Leadenhall Street.

The first volume of this work (the second, though published, we have not yet seen) refers to the early period of Indian history and of the Company's establishment. It comprises the administration of Lord Clive, with the intermediate governments in Bengal, and at Madras and Bombay, and closes with that of Mr. Hastings, an able and, in the main, an excellent governor, who fell a victim at home to party spirit and to the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan. But though Mr. Hastings was condemned without mercy, his system was countenanced, and his plans were worked out, in India; and the effect has been, a power more widely extended in that country than any that preceded it, whether native or European. As we are firmly convinced that the happiness of the native population has advanced in proportion to this increase of British rule, we contemplate the subject with unalloyed exultation.

Mr. Hastings survived the clamour raised against him, and was received with singular marks of respect in that very house where he had been exhibited as a monster.

"After the lapse of thirty years from the period of Mr. Hastings's return to his native country, and eighteen from the termination of his impeachment, he appeared before the House of Commons to give evidence on the renewal of the Company's charter, in 1813. It was a gratifying sight to witness the respect manifested by the Commons of England towards that venerable public servant, by the members rising simultaneously on his retiring from the bar at the close of his examination."

Though Sheridan fairly surpassed Burke in the eloquence and pathos of his speeches on the Begum question, we believe that he cared not two straws for the "sweet princesses" of India—we believe that he was acting the whole time, and that he felt he was acting. Burke was more sincere, and seems really to have believed in the crimes of tyranny, cruelty, and treachery, charged against Hastings, whom he never ceased to regard with perfect abhorrence. Even at the close of his life, when suffering under the severest domestic affliction in the loss of his son, he still retained this strong feeling, and the idea that Mr. Hastings was to be rewarded with a peerage seems literally to have haunted his imagination.

Mr. Hastings, on the other hand, appears to have had an equally strong conviction of his own innocence, and in a letter, (published by Mr. Auber,) which he wrote only a few hours before his death to a bosom friend, a member of the Court of Directors, any feeling is apparent rather than that of remorse or self-reproach for his actions in the East.

Mr. Auber vindicates the character of the first and great Lord Clive, but that office, as he remarks himself, had already been performed by the

late Sir John Malcolm, whose life of Clive is an excellent specimen of that kind of biography.

To all those who wish to have a clear and comprehensive account of the rise and progress of our power in India—an account founded on official documents, and scrupulously exact, we can recommend Mr. Auber's work.

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*Gems of Beauty;* designed by E. T. PARRIS, ESQ. *With Fanciful Illustrations in Verse,* by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

This beautiful Annual, which seems almost too delicate to be touched by masculine fingers, is, on the whole, an improvement on the choice volume published last year. The twelve good-sized and highly-finished engravings are all after designs by Parris. Their subjects are the passions of "Affection," "Anger," "Pity," "Jealousy," "Hope, "Despair," "Cheerfulness," "Remorse," "Joy," "Envy," "Fear," and "Love." Some of the affections of the mind—Cheerfulness, for example—ought scarcely to be classed among the passions. Those who know anything of this artist will not expect to find the frightful contortions of Le Bruns. Mr. Parris succeeds best in delineating the more gentle and amiable passions of young and beautiful women—but even the fiercer passions are by him embodied in courtly ladies, that despair in black velvet, and feel remorse in silks and diamonds. With only one or two exceptions, all his passions" are in full dress. Fear, as a plebeian emotion, we suppose, is represented by a poor sailor's wife, who, with her children, is in a very critical situation—in a ship that seems to be foundering. Each plate is flanked by a fly-leaf of poetry, by Lady Blessington—and very graceful and charming verses they are.

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*Portraits of the Children of the Nobility; a Series of highly-finished Engravings, executed under the Superintendence of* MR. CHARLES HEATH; from Drawings by ALFRED E. CHALON, ESQ., A.R.A. and other eminent Artists; *with Illustrations in Verse, by distinguished contributors.* Edited by MRS. FAIRLIE. First Series.

This choice book is, if possible, more exquisitely delicate than the one we have just mentioned, and certainly the subjects—the dear little realities that are living amongst us, and that, at no distant day, will be the prime and pride of our nobility—the best favoured aristocracy upon earth—are infinitely more interesting than the fanciful delineations of the passions. There are ten engravings; but as the "blessings" are mostly grouped in twos and threes, we have about twenty graceful forms and pretty smilling faces, done up in rose and in gold. It is difficult to select, where all are charming; but, as we cannot praise them all without ringing a tiresome change upon words, we will just mention that the groups of the Duke of Beaufort's little daughters, (there are two, the first containing three, the second two figures,) and the daughters of Lord Lyndhurst, are the very perfection of juvenile portraiture. In the Buccleuch group we are struck with the decidedly Scottish cast of countenance. The little fellow on the right of the picture, Lord Henry John we presume, has a canny look, with a mixture of drollery and acuteness, such as his great clansman, Walter Scott, may have had when at his age.

Among the single figures there is none more beautiful or English-looking than Angusta Georgiana Frederica Fitzclarence. The youngest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle has a most queenly mien, and—but we forget—in our admiration we were going on to speak of them all.

As in the Gems of Beauty, each plate is accompanied by a little poetry, the verses coming from the pens of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, Captain Marryat, the Countess of Blessington, L. E. L., H. Lytton Bulwer, James Smith, D'Israeli, and the fair editor, Mrs. Fairlie, who, we need scarcely mention, is a daughter of Lady Canterbury, and niece to Lady Blessington. The work, we presume, is to be continued as an annual.

"Pass but a few short years, and then,"

the collection will be curious to look back upon; the little dimpling girls will be matrons—the happy little boys generals, or admirals, or members of those great houses where,—in the saying of Clarendon, 'thunder and lightning are made." And the changes of dress and ashion! and the changes and transmutation in one's own dear self!

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*Moxon's Edition of the Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.*

We rejoice to see the editions of the works of the "Bard of Hope" thus multiplied in various forms, and at various prices. We recently noticed a remarkable cheap impression which issued from an Edinburgh press; and it is now our pleasing duty to call the attention of the wealthier portion of book-buyers to a splendid London edition, richly illustrated and bedecked with all the advantages of the finest paper and print. No living poet is more deserving of such honours. This book is a proper *pendant* to the last editions of the "Bard of Memory," which indeed it closely resembles in externals. The illustrations, with the exception of a bust of the author by Bailly, are all by the great and imaginative Turner, and they are exquisitely engraved. Great must been the expense of getting up this book; but great, we doubt not, will be its success. No owner of a choice library can possibly do without it.

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*Visit to the Great Oasis in the Libyan Desert.* By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. Author of "Travels in Ethiopia."

The monuments of the Great Oasis are less magnificent and imposing than the temples of Thebes, or the other ancient edifices on the banks of the Nile; but they are peculiar from their situation, in the midst of immense deserts, extremely picturesque in their present appearance, interesting from the extraordinary metaphysical sculptures, and Greek inscriptions found upon some of them, and (what is no trifle) they have been much more rarely visited and described. Mr. Hoskins has visited them with all the enthusiasm of an artist and antiquary, and a very agreeable and instructive volume has been the result. Our traveller was somewhat disappointed in the scenic beauty of the Oasis, and thinks that it must have sadly diminished, if it ever merited the praise which Herodotus bestowed in calling it "the Island of the Blessed;" but our traveller had just come from the pleasant banks of the Nile, and had only been five days in the desert: had he come from Darfour, or had he been twenty or thirty days in the deserts, he might perhaps have had as lively a sense of the beauty of the Oasis as Herodotus had. Mr. Hoskins, however, was surprised and delighted to find such magnificent vestiges of a remote antiquity—such splendid monuments of art, in a spot isolated from the rest of the world by an ocean of sand: and splendid indeed are the Temple of Darius, the Street of the Tombs, the Temples

of Doosh, and the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, to judge from his apparently most correct drawings. These drawings, which are twenty in number, have been copied in lithography by Mr. A. Picken, a young artist, who excels in this branch, and who deserves encouragement on account both of his own merits, and those of his father, the late Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," and other very original works, who was cut off in the prime of life, leaving a young family behind him. As Mr. A. Picken executes them, (in a fine sketchy, free manner,) we think that these lithographic drawings are peculiarly well suited to illustrate books of travels, and other works, where a number of delineations are required, and the elaborate finish of steel engraving is not sought for.

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### *The Book of the Cartoons.*

This is a beautiful book: it contains seven spirited and correct engravings, by Warren, after the cartoons of the immortal Raffaelle Sanzio, together with seven excellent discourses (on the subjects of the miracles represented) by the Rev. R. Cattermole. There is also a brief introductory chapter treating of the life of the painter, and of the very curious history of the Cartoons. These latter were originally twenty-five in number. Charles I., at the suggestion of Rubens, secured seven of them, and had them brought to this country, where they have ever since remained, and where, (be it said *en passant*) they have had more than one narrow escape from the bad taste of some of our rulers. The fate of the other eighteen of the Cartoons is involved in some untertainty; they have, however, *certainly* been scattered about the world, and *most probably* destroyed. As something tending to elevate the taste of our country, we cordially recommend this book, and hope that it will find its way into every corner of the land.

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### *Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.*

*The Punishment of Death, a Selection of Articles from the Morning Herald, with Notes.*—Here is a mass of evidence going to prove the barbarity and brutalizing effect of the "Draconian severity" of the old penal laws, and many good arguments for the total abolition of the punishment of death in all cases.

*The British Colonial Library.* By MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.R.S.—We have noticed this work so often, that we only allude to it now in order to state that the issue in monthly volumes is completed, and that the neat appearance and elegant getting up of the whole, is highly creditable to the publishers' taste.

*Stirring Stanzas on Her Most Gracious Majesty's Invitation to the City.* By DANIEL DUMPS, Esq. Deputy of Dowgate.—A wretched attempt at being funny. Daniel Dumps may be as vulgar as he pleases—he has even our permission to put cant and slang into the mouths of *some* of the aldermen and common-council, but we cannot tolerate his doing the same thing with our queen, or his making her say "flare up" to her ministers.

*Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education; being a Supplement to Hampden in the Nineteenth Century.*—Our friend John Morgan is a person of the very best intentions; but his notions on certain delicate points run so counter to *established* notions as to limit the sphere of his real usefulness. There are passages of great earnestness and real eloquence in these colloquies.

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***Edinburgh Portraits,*** by JOHN KAY; with Biographical Sketches. Publishing in Monthly Parts.—Honest John Kay was originally a barber, and next a self-taught artist of Edinburgh. For fifty years he sketched (with only the slightest tinge of caricature) all the extraordinary personages that figured in the northern Athens—poets, painters, players, judges, advocates, idiots, giants, drunken Highland lairds—nothing came amiss to him, and not a single "lion" of any kind did he omit. His personages, altogether, amount to four hundred, and we quite agree with Mr. Chambers, "that no city of the empire can boast of so curious a chronicle." He ceased his labours about the year 1817.

*Parliamentary Companion for* 1838.—This little diamond volume, published by Messrs. Whittaker, is very compact and useful—decidedly one of the best of its kind. We have detected a few errors in it, but none of any consequence.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The London Dispensatory. By A. T. Thomson, M.D., F.L.S., G.S. New edition, 8vo. 21*s.*
The Evidences of Prophecy. By Alexander Keith, D.D. Sixteenth edition, 7*s.*
A Treatise on Conic Sections. By J. Hymers, M.A. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
A Dissertation on the Causes and Effects of Disease. By H. C. Barlow, M.D. 8vo. 3*s.*
A Lecture on Education. By W. B. Hodgson. 12mo. 4*d.*
A List of Electors for the Western Division of Surrey, with a Statement of the Poll, 8vo. 3*s.*
A Treatise on the Elements of Algebra. By J. Bryce, jun., M.A., F.G.S. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Institutes of Surgery. By Sir Charles Bell. Vol. I., 12mo. 7*s.*
Parliamentary Pocket-Companion, 1838. 32mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Gems from British Poets (Sacred). 32mo. 2*s.*
Ditto, ditto, Chaucer to Goldsmith. 32mo. 2*s.*
The Doctrine of Election. By T. Erskine. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
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Changes produced in the Nervous System by Civilisation. By R. Verity, M.D. 4*s.*
G. F. Morgan's First Principles of Surgery. Part II. 8vo. 5*s.*
The Hand-Book of Natural Philosophy. By W. M. Higgins. 18mo. 1*s.* 9*d.*
Bechstein's Natural History of Cage Birds. New edition, 12mo. 7*s.*
Welsh's Treatise on Ringworm. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*
Mechanics of Fluids for Practical Men. By A. Jamieson, LL.D. 8vo. 15*s.*
The Himalaya Landscape Album, morocco, 2*l.* 2*s.*
The Elements of Algebra. By Hind. Third Edition, 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Napoleon Medals; 564 Medals. By A. Collas. Folio, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; proofs, 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*
Thoughts on Religion, a Poem. 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.
Walsingham, the Gamester. By Captain Chamier. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Sermons for Children. By Mrs. Markham. Fcap. 3*s.* bf.-bd.
Abridged History of Treaties of Peace. By Capt. Furneaux. 8vo. 12*s.*
First Book of Algebra. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Luther and his Times. By the Rev. J. E. Riddle. Fcap. 5*s.*
Companion to Euclid, being a help to first Four Books. Fcap. 4*s.*
The Juvenile Budget. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Square 16mo. 6*s.*
Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. By H. D. Inglis. Illustrations by Cruikshank. Post 8vo. 9*s.* cloth.
Hints to Servants. By a Bachelor. 32mo. 1*s.*
Commentaries on the Colonial and Foreign Laws. By W. Burge. 4 vols. royal 8vo. 6*l.* 6*s.*
The Journal and Letters of the Rev. H. Martyn. Edited by the Rev. S. Wilberforce. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
Book of Beauty, 1838. 21*s.*
Alison's History of Europe. Vol. VI. 8vo. 15*s.*

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Auber's Rise and Progress of the British Power in India. Vol. II. 8vo. 21*s.*
Leitbead on Electricity. 12mo. 8*s.*
Watt on the Progress and Present State of the Science of Life Insurance. 8vo. 8*s.*
Fordyce's Outlines of Naval Routine. Royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Practical Religion, (Twelve Sermons.) 8vo. 4*s.*
Diatessaron, or History of our Saviour. 8vo. 5*s.*
Memoirs of Mrs. Harriet W. Winslow, with Essay. By the Rev. J. H. Evans. 12mo. 5*s.*
Jamieson's Eastern Manners, (New Testament.) 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons. Vol. IV. (Autumn.) Fscap. 6*s.*
Head's Home Tour. Vol. II. Post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*
Russell's Judgment of the Anglican Church. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Pickwick Papers. 1 vol. 8vo. 21*s.*
Kittoe's Domestic Medical Pocket Book. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hooker's Icones Plantarum. 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l.* 16*s.*
Hood on Warming Buildings by Hot Water. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Poetical Works of Richard Llwyd. 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Comic Almanac, 1838. 2*s.* 6*d.*

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Miss Martineau has, we understand, a new work in the Press, intitled, "RECOLLECTIONS OF WESTERN TRAVEL, which will form a sort of sequel to her former able volumes, "SOCIETY IN AMERICA." These Recollections will contain Miss Martineau's personal narrative of her late Travels in America. From the few sketches of this kind in her former work, we anticipate great pleasure from the perusal of the forthcoming volumes.

The new and corrected edition of MR. LODGE'S valuable "PEERAGE" is to be published on the 15th instant.

"WARNER ARUNDEL, or the Memoir of a Creole," will also appear about the same date.

A new cabinet edition of "Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, with illustrated plates." The Book of Family Crests, to contain the blazonry of every bearing, with mottos and engravings.

The Rev. Mr. Forster has nearly ready a new edition of "The Life of John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., late Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, with a Selection from his Letters." The two volumes compressed into one volume.

In the Press, and nearly ready, "Divine Emblems;" with engravings, after the fashion of Master Francis Quarles, by Johann Abricht, A.M.

## THE DRAMA.

The English, it is said, are not a theatre-going people, and yet what country (ancient Greece alone excepted, the history of whose stage is that of the dramatic art in general) can compete with the works of their dramatic poets? How can we reconcile these facts? Perhaps the only plausible solution of the apparent difficulty is, that the English are a people of so essentially commercial a character, that they do not turn mere amusements into the business of life. But the truth is, that almost every circumstance connected with the drama presents, at the first view at least, an anomaly. Although a disposition to fictitious representation seems to be inherent in human nature, and is equally to be observed in the childhood of man, and in the infancy of nations, yet the love of fictitious representation does not invariably grow with the growth of man; neither is the dramatic art always cultivated by nations in proportion as they make proficiency in literature. The Greeks, the excellence of whose attainments is almost wholly unconnected with the previous cultivation of any other countries, created in almost every respect their own literature, and raised the subjects of fictitious representation from the pastimes of children and rude games, public sports and pageants of imaginary deities, to the po-

lished and regulated drama, the subject of severe rule, and the medium of expressing the noblest thoughts, clothed in the noblest poetry, and the most expressive language. But when the drama was transplanted to Rome, the Italian ground did not prove to the tender plant a congenial soil; it languished under the forced culture of imitation, weak and inanimate. The Romans wanted what the Greeks pre-eminently possessed, originality and simplicity; they attempted to reach by elaborate artifice beauties, whose existence depend on their being natural and unsought; they had but one great idea, and that idea has given their works an appearance of dignity and worthiness—that of the greatness, the power, the unrivalled dominion of Rome: for that they were content to be "prodigal of their great souls," determined to be the foremost men of all the world. In literature it was otherwise, they were willing to follow, to copy; and literature cannot live by mere imitation; to render it animate and strong, the imitation must extend the field and increase the power of native genius. Again, no mention of a theatre, or a drama, is made by any author who has treated of the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians, whose knowledge had been celebrated, by sacred authority, with an epigrammatic force, as "all the learning of the Egyptians;" and neither the Persians, nor the Arabians,—though both were exquisitely alive to the beauties of poetry,—possessed a national drama. In more modern times, and within our own division of the globe, there is a striking example of the anomalies connected with the dramatic art, in the difference which exists between two people essentially the same in all their physical wants and enjoyments. The dramatic literature of Spain is unsurpassed in richness, invention, and variety; and equals in fecundity Athenian genius:

> "Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
> Say what they will, are Spain's peculiar praise;
> Hers are the plots, which strict attention seize,
> Full of intrigue, and yet disclosed with ease.
> Hence acts and scenes her fertile stage affords,
> Unknown, unrivall'd on the foreign boards."

Yet the Portuguese, though not inferior to their neighbours, in other branches of poetical composition, have never possessed a national theatre; and, which is still more strange, so great is their predilection for this species of amusements, that, we are told by those who ought to be informed, that they find great delight in attending the imperfect efforts of the ambulatory troops of Spanish comedians, who wander from city to city. Who again can satisfactorily account for the origin of that age of European greatness, the close of the 16th century; when the little island we inhabit was adorned by statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers —Raleigh, Drake, Bacon, Coke, Hooker, Shakspeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher—who by their words and acts were benefactors of their country and ornaments of human nature, and a host of others now comparatively, "poor, poor dumb names,"—"how lov'd, how honour'd once, avails them not,"—all men whom fame has eternised in her long and enduring scroll? What an age must that have been which can afford to have the works of such men as Webster, Decker, Marston, Marlow, Chapman, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley, all friends and fellow-labourers of Shakspeare, and rivals of Jonson, comparatively forgotten. Almost the only mode by which we can now truly appreciate that extraordinary age, is through the medium of the stage, "which draws the curtain of time, and shews the picture of genius."

If we were asked to test in any country the tone of public taste which pervaded its inhabitants, we should immediately direct our attention to the stage, convinced that nothing is at once more the cause and indication of a vigorous and healthy tone of public feeling, than high dramatic excellence, and popular interest in its exhibition. Whether the stage in this country was ever largely exercised, (and in our opinion it has not since the much-appreciated genius of Ben Jonson adapted his various knowledge of the past to a portraiture of his own period,) the not least moral of its prerogatives, viz. to hold the mirror up to existing customs, and to correct folly by exhibiting it, has little to do with its real importance. The painter of the manners and customs of the times; the drawer of a particular character of men, a variety rather than the species, have their day and are no more heard of; but the depictor of mankind and human nature, raises his theatre on a more durable basis, and lives immortal in the human heart. The highest province of the drama is to exalt the standard of sentiment and opinion, to treat of human nature under its noblest forms, and to invest thoughts and actions of others with an air of superiority.

What a fearful state then must that public taste be in, when it has become unprofitable for the managers of theatres to enter on the Quixotic undertaking of bringing out new plays having such objects, and when it is profitable for them to exhibit elephants from Siam, bulls from Guzherat, superstitions and diablerie from Germany, and farces and dancers from France? When burlesques and travesties are more beneficial to their treasury than Othello, and Romeo and Juliet? When performers rule the destiny of dramatic genius? When buffoonery and indecency succeed where "patient merit" and sterling acting starve? When Rice can make a fortune by singing an abomination, (the title of which ought to be banished from the continent of Europe, to that portion of the globe where insolvency is the test of good citizenship, and bankruptcy the way to wealth,) and Dowton is permitted to remain neglected in "his mild decay," or patronised only by far less deserving actors, when a legitimate play is to be performed on a benefit night? The British stage during the last twenty years has been in a most unsatisfactory state. There has been no dearth of good actors, and yet the art has declined; there has been no great deficiency of dramatic talent, and yet good plays have not been written. We fear the cause of this lies deeper then is generally supposed, and will prove difficult of eradication or correction. The influence attributed of old to the stage has passed into new directions: novels now represent manners, and periodicals opinions. The higher, the more abstruse, the more extended branches of morals are but slightly and feebly cultivated. The age in which we live is a mechanical age, governed by the doctrines of "utility." Everything that is agreeable or ornamenal in human life is to be exploded for, or to give precedence to, the useful; forgetful of the end in endeavouring to reach the means. The warm flesh and blood of genuine humanity are now transformed into heads of clay and hearts of steel; sentiment is impaled, and enjoyment tortured. How few can now appreciate the strain of exulting enthusiasm expressed by Spenser:—

> "What more felicity can fall to creature
> Then to enjoy delight with liberty,
> And to be lord of all the works of nature?
> To reign in the air from earth to highest sky,
> To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
> To taste whatever thing doth please the eye?
> Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
> Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness!"

Without entirely agreeing in the description, or thinking that the writer solves the real reason of the present condition of the British drama, there is so much truth in what the "Edinburgh Review," in the last number, says of the stage, that we present our readers with the melancholy portraiture:—

"The reading and critical part of the public have deserted the theatre chiefly because talent is growing more and more solitary, and fastidious in its habits, and the lonely enjoyments of literature engross so much of its attention, as to leave little time for the socialities of the stage. Fashionable people eschew it because it interferes with fashionable hours, and because it brings them into unfashionable places and company. And of the more sober and simple class of society—in which perhaps, no longer than the later days of Garrick, and the earlier ones of Kemble, the drama found its strongest support—prevalent religious scruples, it is said, now keep away a very large proportion. Theatrical writers have of course participated in this decay. The largest division consists, as it always did, of regular mercenaries—we mean no disrespect by the phrase—men who make that employment an exclusive or subsidiary profession. Many of them are of no common order of talent, but their object is merely to *sell*. Adaptations from French farces, occasional pieces to suit the talents of particular actors, and those lowest specimens of what the human intellect can do, the *libretti* of comic operas;—these are the commodities in which they chiefly deal. And, like men of sense, they make it their business to please the taste of the day, although they may be occasionally heard at theatrical fund dinners, and on similar exciting occasions, to talk big about guiding and purifying it. The other, and unprofessional class of dramatists, (those on whom we chiefly depend for contributions to the regular drama, which requires too great an outlay of time and mind, the author's capital, to be taken up by any of the operatives,) is unfortunately small in number, and poor in names. How can it be otherwise when, in despite of what Mr. Bulwer's legislative labours have effected, both the

fame and the profit of a well-puffed fashionable novel are so likely to exceed by far the utmost which can be attained in the labours of the higher drama. Ambition, in this line, seems to be generally regarded as at once more hopeless and less creditable than in any other. And, as far as tragedy is concerned, it appears to have been abandoned of late years almost exclusively to a peculiar set or clique of authors, mutually patronising and patronised by our few tragic actors; drawing their notions of external things from the scenery of the stage painter, their character and language from the green-room; and the stage thus produces the drama instead of serving for its developement, and very seldom receives any fresh accession of thought or vigorous life from the world of man or nature without." In one point of view do we cordially agree with the writer, as to the reason why fashionable people no longer support our national drama. What a contemptible thing is fashion in England! We venture to predict that long before the present generation shall have passed away, the portals of the Italian opera will be as much deserted by fashionables as the doors of Covent Garden or Drury Lane now are. English fashion covets the acquired advantages, and despises the natural; it aspires to wealth, and contemns wit? Respectability is in this country another name for money; and the points on which fashionable competitors are the most anxious to vie with each other, are the exact points on which personal merit has the least possible weight in the competition. The great object of fashion is to give ruinous entertainments, which do not relieve dulness, but render it pompous, not for the sake of pleasure, but with a prospective yearning to the columns of the "Morning Post." Another distinguishing feature of fashion is its want of enthusiasm for genius, and its enthusiasm for distinction of a more sounding kind. A great foreign author, (not a vulgar novelist like Mr. Cooper,) arriving in England, is sure to be neglected for his own sake, while a petty prince, an imported musician, or a beautiful dancer is sure of being eagerly courted. Again, behold the repressing influence of ridicule over fashion in England; it is unfashionable to feel, or even to affect, a gallant sentiment, or a generous emotion; but it is quite fashionable to adopt a certain affected, measured, and cold demeanour, and to sneer at sentiments that are noble. Fashion in England is as independent of the court, as it is supercilious to genius; and long may the court remain, as it has yet ever been, independent of fashion. Assuredly the stage can receive but little advantage from any connexion with it, and managers, as Mr. Bunn can testify, have only courted more swiftly their own destruction by endeavouring to conciliate the withering monster.

The prospects of the British drama are now, however, becoming more bright and favourable. Mr. Macready, so long the ornament of our stage, has become the manager of one of our national theatres, for the express purpose of endeavouring once more to establish the national drama on its legitimate throne. From his youth a devoted admirer, and a just appreciator, of the importance and capabilities of the art, which he has adorned, he is about to devote his mature years and his fine judgment to an attempt to purify and direct the public taste, and revive the realisation of that portion of literature in which England stands unrivalled in modern times, and unsurpassed by ancient genius. Let us trust that in this honourable enterprise he will meet with generous support from the public, cordial co-operation from his brethren of the sock and buskin, and active assistance from dramatic talent. That he will faithfully do his duty to the public none who have witnessed his past career, in which he has done so much to overcome prejudice, support good taste, and encourage merit, will for a moment doubt; let then the public only energetically aid him, and the palmy days of the British stage, which produced a Mohun, a Betterton, an Abington, a Garrick, a Kemble, and a Siddons, will be revived on the boards of Covent Garden. No actor in the later history of our drama, and perhaps none in the earlier, has done more than Mr. Macready, in endeavouring, to use his own words, "to appropriate the stage to its legitimate and nobler purposes." Whatever may be his future success his name will descend with those of the authors of *William Tell* and *Virginius*, *Mirandola*, *Werner*, *Ion*, and *The Bridal*, to literary immortality. If we may judge from what his career, as an actor and a scholar, has been, we will venture to predict increased renown, and we trust increased wealth, to him in his character as manager. From Mr. Macready's management we not only anticipate the realisation of his own wish as to appropriation of the stage to its nobler purposes, but consequently thereon a more enlightened and refined audience; we look forward to see the boxes of Covent Garden again the resort of the genius, the information, and the rising talent of the country, when they will cease to lay under the stigma too truly imputed to them by Sir Walter Scott, in a letter just published by Mr. Lockhart, of being filled by a company "one half of whom come to prosecute their debaucheries

so openly that it would degrade a bagnio, and another set to snooze off their beef steaks and port wine."

Great has been the cavilling in certain quarters at the terms on which Mr. Macready has been allowed to take Covent Garden Theatre. In the first place the engagements between Mr. Macready and his lessors are matters with which the public has nothing to do; and, in the second place, if they were matters which really did concern the town, it must not be forgotten that the new lessee of Covent Garden invests in his attempt what has been more rare than even that scarce commodity capital, in similar undertakings of late years, character and past reputation. Many also have been the suggestions made to Mr. Macready as to the manner in which he should conduct a national theatre. All that we shall add is a wish that he may conduct it in the same spirit that has regulated his past professional life, and which so unobtrusively pervades every line of his eloquent and able preface to *The Bridal*. Whether Mr. Macready intends to raise the prices of admission we know not; if he do, we imagine, although ready to admit they were reduced by the late lessee to too low a scale, he will find it rather a hazardous experiment. It is as dangerous to tamper with the prices of theatrical admissions as the Whigs represent it to be to tamper with the currency. One thing is most certain, that the public in general neither can nor will afford to support even one theatre at the high prices. One fact we do most seriously impress upon the new manager, that public decency cannot, and ought not, to permit those gross violations of decorum which were constantly occuring in the boxes during the two last seasons. All persons of respectability were actually driven from the undress circles by their being turned into a bagnio 'change. Ladies formerly either went alone or with their male friends to these circles; now if they do they are obliged to herd with the lowest prostitutes. We never enter the upper circles of our national theatres without having Coleridge's lines most forcibly recalled to our memery,

> " Maiden, that with sullen brow
> Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
> Like a scorched and mildew'd bough,
> Leafless, mid the blooms of May," &c. &c.

These things are not tolerated in much less moral countries than England, and why should they be suffered in London?

Mr. Macready, it is said, will, in his new undertaking, have to encounter the feeble efforts, doubtless most forcibly made known to the town, of Mr. Bunn, whose management, the committee of Drury Lane most amusingly inform the proprietors, has sustained the previous high character of the house, but has not enabled him to to pay his rent! If Mr. Bunn wish to succeed he ought not, under the present circumstances, to attempt tragedy or comedy, but adhere to opera, farce, and dancing. If he do not, he will do himself no good, but may add to the injury he has already inflicted on the national drama. It was the opinion of Colley Cibber, a tolerable judge of such matters, that in his days, the metropolis could only support one legitimate theatre, having a legitimate company, and acting legitimate plays. In the present state of the public taste, and with the disastrous competition of those leeches so fatal to the vitality of the nobler purposes of the drama, the minor theatres, Colley Cibber's opinion is, we believe, applicable to the present times. The number of theatres in London would appear to have always exceeded the legitimate demand; Prynne, in his *Histrio Mastix*, enumerates nineteen theatres in London in 1630; and it has been wittily remarked in the present day, in reference to the increasing number of the minor houses, that they would soon become *majors*.

The precise period of Mr. Macready's entering on the management of Covent Garden is doubtless an extremely favourable one. The throne is now filled by a sovereign, attached it is understood, we may say, it is apparent, to the drama; of an age when dramatic representations are most congenial to the enthusiastic feelings; and of a sex which most deeply enters into the joys, and most acutely feels the sorrows, of humanity. Her Majesty's taste has not as yet been perverted by intercourse with the world, nor the natural enthusiasm of youth as yet repressed by the influence of a court. There also appears to be a wise disposition in the Queen to reside more frequently in the metropolis of her mighty kingdoms, and to enter more frequently into the amusements of her subjects, than her Majesty's immediate predecessors have done. It is therefore natural to suppose that the Queen will warmly patronise the drama of her native country, a drama of which Shakspeare is the chief, but far from being the only ornament; and which, although its renown cannot be ultimately increased or diminished by royal support, it is honourable even for the throne to honour.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our export trade continues to improve, though it can scarcely be expected, after the late revulsion, to have regained its former activity. The accounts from the manufacturing districts are still cheering. The sales of cotton at Liverpool during the month have been very considerable and at improved prices.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 24th of November.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 212 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 93 three-eighths.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 three-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 99 three-fourths.—Consols for Account, 93 three-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 43*s.* to 46*s.* p.—India Bonds, 30*s.* to 31*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 30 one-half. Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 one-quarter.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 one-quarter. — Spanish Five per Cent. 20 one-eighth.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—NOV. 24th. The increased downward tendency of the foreign exchanges, which were noticed successively for the last four or five post days, is beginning to attract considerable attention amongst our merchants and cambists. This afternoon the supply of bills was greatly exceeded by the demand, and in some instances the quotations are rather lower than on the last post day. On Amsterdam, for first rate paper, some quote the exchange at 12 2½ a ¾; others at 12 3 a 12 3½. On Rotterdam them they are 12 4½. a 12 4¾. On Hamburgh 13 11½ a 13 11¾. On Paris they are 25f. 72½c. a 25f, 77½.

As is usual, on the approach of the settling day, there has been rather more business in the British funds, attended with some fluctuations, particularly in the Consol Market, arising chiefly from the strong evidence that this will turn out to be a bull account. Consols receded in the early part of the day to 93¼ a ⅜, but at the close they are quoted at 93 a ½ for money and the present account. The quotation for the next account is 92⅝ a ¾. The Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Reduced Annuities have receded from 99¾ a ⅞ to 99⅜ a ¾; and the New Three-and-a-Half per Cents are 100¾ to 101⅛. Bank Stock is 212; and India Stock 270½ money.

The Foreign Market generally has been very flat to-day. Spanish Bonds are 20⅛, with the May Coupons, and Deferred Bonds are 6¾. Portuguese new Five per Cents are 30⅛, and the Three per Cent. ditto 20¼. The Portuguese old Five per Cent Bonds, which were contracted for before the separation of the Brazils from Portugal, have declined to 70.

### BANKRUPTS.

FROM OCT. 27, 1837, TO NOV. 24, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

*Oct.* 27.—M. A. Stevens and A. Oldroyd, Bedford Square, boarding and lodging house keepers.—G. S. Heywood, Exeter Street, Strand, wine merchant.—G. Revill, Blackman Street, Southwark, linen draper.—W. Clapham, Angel Inn, Strand, licensed victualler.—R. Wall, Great Yarmouth, linen draper.—J. Smith, Nottingham, victualler and brickmaker.—A. Pritchard, Emscole, Warwick, builder.—T. Giles, Leeds, joiner and builder.—R. Slack, Heafield, Derbyshire, paper manufacturer.

*Oct.* 31.—E. Riley, Argyll Place, Regent Street, tailor.—G. Craddock, Store Street, Bedford Square, chemist.—J. Morrison and W. Stone, Harp Lane, Tower Street, wine merchants.—J. Wilkins, Newport, Monmouthshire, corn factor.—J. Annely, St. Wollos, Monmouthshire, coal merchant.—S. and T. M. Simpson, Baillie Borough Mills, Cavan, Ireland, corn dealers.—J. Seals, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—E. Preston, Nottingham, commission agent.—G. Richmond, Rinton, Staffordshire, miller.—H. Wilby, High Town, Yorkshire, card maker.— W. E. Freeman, Manchester, mercer.

*Nov.* 3.—R. and R. Hutchinton, jun. Minories, carriers.—N. Wehnert, Leicester Square, tailor.—J. Burgess, Lowestoft, Suffolk, cordwainer.—P. Wright, Leeds, grocer.

*Nov.* 7.—S. Stuart, Pall-mall, milliner.—J. Russell, Tunbridge Place, lodginghouse-keeper.—H. Gloyne, Wakefield, grocer.—T. Dutton, Stockport, victualler. — T. Townshend, Birmingham, builder. — J. Reynolds, Thornsea, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.—R. S. Burkitt, Sheffield, draper.—T. Twase, Wellington, Somersetshire, grocer.

*Nov.* 10.—M. and W. H. Eburne, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, coachmakers.—T. Oakley, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, printer.—M. H. L. G. Colnaghi, Cockspur Street, printseller.—J. Clark, Keppel Street, Bloomsbury, dentist.—J. Vinton and D. Lawson, Brewer Street, woollen drapers.—G. Morgan, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—J. Pyefinch, Shrewsbury, chemist and druggist.—W. Aked, Castleshaw, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—J. Aked, Waters, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer. — W. James, Eaton, Cheshire, silk throwster.—T. Pizzie, Bath, upholsterer.—W. Brunsdon, Cirencester, Gloucestershire, ironmonger.—W. Mole, Birmingham, brass founder.—J. Nicholls, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire, hotel-keeper.

*Nov.* 14.—W. Bonella, Booth Street, Spitalfields, cabinet maker.—P. Jay, Watford, Herts, linen-draper. — W. G. Hutchinson, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, carrier.—R. Mower, Shoreditch, woollen-draper.—J. Biggs, Basingstoke, Southampton, coachmaster. — A. G. Roussac, Austin Friars, London, merchant.—T. Theobald, Norwich, bombasin manufacturer.—W. Bevan, Brecon, Brecconshire, malster.—J. Mills, Liverpool, butcher.—W.

Riddle, Lane-end, Staffordshire, draper.—J. King, Chewstoke, Somersetshire, ochre manufacturer.—J. E. Dumont, and F. V. Ellrodt, Liverpool, merchants.—S. Davis, Birmingham, brace manufacturer.—J. Sparrow, Shutt-end, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, seedsman.—H. W. Rollason, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.

*Nov.* 17.—B. Oram, Blackman Street, Southwark, chemist and druggist.—T. Gaunt, Upper Smith Street, Northampton Square, Goswell Road, iron master.—E. S. Bales, Teacher's Place, Wandsworth Road, omnibus proprietor.—R. Barber, sen., R. Barber, jun., and G. Barber, Southwark Bridge Road, hat manufacturers.—G. Snelling, jun. Worthing, Sussex, grocer. — J. Bolton, Leeds, machine maker.—B. and R. Wallis, Blackwall, shipbuilders.—J. Price, Birmingham, glass manufacturer.—J. Hirst, Gomershall, Yorkshire, wool merchant.—J. S. Nathan, Bristol, furniture broker.—J. Ring, Chewstoke, Somersetshire, ochre manufacturer.—W. J. and S. Sowden, jun. and J. Sowden, Halifax, Yorkshire, worsted spinners.—J. Dale, Wisbech, St. Peter's, Ely, Cambridgeshire, woollen draper.—W. Brown, Liverpool, cotton dealer.—W. Creed, Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, grocer.—T. Bunn, Great Yarmouth, corn dealer.

*Nov.* 21—J. Osborn. Upper Montague Street, Montague Square, horse dealer.—D. Boast, London Road, Surrey, chemist.—B. Fulwood, Hackney Road, manufacturing chemist.—S. Baladon, South Molton Street, tailor.—P. H. Roberts, Exeter, broker. — R. D. Wilmot, Liverpool, merchant.—J, Ferguson, Hanging Heaton, Yorkshire, manufacturer.—J. Driver, Cambridge, hatter.—J, Yates, Manchester, dye wood grinder.—T. Stokes, Clevedon, Somersetshire, innholder.—W. Pettifor, Nottingham, common carrier.—H. Godfrey, Leamington Priors, chemist.—H. Shuckburgh, Bristol, grocer.—R. D. Murphy, Liverpool wine merchant.—J. H. Webster, Lowestoft, Suffolk, linen draper.—W. Burnell, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.

*Nov.* 24. J. Moore, Leather Lane, Holborn, builder.—J. W. A. Parsons, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, hosier.—W. Hadnutt, William Street, Lambeth Marsh, carpenter.—W. Mallet, Laurence Lane, Cheapside, warehouseman.—J. R. Clark, Carlton, Royston, Yorkshire, grocer.—F. Symonds, Bildestone, Suffolk, miller.—J. Slinger, Liverpool, wine merchant.—C. J. Marriot, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, grocer.—W. Wonfor, Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.—D. Johnson, Birmingham, druggist.— E. Clarke, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, builder.

## NEW PATENTS.

T. S. Mackintosh, of Coleman Street, in the city of London, Engineer, and W. A Robertson of Islington, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in steam-engines. September 28th, 6 months.

F. Hoard, of Demarara, but now of Liverpool, Esq. for improvements in making sugar. September 30th, 6 months.

J. Dickson, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars Road, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, and in generating steam. September 30th, 6 months.

T. Clarke, Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Chemistry, in Marischal College, Aberdeen, for improved apparatus to be used in manufacturing sulphuric acid. September 30th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery, tools, or apparatus, for turning, boring, planing, and cutting metals and other materials. October 5th, 6 months.

O. Topham, of White Cross Street, in the parish of St. Luke's, Middlesex, Engineer and Millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of sluice cocks for water-works, and which improved construction of cocks is also applicable to steam, gas, and other purposes. October 5th, 6 months.

J. Loach, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass Founder, for improvements in roller-blind furniture, and in the mode of manufacturing the same, part of which improvements are applicable also to other purposes. October 5th, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the city of London, Rectifyer, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 5th, 6 months.

A. Pieux De Rigel, of Vienna, but now residing at Beaufort Buildings, Strand, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. October 14th, 6 months.

T. Vaux, of Woodford, Essex, Land Surveyor, for improvements in tilling and fertilizing land. October 14th, 6 months.

H. Q. Tenneron, late of Paris, in the kingdom of France, but now of Leicester Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for an improved construction of the portable vessels used for containing portable gas, and of the apparatus or machinery used for compressing such gas therein, and of apparatus or mechanism for regulating the issue or supply of gas either from a portable vessel or from a fixed pipe communicating with an ordinary gasometer. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 19th, 6 months.

E. F. J. Duclos, late of Samson, in the kingdom of Belgium, but now of Church, Lancashire, Gentleman, for improvements in manufacturing iron. October 20th, 6 months.

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H. R. Palmer, of Great George Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, for improvements in giving motion to barges and other vessels on canals. October 20th, 6 months.

J. F. Grosjean, of Soho Square, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for certain improvements on harps, which improvements are applicable to other musical stringed instruments. October 20th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in the peparation of palm oil, whereby it is rendered applicable to the woollen manufactures, lubricating of machinery, and other useful purposes to which it has not hitherto been applied. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 26th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, and Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improvements in machinery for heckling or combing, and preparing, and roving hemp, flax, tow, and such other vegetable fibrous substances. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 26th, 6 months.

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## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1837. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Oct. | | | | | |
| 23 | 50-40 | 30,00-29,75 | S.W. | | Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening. [rain. |
| 24 | 54-47 | 29,56 29,48 | S.W. | ,285 | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy with frequent |
| 25 | 47-32 | 29,92-29,53 | N. | ,3 | Generally clear, rain in the morning. |
| 26 | 54-29 | 29,95-29,80 | S.W. | ,1 | Morning clear, otherwise overcast. |
| 27 | 53-47 | 29,58 29,44 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear. |
| 28 | 51-35 | 29,60-29 32 | S.W. | ,175 | Cloudy, rain in the afternoon. [clear. |
| 29 | 47-33 | 29,40-29,38 | S.W. | ,325 | Afternoon cloudy, with rain and hail, otherwise |
| 30 | 57-34 | 29,35-29,19 | S.W. | ,05 | Cloudy, with rain at times. |
| 31 | 49-40 | 29,43-29,31 | S.W. | ,125 | Generally clear. |
| Nov. | | | | | [during the day |
| 1 | 57-37 | 29,02-28,76 | S.W. | 4, | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, frequent rain |
| 2 | 47-37 | 29,14-29,04 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, with rain & hail, otherwise clear. |
| 3 | 46-29 | 29,36-29,20 | S.W. | ,15 | Generally clear. |
| 4 | 47-29 | 29,91-29,40 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 5 | 49-31 | 30,05-29,95 | W. | | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy. |
| 6 | 45-28 | 30,29-30,17 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 7 | 44-23 | 30,32 30 29 | N. | | Morning foggy, otherwise clear. |
| 8 | 39-20 | 30,23-30,15 | S.E. | | Foggy. [ing. |
| 9 | 45-21 | 30 07-29,95 | S. | | Cloudy, light rain, during the afternoon and even |
| 10 | 55-41 | 29,91-29,85 | W. | ,05 | Cloudy, rain at times. |
| 11 | 54-43 | 29,89-29,84 | W. | ,0125 | Generally clear. |
| *12 | 45-36 | 30,04-29,89 | N.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 13 | 47-29 | 30,04-29,82 | W. | | Cloudy, with rain, |
| 14 | 47-40 | 29,53-29,45 | W. | ,225 | Cloudy with rain, clear about 9 P.M. |
| †15 | 45-30 | 29,97-29,83 | N. | ,0375 | Generally clear, exeept the afternoon with rain |
| 16 | 39-26 | 29,93-29,87 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 17 | 40-22 | 29,96-29,88 | N. | | Generally clear. |
| 18 | 39-21 | 30,02-29,96 | W. | | Overcast, a little rain in the afternoon. |
| 19 | 53-39 | 29,94-29,79 | S.W. | | Morning clear, otherwe cloudy, with rain. |
| 20 | 47-36 | 29,80 29,65 | S.W. | ,1125 | Generally clear. |
| 21 | 47-29 | 29,86-29,73 | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 22 | 55-33 | 29,86-29,81 | S.W. | ,05 | Cloudy, with light rain. |

* Aurora Borealis. The aurora on the evening of the 12th, from 5 till after 10 o'clock, when the coruscations, though few, were vivid and of a deeply-red colour.

† Again on the evening of the 15th, about 7, when the aurora was remarkably brilliant, it was even more splendid, the coruscations were white, and also more numerous, vivid and extensive, and apparently based upon a deep crimson ground.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 12th, a brilliant meteor passed through Ursa Major.

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS

# HISTORICAL REGISTER.

## POLITICAL JOURNAL.—November, 1837.

Parliament assembled, as appointed, on the 15th of November, and Mr. Abercromby having been again chosen Speaker, the Session was opened on the 20th by her Majesty in person, in the following speech, which was pronounced with much feeling and emphasis.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have thought it right to assemble you for the transaction of public business at the earliest convenient period after the dissolution of the late Parliament.

"It is with great satisfaction that I have received from all foreign powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and of their earnest desire to cultivate and maintain with me the relations of amity; and I rejoice in the prospect that I shall be able to promote the best interests of my subjects by securing to them the advantages of peace.

"I lament that civil war still afflicts the kingdom of Spain. I continue to exercise with fidelity the engagements of my crown with the Queen of Spain, according to the stipulations of the treaty of quadruple alliance.

"I have directed a treaty of commerce which I have concluded with the united republic of Peru and Bolivia to be laid before you, and I hope soon to be able to communicate to you similar results of my negotiations with other powers.

"I recommend to your serious consideration the state of the provinces of Lower Canada.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The demise of the Crown renders it necessary that a new provision should be made for the civil list. I place unreservedly at your disposal those hereditary revenues which were transferred to the public by my immediate predecessor, and I have commanded that such papers as may be necessary for the full examination of this subject, shall be prepared and laid before you. Desirous that the expenditure in this, as in every other department of the government, should be kept within due limits, I feel confident that you will gladly make adequate provision for the support of the honour and dignity of the Crown.

"The estimates for the services of next year are in course of preparation, and will be laid before you at the accustomed period. I have directed that the utmost economy should be enforced in every branch of the public expenditure.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The external peace and domestic tranquillity which at present happily prevail, are very favourable for the consideration of such measures of reformation and amendment as may be necessary or expedient, and your attention will naturally be directed to that course of legislation which was interrupted by the necessary dissolution of the last Parliament.

"The result of the inquiries which have been made into the condition of the poor in Ireland has been already laid before Parliament, and it will be your duty to consult whether it may not be safe and wise to establish by law some well-regulated means of relief for the destitute in that country.

"The municipal government of the cities and towns in Ireland calls for better regulation.

"The laws which govern the collection of the tithe composition in Ireland require revision and amendment. Convinced that the better and more effectual administration of justice is amongst the first duties of a Sovereign, I request your attention to those measures which will be submitted to you for the improvement of the law.

"You cannot but be sensible of the deep importance of these questions which I have submitted to you, and of the necessity of treating them in that spirit of impartiality and justice which affords the best hope of bringing them to a happy and useful termination. In meeting this Parliament, the first that has been elected under my authority, I am anxious to declare my confidence in your loyalty and wisdom. The early age at which I am called to the sovereignty of this kingdom renders it a more imperative duty, that, under Divine Providence, I should place my reliance upon your cordial co-operation, and upon the love and affection of all my people."

House of Lords, Nov. 20.—On the House re-assembling His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex rose to move the address, which was a mere echo to the speech, and was seconded by Lord Portman.—The Duke of Wellington concluded the debate.

Nov. 21.—Lord Roden gave notice of a motion for certain papers on the state of Ireland, which he should move for on Monday.

Nov. 23.—Business was confined to the presentation of petitions.

Nov. 24.—Lord Brougham rose and moved for certain colonial returns, which were granted without opposition.—The Lord Chancellor then laid on the table the imprisonment for debt abolition bill—a bill for abolishing imprisonment for debt, except in certain cases of fraud, and gave notice, that in now moving the first reading of the bill, he should move the second reading of it on the first Tuesday of next month.

House of Commons, Nov. 20.—Lord Leveson moved the address, which Mr. Gibson Craig seconded.—Mr. Wakley moved three amendments to be interpolated in the address:—the first was, "That this house embrace the earliest opportunity of respectfully assuring her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into its consideration the state of the representation of the people in this branch of the legislature, with a view to ensure by law an equitable extension of the elective franchise." The next amendment was as follows:—"That this House respectfully acquaints her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into consideration the necessity of protecting the people in the free exercise of their elective franchise, by enacting a law to establish a system of secret voting by means of the ballot." The third Amendment was, "That this House take the present opportunity of respectfully stating to her Majesty that it will, in the present session of Parliament, take into consideration the propriety of repealing the septennial act."—Sir William Molesworth supported the amendments.—Lord John Russell confessed to, and defended, the conciliatory nature of the address.—Sir Robert Peel gave to the address his cordial, his entire, and unqualified acquiescence.—Mr. Wakley's amendments went to a division, when the two last were negatived without a division, and the first was negatived by 509 to 20.

Nov. 21.—Lord Leveson brought up the address in answer to her Majesty's speech from the throne.—On the motion that it be received, Mr. Leader went, at some length, into the question of Lower Canada.—Lord John Russell defended his conduct.—Mr. C. Buller moved for and obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Law of Elections.

Nov. 22.—Lord John Russell appeared at the bar, dressed in the Windsor uniform, and, addressing the Speaker, said, "Her Majesty having been waited on, and informed that an humble address to her Majesty had been agreed to in this house, has been pleased to appoint two o'clock this day for receiving the same." The House accordingly adjourned, and the Speaker, in his state carriage, attended by a great number of members, occupying other carriages, went up with the address.

Nov. 23.—Her Majesty's answer to the address of the Commons was read from the chair:—"I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address to me. It is my anxious wish to see my people happy and united. I rely with confidence on the temper and wisdom of the House of Commons, and their resolution to support the dignity of the crown, and their desire to promote the welfare of the whole country." Mr. Blewitt gave notice of his intention on Wednesday next to move certain resolutions on the subject of the Spottiswoode conspiracy. In answer to a question from Captain Jones, Lord Morpeth stated that it was his intention to propose the renewal of the peace preservation act.—The order of the day for the consideration of the civil list mas then gone into, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved for a committee on the civil list, consisting of 21 members, in a speech full of important details, from the reign of George II. to the present time.—Mr. D. Harvey then rose to move an amendment, which was seconded by Colonel Sibthorpe, but ultimately withdrawn.

Nov. 24.—The Speaker took the chair at a quarter before four o'clock. Some miscellaneous business was transacted, and several petitions presented.—Lord John Russell then rose and called the attention of the house to the report of the committee with respect to the business of the house.—Resolutions that all orders of the day should take precedence of motions on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and also that on orders no amendment should be moved but for the reading of other orders fixed for the same day, except on committees of supply and of ways and means, were then put and agreed to. On the resolution being put that no member should put a notice on the book more than fifteen days before the day on which it was to come on, Sir R. Peel said, that he thought it would be more advisable to postpone the passing of this resolution till the commencement of next week, because in that case the fifteen days would comprise a larger number of notice days then if commenced to-day.—Mr. Hume moved the adjournment of the debate till Tuesday next. The house divided, for the adjournment, 61—for Lord John Russel's motion, 354; majority for the motion, 288.

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